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ancestral sketches

AND

RECORDS OF OLDEN TIMES

"TOUT LASSE,—TOUT PASSE!"

ANCIEN PROVERBE



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EDWARD O. JENKINS,
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TO
MY CHILDREN,
THESE ANCESTRAL SKETCHES, PREPARED FOR THEM

ART
AFFECTIONATELY OFFERED.

MANUSING ISLAND,
1882.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION, - - - - -	vii
THE HUGUENOTS, - - - - -	1
THE BAYARDS OF NEW YORK, - - - - -	29
NICHOLAS BAYARD, AND HIS TIMES, - - - - -	63
THE "TORIJS" OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, - - - - -	129
THE GROWTH OF NEW YORK, - - - - -	159
GOVERNOR-GENERAL VETCH, OF NOVA SCOTIA, - - - - -	183
GOVERNOR FITCH, OF CONNECTICUT, AND HIS TIMES, - - - - -	217
APPENDIX, - - - - -	251
THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF STEPHEN VAN RINSELAER, - - - - -	281
HISTORICAL SKETCH, - - - - -	343

INTRODUCTION.

BEYOND a doubt, in this country, "Old things are passed away." Difficult it is, even now, to collect and recall the events that were of such vital interest to our ancestors of two or three hundred years ago, or fully to understand the motives that then actuated them. Things of moment seem almost forgotten; and even fifty years hence, with our changes and fluctuations, matters may fare worse with us. American names of old families may be almost (as they often are now) forgotten. New races, new holders of the soil, perhaps a new language, a new theology, a new form of government, a new order of things generally, may have become the outgrowth of things that *now* are. Foreign influences, foreign organizations, foreign ideas, may have supervened, and the only old thing left, may be the recently imported Obelisk, when even the personality of the banished Egyptian Khedive Ismail, its donor, will have become as traditionary as that of the monarch whose name is chiselled on its face. Why should all this be? Is it due to the hurry and confusion of our rapid growth? Not content with the magnificent era of civilization in which we live, we must needs press on to more, and aim at perfection, and aspire to the foremost place among the nations of the earth, and our future must necessarily crowd out our past in this sud-

Introduction.

den growth of power. Every decade or so, whether in state or in family, should have its historian, for the sake of later generations. How much of interest in our own cases would this have afforded us, how many important things would have been told, how many satisfactory solutions to perplexing difficulties would have been given, had old manuscripts and documents of all kinds, journals of the actors in stirring events and momentous occurrences in the last few centuries been preserved in our own family, for instance. For my own part, I have often deplored the want of such information. When young I thought less of it, although then I was always diving and delving into things beyond my "ken." So now I am more puzzled than ever, to make out the why and wherefore of things that I could certainly have settled in a manner more satisfactory, to myself at any rate, as I now understand them.

I prepare these family records solely for "family eyes," and for you, my dear children; so please acquit me at the outset of any idea of making myself *famous*. This is a mere compilation, remember, of "the traditions which ye have been taught," and a simple statement of facts, which I generally copy word for word from history, or family papers, or trustworthy books of reference, or documentary evidence, to give you correct ideas of your ancestors and of the times in which they lived, and of the events in which they took part, which I accept as far as my own belief takes me, and as they are presented to my mind, as confirmation strong as *proofs* can possibly make them. Chance, and fortunate circumstances, have helped me beyond many others of our race in acquiring details, and it has also been chiefly for my own occupation and amusement, as much as to *benefit you*, that I have prepared these little sketches,

Introduction.

thus affording also a pretext for writing *sans gêne*, and with a freedom and ease I could not do if I thought any unkind comments awaited me. As a relative recently remarked to me, "There must have been a great deal of *poetry* in our race if we only could get at it!" Of course there must have been, if poetry means depth of feeling and *true* sentiment! Think of the heart-breakings and partings! Friends and country and vast possessions given up, for instance, by our "Tory" ancestors at the shortest notice. Obligated to leave the hopes and anticipations of a life-time, and, in the cases of the lady relatives, all to be borne with seeming calmness, for some lately cherished "principle." Parents given up and friends estranged, and in some instances with the certainty of never again meeting! And yet their grief never was known, and they lived and died with seeming content in a foreign land, and strangers claimed their abodes and possessions in this. These were, with many others, true heroines, sacrificing themselves and stifling their feelings for those they loved,—“theirs not to question why.”

The pagan maxim, "Know first thyself," is a most important one. This information I give you so far as I can, tracing back, as remotely as it is possible for me to do, the representatives of our families, noting only the male heads of the races from which we descend, although a perfect avalanche of ancestresses and collaterals are constantly presented to me. In this perplexity I waive aside (oh, so gently!) those many celebrated women of past generations whom I have often heard of, in our family annals. I have obtained all possible information about the men of our *immediate* ancestry, and have their cases clearly before me; but in most of the histories of the ladies, life is too short to spend time in trying to reconcile conflicting opinions.

Introduction.

Names, too, are so soon forgotten. I have given the most rapid glance at the Huguenot history of the times in which our French ancestors lived, to revive your knowledge and interest regarding that period of unparalleled cruelty and misery, which I have gleaned from Prof. Baird's recent valuable work, from Dr. Hanna, and from Browning's histories, etc., etc., but in the most condensed shape, to suit my limited space. The Bayard name occurs in these days of persecution. The Rev. Nicholas Bayard is mentioned as early as 1574, and in 1608 a Lazare Bayard, perhaps his son; and the Rev. Balthazar Bayard, our immediate ancestor, a Professor in the University of Paris, must have left soon after the death of Henry IV. (as we know it was in the reign of Louis XIII. when the persecutions recommenced), taking with him his fair daughter Judith and his only son Samuel. He went to Holland, seeking a calm refuge in a land "where he could serve God according to his conscience," but very soon died there. A word or two about the pretty conceit of a descent from the Chevalier Bayard. There are those among us who firmly insist upon such a descent, and who have adopted the proud motto given to him. It *may* be so, and this fact, with so many "old things, may have passed away." To give them the benefit of the doubt, I leave this an open question, and insert a short sketch of his life and death.* But Pierre du Terrail, "le chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," had a brother, Georges du Terrail, and still a third, from whom the descent may have come. Bayard was the name of the *Seigneurie*, which was always retained. Comparatively, not many have been entitled to it, and from first to last the representatives of it have been few. Nicho-

* Appendix I.

Introduction.

las Bayard, as he signed himself, was the first of note who bore it in America. "The proud, irrepressible Nicholas," our ancestor, my pride and my delight! In vain had I sought for a connected record of his life. I had no information that was authentic upon which to build, no access to old documents which were conclusive; nor was it until Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's superb "History of New York" reached me, that I ventured to trace his character and remarkable career. My gratitude is accorded to all those who have thus far enlightened me in my researches, to say nothing of the interest Mrs. Lamb's book excites, throughout its whole compilation. Well may the *Edinburgh Review* say, "that any city might be proud of such an historian." And how proud am I to have been the custodian so long of the private papers and documents of our glorious old ancestor, Governor-General Vetch, of Nova Scotia, who died, aged 93 years, in London, after a most successful and brilliant life, albeit whose influence may have made "Tories" of his descendants, the more recent representatives of our race. Mention must be made of his mother, one of the noble "Ladies of the Covenant," from whom Samuel Vetch probably inherited his sterling qualities. It is a singular coincidence that France and Scotland, the two countries in which we are so much interested, should have produced martyrs in the cause of religion at the same time, and that the great national efforts around them should have fired our ancestors in both these countries at the same era, in their efforts to uphold the Protestant faith, and risk their lives and worldly considerations for righteousness' sake; and that Holland, like a tender mother, should have opened her heart and her arms to them all at the same period. The history of those times reads like a splendid romance, and many of these coincident cir-

Introduction.

cumstances must strike us all as in the highest degree remarkable. Old Holland and young America—particularly in our own cases—offer so many connecting links, that well-written books on Holland, which are now so easily procured, will interest you much. Never let that brave old country, as she was in her pristine glory, be forgotten; remember what we all owe her!

A few words about our "Tory" ancestors, whom I will notice more at length when we reach them. The liberal opinions of Lorenzo Sabine—himself of opposite views—has explained most satisfactorily the reasons that made them "Tories." How different are his calm statements from those of Judge Jones, for instance. One reason assigned for the long delay in the publishing of that extraordinary book, was, that there were still living children of persons attacked, and that it was out of regard for their feelings that the work was kept in manuscript. There are reasons far more potent and unanswerable to deter the publication of such a book. Considerations of State, for instance, may actuate many in keeping back official truth, but there can be no valid ground for withholding personal statements from being made public until it is too late to refute them, *if untrue*; and many an ignorant meddler, in his pique or conceit, can in after years assail whole phalanxes of good names and true, and exalt those unknown to fame, at his insignificant option. Noble men and their noble deeds are thus forgotten, and the feelings often of old families lacerated by some penny-a-liner, who can bring disgust and indignation upon numberless descendants who may have no means of *proving* the incorrectness of such false assertions.

Of my father's proud ancestors, the celebrated Governor Thomas Fitch, of Colonial renown, and the learned Woolseys,

Introduction.

I am truly and exultingly proud; nor is there anything in the assertion presumptuous, in my opinion, that we are "surrounded by a cloud of noble witnesses," not one of whom while he lived did not receive honor and reverence, and not one who did not die lamented.

The life of your venerable grandfather, Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, I add intact, as it was prepared with great pains by his intimate friend, Hon. D. D. Barnard, who was several years in Congress with him, and could judge of him in his exalted position, and give a correct account of the "Manor-history." This document of Mr. Barnard's is too important and too comprehensive to be among things "that are passed away," so I give it entire for your benefit. Those "anti-rent" times after your grandfather's death!—let *them* "pass away" in remembrance. In order to advance their political interests, even sometimes the early trusted friends of the landholders arrayed themselves on the side of the anti-renters, and these holders of large estates, themselves safe in the certainty that *their* lands were not in jeopardy, sacrificed all feelings of honor and the friendships of early youth to secure their own appointments to office. It was useless to contend. One had only to accept the inevitable; and, to escape insult and threatened injury, to imitate our "Tory" ancestors (for history will sometimes repeat itself), go off "beyond the lines" of anti-rentism and demagogues, packing up regrets and private feelings, and leaving an old inherited estate, the only solace:—

"To know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

MANURSING ISLAND, *November, 1882.*

THE HUGUENOTS.

THE HUGUENOTS.

IN the year 1560 the Reformation, which had become so formidable in Germany and the Netherlands, had been gaining increased interest in France, and the house of Guise and the mother of Charles IX., Catharine de Medici, determined to suppress it. Francis II. had died in the same year at an early age, having ascended the throne at the age of sixteen. He was powerfully influenced by his young bride, the beautiful Mary Stuart, who was a daughter of James V. of Scotland and Mary of Lorraine. Caring little for matters of state, she was naturally guided by her relatives, Duke Francis of Guise, and Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine. In opposition to the ambitious house of Guise, which was suddenly lifted into power, were the equally ambitious houses of Bourbon and Montmorenci. On the side of the Protestants (Huguenots) the most eminent were Henry of Navarre, Constable Montmorenci, and his nephew, Admiral Coligny, and the Prince of Condé. The death of Francis II., aged eighteen, was followed by the departure of the young Queen for Scotland, when she entered on that course which led to her long imprisonment and tragic death.

Ancestral Sketches.

The second son of Henry II., though less than seven years old, was made King under the title of Charles IX. His mother, Catharine de Medici, was made Regent, until he should attain his majority. Familiar with all the dark ways of the Italian Court in which she had been educated, compelled for many years to yield to the claims of rivals and bide her time, she had attained a mastery over herself, which now gave her an immense advantage in the path she was called to tread. She used either party according as it advanced the interests of her sons; but soon coming under the influence of the Duke of Alva, an open enemy of the Protestants, Prime Minister of Philip II. of Spain, she soon became the decided enemy of the Huguenots. Neither party was victor on the field of St. Denis in 1567. In the South, the Huguenots were so successful that Catharine consented to a treaty of peace which lasted scarcely a year. Condé and Coligny being threatened with arrest, fled to Rochelle, where they were joined by Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre, and the Protestant chiefs.

Condé was treacherously shot by the captain of the Duke d'Anjou's guard in 1569, and the Huguenots were discouraged by the loss of their great leader; but at this juncture Jeanne d'Albret roused their drooping hearts by presenting to them as their chiefs her son Henry, aged only sixteen, and the young Prince of Condé. Henry was chosen General-

The Huguenots.

in-Chief, with Coligny as his adviser; and many battles were fought without decisive results to either side.

To put an end to these useless wars, and rid France of the rival chiefs who stood in the way of her designs, Catharine de Medici formed a plan which ended in an atrocity that stands alone in modern history. Coligny had written to the king offering to bring about a peace by leading the Huguenot nobles into the Netherlands against the Duke of Alva, who was waging a relentless war against the Protestants of that country; and to throw the Huguenots off their guard, a peace was concluded so favorable to them that the Catholics were exasperated, and in 1570 she even proposed a marriage between the young King of Navarre and Marguerite, sister of Charles IX. of France.*

The proposal of marriage of Henry of Navarre with Marguerite of Valois was one to which Jeanne d'Albret from the beginning had the strongest aversion; and when her objections were overruled, and she was forced, by the body of the Huguenot leaders and by the advice of her own Council, to entertain the project, it was with the utmost difficulty that she was dragged from her own capital to go and adjust the marriage articles with Queen Catharine at Blois.

The Queen of Navarre felt hurt and aggrieved at

* Hanna's "Wars of the Huguenots." Baird's "Rise of the Huguenots of France." Browning's "History of the Huguenots."

Ancestral Sketches.

its being laid down at once that after the marriage her son and his wife should reside at the French Court; that Marguerite, wherever she was, should have the free exercise of her religion, but that Henry, while in France, should be debarred the public exercise of his. On her part, Jeanne d'Albret as peremptorily insisted that, after the marriage, the Prince and his consort should reside at Pau, and that the mass should not be celebrated there. "I assure you, my son," she writes to the Prince, "that I am in great trouble; for they treat me without mercy, and I have need of all the patience in the world. I must inform you that Madame Marguerite has given me every honor and welcome. She has frankly owned to me the agreeable idea she has formed of you. With her beauty and her wit, she exercises great influence with the Queen-mother, the King, and his young brothers. Should she embrace our faith, I may say it will be the most fortunate event in the world, not only for our house, but for the entire realm of France."

She soon after writes: "I have no liberty to speak even to Madame, but only to the Queen-mother. As for Madame, she is beautiful and graceful, but she has been educated in the midst of the most vicious and corrupt court that can be imagined. I see no one here exempt from evil influences. I would not for the world that you should abide here."

The two Queen-mothers could make nothing of

The Huguenots.

the matter. It was referred to four Commissioners on either side. These also failed. Indignant at the delay, the King broke in, declaring, in one of his impulsive moods, that it was his royal will and pleasure that the marriage should take place without any conditions whatever. But now a new difficulty arose. The Pope refused to grant a dispensation for the marriage. The Queen of Navarre hailed the refusal as an obstacle thrown by Providence in the way, and expressed her intention of retiring from Blois. "No, no, my aunt," said the choleric king, "I honor you more than the Pope, and I love my sister more than I fear his Holiness. I am not a Huguenot, but neither am I a fool. If M. le Pape demeans himself too absurdly in this affair, I promise you I will take Margot by the hand and lead her to be married in full *prêche*."

A papal dispensation was at last procured; the general impression being that it was forged for the occasion. All impediments being at last removed, the Queen of Navarre left Blois for Paris to make the necessary preparations for the occasion. It was in the midst of these occupations that the fatal malady seized her, which in five days carried her to the grave. She early intimated her conviction that she should not survive. But death was to her neither unexpected nor unwelcome.

"Ought you to weep for me," she said to her weeping attendants, "when at length God takes pity

Ancestral Sketches.

on me and calls me to the enjoyment of that blessed existence for which I have unceasingly prayed?" Her sufferings were intense; her patience and confidence in God unbroken. "My pains," she said, "are indeed most grievous, but I know that He doeth but what is right and good."

The Queen-mother came to visit her. Not a word about the approaching nuptials was spoken; indeed, throughout her whole illness Jeanne never once alluded to the event. The 8th of June was the last day of her life. She summoned two notaries to her bedside. "Tell my son," she said, "that I desire him, as the last expression of my heart, to persevere in the faith in which he has been brought up, and to remember that those who honor God He will honor. Tell my daughter that her dying mother besought her to depart into Béarn, far from the corruption of the Court." She desired the 14th, 15th, and 16th chapters of St. John to be read to her. Her ministers Merlin and Espina, at her desire, engaged frequently in prayer. A few hours' more suffering, and her prayers were heard—the prison-door was opened and the eternal rest was reached.

Marguerite of Valois—so soon to be the daughter-in-law of the deceased—tells us in her Memoirs, that she and the other ladies of the court went to see the body of the Queen of Navarre as it lay in state. It shocked them to notice that it lay exposed upon an ordinary bed, the curtains drawn back, no darkening

The Huguenots.

of the room, no dim-burning wax-lights, no crosses, no priests, no vases of holy water. Her life, her death, kindle in our hearts profound admiration and esteem. Her intellectual gifts, her sagacity in council, would rank Jeanne d'Albret among the most gifted of our European queens.

Born and brought up in connection with a court in which, as Sully, who knew it so well, says, "Next to gallantry, nothing was so cultivated as falsehood"; she kept her integrity entire. This was her crowning excellence—that she was so sincere and devout a believer in the truths of our holy religion. It was a light that shone from the Heaven she loved to follow, and ended in a death of Christian hope.

Two short months after her decease, the marriage that Jeanne d'Albret so shrank from occurred, and within a week thereafter the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place. All the difficulties about young Henry of Navarre's marriage had by this time been got over, and the 18th August, 1572, fixed as the day of the nuptials. Henry came to Paris escorted by the flower of the Huguenot nobility and gentry. Their reception by all parties went far to remove the misgivings that many entertained, especially their reception by the King.

On the morning of the 22d of August, four days after the marriage, Coligny was sent for to the Louvre. Returning on foot to his hotel, a paper was put into his hand, which he was reading as he

Ancestral Sketches.

slowly passed the cloister of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, when a shot was fired. Coligny owed his life to a sudden movement that he made. But he had not wholly escaped the shot of the assassin. Two balls took effect; the one shattering the forefinger of the right hand, the other lodging in the left arm. Coligny fell into the arms of one of his attendants, asking another to go and tell the King. . . . Henry of Navarre and the young Prince of Condé came straight from the bedside of the Admiral and solicited permission to leave Paris. The King burst out into a tempest of rage; and thus relieved of their own fears, the two Princes returned to tell their friends the King's feelings and purposes.

The wounded man was now lying upon his bed. It was found necessary to amputate his finger, and make deep incisions in the arm to extract the bullet. The operations were painful, the result uncertain. But the composure of the sufferer was unruffled. "My friends," said he, "why do you weep? I am, indeed, sorely wounded, but it is the will of God, and I thank Him that He favors me by permitting me to suffer for His name."

Charles hastened to the suffering man and manifested the strongest and tenderest emotion. "Ah, my father," he said, "the wound is yours, but the anguish and injury are mine"; and added, "by God's death I will take such vengeance as shall never be effaced from the memory of man!" "May God

The Huguenots.

never be my help if I desire vengeance," said the wounded patriot. "Justice, I feel certain, I shall obtain."

Coligny asked to be permitted to speak with the King alone, and believing himself dying, then unburdened his mind. In her impatience, the Queen-mother at last interfered, under the plea that it would be cruel to the Admiral to tax his strength any longer.

On their way back to the Louvre, she urged the King again and again to tell her what Coligny had said to him. Provoked at last, Charles turned to her, and said, "If you will have it, then, he told me that the power and management of affairs was too much in your hands, and that one day it would be injurious to myself and my country; and *eh bien ! mon Dieu !* I believe what he said was true."

The suspicion that directed itself against the young Duke of Guise as having authorized the attempted assassination was well founded. Catharine besought the King by every argument to seize the opportunity then offered by the presence of so many Huguenots in Paris, to order a general execution of them. The King refused. She renewed her supplications and menaces. Catharine knew her son too well—his weakness, his fitfulness, his proneness to sudden gusts of passion, to despair. "One man," she said, "is the chief author of all this mischief. The Admiral has been playing the King, using you as his tool; let him be killed. These Huguenots are com-

Ancestral Sketches.

ing to-morrow to demand vengeance on the Guises. They will defend themselves by throwing the blame on your mother and brother, and justly so. Yes; it was we who did it. We struck at the Admiral to save the King; and you must finish the work, or you and all of us are lost. Sire," she said, as she made a movement to depart, "is it for fear of the Huguenots that you refuse?"

This taunting him with cowardice was the last touch of that cruel and cunning hand. She had gained her point. The Queen and Anjou took all the arrangements.*

"Anticipating the consent of the King, the Duke of Guise had previously sent an order to the Prévôt des Marchands to have the gates closed during the night, and to hold 2,000 men in readiness to move upon the Huguenots when the signal should be given by the sounding of the bell of the palace." To the guilty plotters that was a sleepless night. It was Sunday morning, the 24th August, a day sacred in the Roman calendar to the memory of St. Bartholomew. Torches and blazing lights had been burning all night, to render the task easy. At a little before dawn, Catharine, with her two elder sons, found her way to the portal of the Louvre, adjoining the Tennis-court. There, in a chamber overlooking the *basse-cour*, they sat down to wait for

* Hanna.

The Huguenots.

the beginning of their treacherous enterprise. If we may believe Henry of Anjou, none of them realized its full horrors; but as they quietly watched in that hour of stillness, the report of a pistol-shot reached their ears. Instantly it wrought a marvelous revulsion in their feelings, and brought up vividly to their imaginations the results of the terrible flood-gates of blood whose deluge they had raised. Hastily they send a servant to the Duke of Guise, and countermand the instructions of the evening, and bid him do no injury to the Admiral Coligny. It is too late! The messenger soon returns with the tidings that he is already dead, and that the work is about to begin in all the rest of the city.

This news produces a fresh change. With one of those fluctuations which are so easy with souls that have no firm or established principles, but shift according to the ever-varying tide of apparent interest, the mother and her sons return heartily to their former purpose. The die is cast; the deed is half done; let it be fully and boldly consummated!

“No sooner had the signal been given than Guise galloped to the dwelling of Coligny. The noise had awakened the Admiral, who lay with one or two faithful attendants, in his suffering condition, in his room. Fearing some popular outbreak, Coligny rose, put on his dressing-gown, and asked Merlin, his favorite minister, to pray. A servant rushed into the room. ‘My Lord,’ he said, ‘it is God who calls

Ancestral Sketches.

you. The hall is carried, and we have no means of resistance left.' 'I have long been prepared to die,' said the Admiral, 'but save yourselves, all of you, if you can.'"

Behme, a German, and other retainers of the Guises, now broke into the apartment. "Are you the Admiral?" said Behme. "Yes," was the calm reply; "but, young man, you should have some respect to my gray hairs and infirmities." With a savage oath the German plunged his boar-spear into his breast. Rapid sword strokes from others followed. Covered with wounds, Coligny sank mangled among their feet. "Behme, have you done it?" shouted the Bastard of Angoulême from the court below. "It is done, my lord," was the reply. "But Guise will not believe it unless he sees him with his own eyes. Throw him out of the window." The brutal command was instantly obeyed. The body was flung down upon the pavement. The two lords alighted and bent over it; the face was besmeared with blood and disfigured; they took their handkerchiefs and wiped the blood away. "'Tis he," they said, and in haste they mounted and dashed out through the gate, shouting in triumph as they galloped forth, "Courage, soldiers, courage! We have made a good beginning; now for the others."

At this moment, responding to the first signal sound, the bells of all the churches rang out their

The Huguenots.

summons as agreed. Every imaginable indignity was inflicted upon the remains of Admiral Coligny; and the Duke of Guise, having satisfied himself that his prey had not this time escaped him, went his way.

Meantime, in all parts of the city, the massacre went on. Neither age nor sex were spared, and the marked abodes of the Protestants were full of murder and blood. The King, it is said, from one of the windows of the Louvre, fired upon the fugitives.

For three days Paris was given over to the rage of Guise and his party. The number of killed in Paris is differently estimated, at from 2,000 to 10,000, and in different parts of the kingdom as many as 30,000 are supposed to have been slain.

The Huguenots were roused instead of dismayed by the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In Rochelle and Sancerre especially, but throughout the Provinces everywhere, the direst vengeance was manifest. The Duke of Anjou, who commanded the king's forces, being called away to assume the crown of Poland, the attack lost in rigor, and soon after the peace of Rochelle was signed in 1573.*

"The following year Charles IX. died in great anguish and suffering. It is difficult to determine the exact proportions in which physical weakness and remorse for the past entered as ingredients of the malady that cut short his life. He was now a

* Hanna.

Ancestral Sketches.

man of only twenty-three years ; but his constitution, never robust, had gained nothing in strength. More than all, if we may believe the testimony of those who were familiar with the young monarch in his last days, the mental and moral experience of the last eighteen months had left a deep impress on his physical system. Charles, with the horrors of St. Bartholomew's Day, had lost all the elasticity of youth. Remorse for the complicity of the crimes then perpetrated, co-operated with the uselessness of the attempt and its complete failure to exterminate the Huguenots, and the consciousness of having incurred the detestation and hatred of an impartial posterity. Neither by day nor by night could he banish the remembrance of the time when blood ran so freely in the streets of Paris. It would be carrying historical skepticism to the very verge of absurdity to reject the whole series of reports that come down to us respecting the strange hallucinations of Charles during the last months of his life. De Thou, perhaps the most candid historian of the period, has left the statement on record that, ever since the day of St. Bartholomew, Charles, who at no time slept well, used frequently to have his rest broken by the sudden recollection of its dreadful scenes. To lull him to repose, his attendants had no resource but singing, the King being passionately fond of music and poetry ; and others state that he would awake trembling and groaning, and that his agitation was

The Huguenots.

sure to find expression in frightful imprecations and words expressive of utter despair. With the growing certainty of his approaching death, the mental distress of Charles proportionately increased. His old Huguenot nurse, to whom he talked without reserve, was the witness of the startling conflicts through which he was passing in his last hours. While sitting near his bedside on one occasion, she was suddenly recalled from a reverie by the sound of the sighs and groans and sobs of the royal patient. To her solicitous questions as to the cause of his distress, she received the most piteous exclamations, interrupted by weeping. 'Ah, my nurse, my friend, how much blood! how many murders! Ah, what wicked friends have I had! My God, have pity upon me and pardon me! I know not where I am, so perplexed and agitated have they made me! What will become of me? What shall I do? I am lost; I know it full well.'

"Her words and prayers had little power to dissipate his extreme despondency. Upon Sorbin, the King's confessor, devolved the duty of administering the last rites of religion; that Sorbin who was accustomed to speak of the massacre as 'true magnanimity and gentleness.' "

It has been well remarked that, in all the dark drama of guilt and retribution upon which the curtain was about to fall, no part is more tragical than the scene in which the last words preparing the soul for

Ancestral Sketches.

judgment, were spoken by such a confessor as Sorbin, to such a penitent as Charles IX. On Sunday, May 13, 1574, the festival of Pentecost, Charles died, late in the afternoon. Almost his last words had been of congratulation that he left no son to inherit the throne, since he knew very well that France had need of a man, and that under a child, both king and kingdom were wretched.

The Protestants had, perhaps, more reason than others to regard the singular circumstances of Charles's death as strange, if not miraculous. That the King, whose guilty acquiescence in the murderous advice of Catharine, Anjou, and Guise, had deluged his realm in blood, should have himself perished of a malady that caused blood to exude from every pore in his body, was sufficiently singular to arrest the attention of the world. The phenomenon has been shown beyond all question to have many parallels in the annals of medicine, but the coincidence was so remarkable, that we scarcely wonder that, in the eyes of many, it partook of a supernatural character. Thus perished in his twenty-fourth year a prince who, from the evil counsels and examples of those about him, was regarded with reprobation by an age by no means pure.*

Charles was succeeded by his brother Henry III., who was assassinated by the monk Jacques Clement,

* Baird's "History of the Huguenots."

The Huguenots.

in 1589. The death of the Queen-mother, Catharine de Medici, took place the same year. She went to visit the Cardinal of Bourbon, who upbraided her with her treachery and cruelty. "Ah, Madame," he said, as she entered, "you have led us all to be slaughtered," and his reproaches so wrought upon her superstitious nature, that upon her return home she was taken ill, and soon after died, January 5, 1589. The Duke of Guise had been murdered the month before. After the assassination of Henry III., and the line of the Kings of Valois had become extinct, the way was opened for the house of Bourbon, the head of which was the Protestant Henry of Navarre, who was obliged for some four years to maintain a severe struggle for the vacant throne; and several candidates were presented by the contending powers, and a meeting of the Estates-General of the kingdom had been summoned to meet in Paris, in January, 1593, to deliberate as to the selection of a successor to the throne. The Papal Legate exerted all his influence for filling the throne of France with a Prince devoted to the Papacy. A thousand voices kept now repeating in Henry's ears, that the only way for him at once to save the monarchy and secure for himself the throne, and restore peace to his distracted kingdom, was by entering into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. His pride had hitherto revolted at the idea of a change of faith. His sense of honor revolted equally at the idea of confessing

Ancestral Sketches.

with his lips what in his heart he did not believe. But was a crown to be lost, a kingdom ruined, for a difference about creeds and churches—matters that in themselves he had never cared much about?

Sully has told us how he presented the matter to his royal master. "I can find," he said to Henry, "but two ways to any good issue out of your present troubles. By the one, you must put forth strong resolutions, practice severities and rigor that are quite contrary to your humor and inclination; you must pass through a million of difficulties, fatigues, pains, perils, and labors; for you can not come out through these affairs but by multitudes of combats, taking of cities, great victories, and a great shedding of blood. Instead of all this, by the other way—which is for you to accommodate yourself in the matter of religion to the will of the majority of your subjects—you escape all these pains and difficulties."

After three months wasted in idle debate, Henry at last yielded, and announced to the Estates-General that he had resolved to conform to the Roman Catholic religion. Preparatory to his public act of abjuration, he invited five Catholic Bishops to hold a private conference with him at St. Denis. Seven hours were spent in going over all the topics in dispute between the Calvinists and Romanists. At last the weary hours were over. "You have not satisfied me," were the King's parting words, "You have not satisfied me as much as I had desired, but I put

The Huguenots.

my soul into your hands to-day, and do, I pray you, have a care; for the way in which you now make me enter, I leave only by death. That I protest and swear."

Tears stood in his eyes as he spoke these parting words. The Bishops declared themselves satisfied. At eight o'clock the next Sunday morning Henry took the oath of abjuration, the two principles that had been at war with each other--the monarchical and the Catholic--were at peace again. The bond between Church and State that had been severed, was removed. Despite the obstinacy of the Pope in his refusal to grant absolution, Henry resolved to proceed with his consecration, and escorted with all the pomp of a solemn procession, he was accompanied to Chartres, and never on any like occasion had there been a more magnificent pageant than that which graced the day (27th February, 1594,) when, within the Cathedral, the King, magnificently attired, sat down upon the throne that had been erected before the altar, and upon that brow, which Pope Sixtus V. had declared was especially made for it, the crown of Charlemagne was set. Five years afterward, he secured to the Huguenots their civil rights by the "Edict of Nantes," which gave them equal claims with the Catholics to all offices and dignities.

The affairs of the Protestants during the remainder of the brilliant reign of Henry IV. present no events of importance. There was no fear of violence; per-

secution had given place to controversy; and with the exception of a certain degree of acrimony wherein the Jesuits took part, their theological disputes passed off quietly. For all, in fact, that this great Prince did for France during his reign to develop its resources and increase its glory, are referred to in the histories of the times. The 20th of May, 1610, was fixed as the day on which Henry was to place himself at the head of an Alliance, which he had planned and perfected, against the house of Austria, and of striking a blow at its ambition and intolerance from which it might never be able to recover.

Four French armies, numbering 100,000, were to be launched against the great enemy of European liberty, but on the 14th of May, the great Henry fell under the knife of a fanatic. That Ravaillac was the mere instrument of some party, appears beyond doubt. At the time, public feeling was unequivocally against the Jesuits. Although everything tended to facilitate the elucidation of this event, not the least effort was made to render public the investigations which the parliament of 1610 had consigned to secrecy. They buried him amid a nation's tears. And France might truly weep over his grave. For if ever she had a sovereign to whom her well-being was dear— if ever she had a monarch upon her throne that was every inch a Frenchman —if ever king of hers incarnated that love of gayety and glory for which as a nation she is so distinguished, it was

The Huguenots.

Henry IV. He was succeeded by his weak son, Louis XIII., who, from the first was a bigot, and soon fell under the influence of his confessor and the control of his minister Richelieu.

The reign of Louis XIII. was disturbed by insurrections and riots, and hatred of the Huguenots and intrigues to destroy them. In 1624 Richelieu became prime minister. As a prince of the Church of Rome, he was necessarily opposed to the Huguenots; yet state policy appears to have been his chief motive and guide. Three projects engaged his whole attention. To elevate the regal authority by destroying the remains of feudal independence; to raise the importance of France by lowering the pride of Austria; and to terminate all domestic differences by suppressing the few liberties still enjoyed by the Huguenots. Pretexts of every kind were used to cover his designs, and no one dared to oppose the cardinal, so great was his power and authority.

The inhabitants of Rochelle openly rebelled against Louis, being quite confident that the instigation and promises of Charles I., their treacherous English ally, would soon be followed by assistance. "Assure the Rochellese that I will not abandon them," was his promise, and when the Duke of Buckingham, under whose command the expedition set out, the hopes of the Protestants were at their highest, Charles assuring them that he would risk the whole force of his kingdom, rather than suffer Rochelle to fall. Louis

Ancestral Sketches.

put Richelieu in command of the French army as his lieutenant. The cardinal sent a trumpeter exhorting the people to submit, without result, then prepared a grand attack. A violent storm prevented the English from entering the port, and drove the besieged to despair, the flotilla soon returning to England. The Huguenots accused Buckingham of wantonly deceiving them. The cardinal gave the King's promise that the lives of the garrison and the inhabitants should be spared, if the town surrendered within three days. The hollow promises of the English monarch had exasperated the citizens, and the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton, and the difficulty of access to Rochelle on the part of the English fleet, and their hopelessness of relief, induced the inhabitants to listen to the proposals of Richelieu, and the gates of the city were thrown open, after a siege of nearly fifteen months, during which period the inhabitants were reduced from above twenty-seven thousand to five thousand.

The disappointment of the vanquished was greatly soothed by their deliverance from starvation, an abundant supply of provisions being liberally distributed by the cardinal. He inaugurated the conquest of the Protestant town by celebrating mass with great pomp on the festival of All Saints.

From the pacification of 1629 to 1661, when Louis XIV. assumed the direction of affairs, the general history of the Huguenots presents few important in-

The Huguenots.

cidents. Freedom of conscience was promised them, and Richelieu (who died in 1642) and his successor, Mazarin, did not disturb them. Louis XIII. soon followed his minister to the grave. After making every allowance for his weakness, his name and character are very far from commanding the respect of posterity. Mazarin's government appears to have formed a direct contrast with that of his predecessor. The predominant feeling against Richelieu was hatred; against Mazarin it was contempt. His besetting weakness was a love of money, but he never sought his revenge by means of the scaffold. During the troubles of the Fronde, the cardinal's enemies endeavored in vain to enrol the Huguenots among their partisans, and he never complained of them.

“The Huguenots at the death of Charles the Ninth, and during the two successive reigns, had stood before the world a well-defined body, that had outgrown the feebleness of infancy, and had entitled itself to consideration and respect. But in a century matters had changed. Louis XIV. was at the summit of his power. Arches were erected in his honor at the gates of St. Martin and St. Denis in Paris, and the authorities everywhere conferred upon him the title of ‘Le Grand Monarque,’ and he was recognized generally as, more than any other sovereign, the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. He sought all means for greater aggrandizement, and regardless of the

Ancestral Sketches.

most sacred treaties, interpreted every vague expression he met with in them to his own use. His restless, grasping nature led him to look into the treaties of Westphalia, etc., and on some slight, he seized Strasburg in 1681, and alarmed the different nations of Europe by his demands, while his navy, two years later, swept the Mediterranean of the Algerine pirates, and bombarded not only Algiers, but Genoa. A quarrel with the Pope also sprang up, and other overbearing acts in time of peace had produced a general feeling of distrust toward him which led to another coalition against him, called the League of Augsburg. This was an alliance of the chief powers of Europe, of whom Louis XIV., by his aggressions, had become the common enemy. The Protestant members of the League, especially, felt themselves justified in joining it, because the year before (1685) he had revoked the 'Edict of Nantes,' which had given them security, and possession of their property and estates. His minister, Colbert, with his wise counsels, had died, and strengthened by the acquiescence and advice of the Catholic priests who surrounded him, and their assurance that his sins could be expiated by the destruction of this hostile sect, to which was added the influence of Mme. de Maintenon, whom he had secretly married in his old age, the order for the 'Revocation of the Edict' was given on October 22, 1685."

The changes it proposed made a profound sensation, not only in France, but throughout Europe.

The Huguenots.

The number of Huguenots who were ordered to leave the kingdom in fifteen days, thus driven suddenly out of France by this act, has been estimated at 500,000. They fled to Holland, Switzerland, Germany, and England.

As I transcribe, an article from the *Contemporary Review*, January, 1881, comes before me. I copy: "A nobler testimony to religious liberty was never borne, than this which the Protestants of France are now bearing."

A most dramatic illustration of the changed relation of Protestantism to the Government was that on November 2, 1879, when, the meeting place at Versailles being under repairs, Protestant worship was held by permission of the authorities in a hall of the Palace of Louis XIV., at Versailles. The place chosen was under the hall of the "Oiel-de-Bœuf," not far from the chamber where, in 1715, the "Grand Monarque" expired. It is a vast room, decorated by Costelle with paintings of the royal residences, and through the crowded congregation passed the President of the Consistory of Paris and the pastor of Versailles, each bearing a copy of the Holy Scriptures, and with them the officers of this Protestant congregation.

A young French poet, who was among the worshippers, utters the sentiments which the occasion could not but inspire: "Not without a glow of honest pride, we passed before the colossal statue of Louis XIV. stretching out his hand as if to defend his palace from

Ancestral Sketches.

the intrusion of modern and heretical ideas. And when we heard the Bible and the Huguenot liturgy read in that building in which, just overhead, Mme. de Maintenon had induced that King to sign the 'Revocation of the Edict of Nantes,' well-nigh two hundred years ago, we were thrilled with emotion, and blessed God from our inmost hearts. At this solemn moment our thoughts brought back the very dead."

What a conflict was that, and what times were those that followed it! Children torn from their mothers' arms, Protestant martyrs sentenced as galley slaves, dying for the faith of Christ, pastors bleeding on the wheel or dangling from the gibbet. Such is the history of *that* Reformation in France.

And now, behold how it fares with us to-day! I have no love for those prophets of evil who take pleasure in saying that the Latin races are doomed to irremediable decay. No! this is not to be. Into this generous and genial mass of French society you have only to infuse new principles, and you shall see coming forth again from their ashes those Huguenots of the sixteenth century, of whom Chevalier Bunsen said: "They are the most glorious impersonation of manhood to be found in history."

THE BAYARDS OF NEW
YORK.

THE BAYARDS OF NEW YORK, AND THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE CITY.

“AMONG the many Protestants who were driven from France by the policy of Cardinal Richelieu under Louis XIII., was the Rev. Balthazar Bayard. This eminent Huguenot, a Professor in the Protestant University of Paris, sacrificed his property, and leaving his home and severing long-cherished ties in his native land, had exiled himself to Holland, that he might worship God ‘according to the dictates of his conscience.’ Two others of the name had previously fled to the Netherlands for refuge, after the horrors of St. Bartholomew’s Day ; an early Rev. Nicholas Bayard in 1580, and whose signature appears attached to the articles of the Walloon Synod. Tradition reports that he had been a professor of theology in Paris, and also connects him with the family represented by the famous knight ‘sans peur et sans reproche.’

“In the next generation (1608) Lazare Bayard, perhaps a son of Nicholas, was enrolled among the

Ancestral Sketches.

Walloon clergy of Holland.* It was a few years later that the Rev. Balthazar Bayard left France accompanied by his son Samuel, and his daughter Judith; both were young at the time, and they settled at Alphen. Rev. Balthazar soon died, nor is any record left of his life in Holland. His daughter Judith married Petrus Stuyvesant, the newly appointed Governor of New Amsterdam in America, and his son Samuel married Anna Stuyvesant, the sister of the Governor. A blended interest thus united the two families, and Samuel Bayard, dying before many years in Holland, Mrs. Bayard (*née* Stuyvesant) and Mrs. Stuyvesant (*née* Bayard) accompanied Gov. Stuyvesant to America, reaching their new home May 11, 1647.

“The career of Governor Stuyvesant, the fourth and last Dutch Governor, is deeply interesting from its symmetry and manliness. He was the son of a clergyman in Friesland, and had early evinced a taste for military life. He was a proud, scholarly man, and bore himself with the air of a prince.” He came to *Manhattan* in the employ of a mercantile corporation; but he soon became intensely interested in the city of his adoption, and thenceforward to his death he was thoroughly American, and the varied fruits of his labors are among the most valued legacies of the seventeenth century. He had married the daughter of a celebrated Paris divine, who

* Appendix 2.

The Bayards of New York.

had taken refuge in Holland from religious persecution. His administration was longer and more perplexing than that of any other Governor."

Mrs. Stuyvesant was very beautiful, spoke both the French and the Dutch languages with ease, and in the course of a few years acquired a good knowledge of English. She had a sweet voice and a rare taste for music, which had been cultivated under the best instructors, was fond of dress, and followed the French fashions, displaying considerable artistic skill in the perfection and style of her attire. She was very gentle and retiring in her manners, but was possessed of great firmness of character. Mrs. Bayard, the Governor's sister, was less attractive in person; she was tall, commanding, and imperious. Her education was of a high order, considering the age in which she lived, and she had great tact and capacity for business. She brought a tutor across the ocean for her three young sons, Balthazar, Nicholas, and Petrus; but after he had been dismissed as unworthy of his position, she taught her children herself, in almost every branch of practical education. Of her abilities in that direction we may judge from the fact that her son Nicholas, a mere youth, was appointed, in 1664, to the clerkship of the Common Council; an office of which the records were required to be kept in both Dutch and English. It will not be amiss perhaps, in this connection, to quote from the historian Brodhead a few words in regard to the women of

Ancestral Sketches.

Holland: "The purity of morals and decorum of manners, for which the Dutch have ever been conspicuous, may be mostly attributed to the happy influence of the women, who mingled in all the active affairs of life, and were consulted with deferential respect. Through all their toils and struggles, the calm fortitude of the men of Holland was nobly encouraged and sustained by the earnest and undaunted spirit of their mothers and wives. It was well for Stuyvesant that he had such a wife and sister near him, for he was entering upon a series of trials which would test his discretion to the utmost."

The three Bayard brothers took divergent paths as soon as they reached manhood. PETRUS, the second, lived in New Jersey. It has been said—with how much of truth I do not undertake to say—that he joined a religious sect and alienated his Dutch relations. The founder of the Society of Labardists was Jean De Labardie, who had made many converts to his doctrines among persons of learning. His public declarations that he was inspired, and especially directed by Christ, roused the clergy, and caused him and his followers to be driven to Westphalia, and afterward to Denmark. He died in 1674 in Friesland. The Labardist emissaries sent out to America, traveled through New Jersey and the Delaware Bay region, and persuaded many persons (among whom were Petrus Bayard and Ephraim Hermans) to join them, and accompany them to Europe.

The Bayards of New York.

BALTHAZAR Bayard lived in New York, and owned the land extending to Pearl and Rose Streets, including the now called Vandewater Street, in 1683. He left three daughters (two young sons died in extreme youth), Annientje Verplanck, "Judy," and Anna Maria, wife of Augustus Jay. Will dated 1699. Executrix his wife, "to whom all his Estate."

NICHOLAS BAYARD

was a mere boy in years and personal appearance in 1664; but thanks to his accomplished mother, he had all the flexibility and self-possession of a veteran. He was industrious and intelligent in the details of finance and city government. He was equally fluent in Dutch, English, and French; the records of the Common Council he was obliged to keep in Dutch and English. He soon became the private secretary of his uncle, Gov. Stuyvesant, to whom he always devoted himself. "He had none of the forwardness common to youth, was courteously deferential to his elders, and although of a joyous nature, proud and reticent." "He is never in the way nor out of the way," said Willett, a trait of character which may possibly account for his extraordinary career in after life. "He was, however, excessively *frivolous* in some personal tastes, and when off duty, devoted himself to dancing, horse-racing, and other diversions which greatly distressed his worthy friends." Oh, the Irrepressible Nicholas! At this time he had developed

Ancestral Sketches.

a remarkable talent for mathematics, and was appointed Surveyor of the Province, and was noted, besides, for his varied attainments and for his ready wit. About this period, Mrs. Bayard, Gov. Stuyvesant's sister, married Nicholas Verlet, a merchant from Holland, who came out to try his fortunes in this new country, bringing with him his fair sister, the famed Judith Verlet, our beautiful "Witch."

Dates here (1665) somewhat perplex me; but as far as I can make out, I must introduce this family heroine into our history now. It is contrary to all rule, I know, to marry one's hero at the commencement of his career, but the "Irrepressible Nicholas" is not to be judged by common rule, so I transcribe from documentary evidence the following reports:

"Judith Verlet was born in Amsterdam, Holland, and came with her brother Nicholas to America, and in 1662, when residing with her family in Hartford, Ct., was imprisoned there, on a 'pretended accusation of *witchery*.' 'In that year, Ann, the daughter of John Cole, who lived near a *Dutch* family, was seized in a strange manner with Fits, wherein her Tongue was improved by a Demon,' etc., 'who confounded her language so that she made Utterances *in Dutch*, of which Language she knew Nothing.' It was in this case that the accusation of 'witchery' was made against Judith Verlet. Through the interposition of Gov^r Stuyvesant, 'she escaped her peril,' and it is reported 'that as soon as the suspected

The Bayards of New York.

Witches were executed or fled, Mrs. Cole's daughter was restored to her health.' Governor Stuyvesant sent the Deputy Governor and General Court at Hartford, the following letter in her behalf: '*Honored and worthy Sirs:* By this occasion of my brother-in-law (Nicholas Verlet) being necessitated to make a second voyage to ayd his distressed sister, Judith Verlet, imprisoned, as we are informed, upon pretended accusation of Witchery, we really believe, and, out of her well known education, life, conversation, and profession of faith, we dare assure, that she is innocent of such a *crimen*, and wherefore, I doubt not he will now, as formerly, finde your honour's favor, and ayde for the *innocent*.'"—*Gerard's Old Stadt-Huys*, October, 1662.

Oh, those merry old times! when our "Witch" in her fun and frolic probably so distinguished herself! Those old Puritanic times! when to blink one's eyes on Sunday was deemed a sin! It is well, therefore, that, as in this instance, "old things are passed away." The narrative continues, after probably the grave old Governor had remitted her sentence, with a severe reprimand. "In happier hour," says the not always prosaic Mr. Savage, "Judith Verlet's power of fascination (witchery) was sufficient to ensure her marriage with Nicholas Bayard, one of the patrician families of the neighboring province of New York. She married May 23, 1666, in New-York,

Ancestral Sketches.

Nicholas, son of Samuel Bayard and Anna Stuyvesant, born at Alphen, in Holland, who accompanied his widowed mother and uncle, Governor Petrus Stuyvesant, to New-Netherland in May, 1647."

And now, having given a suitable bride to the "Irrepressible Nicholas," I return to the more sober realities of his life. "He was *a man*, take him for all in all." And his motto should have been, "I dare do all that may become a man." He knew no fear; he was full of manly pride, generous, chivalrous, frank, and bold in the declaration of his opinion; he never deceived or dreaded any one, and if ever "Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," had a fitting representative on earth, it was he. A recent extract from Carlyle (blending the new with the old) is, in every sense applicable to him. It was of Cavaignac that it was written, "A fine Bayard soul, with figure to correspond, a man full of seriousness and with genial gaiety withal; of really fine faculties, and of a politeness which was curiously elaborated with punctiliousness, which yet sprang everywhere from frank nature. A Republican to the bone, but a Bayard"; etc., and any study of Nicholas Bayard will convince any one how truly *he* resembled his great prototype, in many respects, and his remarkable career will in its fearlessness, carry out the strong resemblance to the Chevalier Bayard, often attributed to Nicholas.*

* Appendix I.

The Bayards of New York.

We return to the times in which he lived, in an extract from Mrs. Lamb's History: "Early in June, in spite of treaties and at the risk of war, Charles II. and his ministers had resolved to seize New-Netherland; and an expedition against the Dutch in America was at once ordered, but kept a profound secret, lest the States-General should send a squadron to aid their unprotected subjects. The Duke of York, who had been appointed Lord High Admiral of the British dominions, was to manage the enterprise. He borrowed from the King four war vessels, on which he embarked four hundred and fifty well-trained soldiers, under the command of Col. Nicolls, the groom of his bedchamber, who was also commissioned as Governor of the yet unpossessed territory. The first intimation New Amsterdam received of these hostile designs, was through a merchant of Lyme, who was sending vessels to Boston and New Amsterdam, who communicated it to Thomas Willett, who hastened to Gov. Stuyvesant, and, within an hour, the burgomasters and schepens were in close council with the brave old soldier devising plans for fortifying the city. Some vessels on the point of sailing for Curaçoa were countermanded, and agents were sent hurriedly to New Haven to buy provisions. Men were stationed at Westchester and Milford, to act as spies, and announce the approach of the enemy, who were expected by way of the Sound. A loan of money was obtained from Jeremias Van Rensselaer, and a quan-

Ancestral Sketches.

tity of powder was secured from New Amstel. At this critical moment, when every hour was more precious than gold, a dispatch from the Amsterdam Chamber, to Stuyvesant, declared that no apprehension from England need be felt—that the King had only sent some frigates to introduce Episcopacy into New England. Confidence was thus restored, and the Curaçoa vessels were permitted to depart. Stuyvesant had left the city to enter upon the work of reconciling the Indians in the vicinity, when an express followed him to say that the English squadron was actually on its way from Boston to New Amsterdam. He hurried home, arriving only three days before the English banners floated over the bay, just below the Narrows. Three weeks had been lost in false security! The city was ill prepared to stand a siege; the Fort, and the Wall at Wall Street, however strong a defense against the Indians, would avail positively nothing against a civilized foe; and there was the exposure on the two rivers!

“ Stuyvesant regarded the situation with dismay. The English were in full possession of the harbor. He sent to the English commander four commissioners demanding the object of his coming, and why he remained so long in the harbor without giving due notice? Nicolls replied that he had come to reduce the country to the obedience of the King of England, whose commission he displayed. The next day, he sent his commissioners, who were received with a

The Bayards of New York.

formal salute from the guns of the battery. The interview was ceremonious in the extreme. They bore from Nicolls to Stuyvesant a formal summons to surrender the province of New Netherlands, with all its towns, forts, etc., and promising to confirm his estate, life, and liberty to all who should submit without opposition. Nicolls had omitted to sign the paper, and thus delay was obtained. Men worked all day Sunday on the fortifications, and the officers of the Government were in close council. On Monday, a meeting of the citizens was called at the City Hall, and a loud clamor at once arose for the papers, when Stuyvesant came to the City Hall and attempted to explain the impossibility of surrender under any circumstances, the extreme displeasure it would occasion Holland, the painful responsibility that was resting upon himself, etc., etc.; but in the end produced the desired document, which had been sent anew, signed. The anxiety and excitement were everywhere apparent.

“On Tuesday, Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut, who had joined the fleet at the request of the English foe, visited the city under a flag of truce. Stuyvesant met the deputation with stately politeness. The mission was to present a carefully-written letter from Nicolls, and Governor Winthrop, who had been summoned by Nicolls for council, was instructed to use his utmost endeavor to persuade the Dutch Governor into a peaceful submission. Stuyvesant was

Ancestral Sketches.

iron-hearted, and declined the advice of Winthrop, who, on taking his leave, handed the following letter addressed to himself, to Stuyvesant, who read it aloud to the gentlemen of his council and the burgomasters present :

“ ‘MR. WINTHROP: As to those particulars you spake to me, I do assure you that if the Manhadoes be delivered up to his Majesty, I shall not hinder ; but any people from the Netherlands may freely come and plant there or thereabouts ; and such vessels of their owne may freely come thither, and any of them may as freely return home in vessels of their owne country ; and this, and much more, is contained in the privilege of his Majesty’s English subjects ; and thus much you may, by what means you please, assure the Governor from, sir,

“ ‘Your very affectionate servant,

“ ‘RICHARD NICOLLS.’

“ The burgomasters asked permission to read this letter to the citizens. Stuyvesant pronounced such a course injudicious, and refused consent. High words ensued on both sides, and Stuyvesant in a fit of passionate indignation tore the letter in pieces. The councilors quitted the fort. The news was received with lowering brows. Suddenly the work on the Palisades stopped, and three of the principal citizens, not belonging to the Government, appeared before the Governor peremptorily demanding a copy

The Bayards of New York.

of the letter. The fragments were shown to them. No reasoning would satisfy them. Stuyvesant hurried to the City Hall, and tried in vain to quiet the rising multitude. Some cursed the Governor, some cursed the Company, but all united in a demand for the letter. 'It would be as idle to attempt to defend the city against so many, as to gape over an oven.' The Governor argued in vain. 'The letter!' 'the letter!' was the only reply. Nicholas Bayard, Stuyvesant's private secretary, having gathered the scattered scraps, made a copy of the mutilated document, which was given to the burgomasters. Nicolls declined all discussion. The delegates returned sadly to New Amsterdam. Meanwhile, Governor Stuyvesant had been preparing an answer to the summons of Nicolls. He pictured in earnest language the consequences of any violation of the articles of peace so solemnly agreed upon by Charles and the States-General, and warned the English commander against aggression. He sent four of his ablest advisers to argue the matter with Nicolls. He would listen to nothing. He must and would take the place, and if the terms he offered were not accepted, he should proceed to attack. 'On Thursday, I will speak with you at the Manhattans,' he said with dignity. 'Friends will be welcome if they come in a friendly manner,' replied one of the delegates. 'I shall come with my ships and soldiers, and he will be a bold messenger indeed who will dare to come on

Ancestral Sketches.

board and dare to solicit terms,' was the rejoinder. 'What, then, is to be done?' was asked. 'Hoist the white flag of peace at the fort, and I may take something into consideration.'

"The delegates returned sadly to New Amsterdam. Nicolls, seeing that Stuyvesant was not disposed to surrender, made arrangements for storming the city. On the morning of September 5th, Nicolls came up under full sail, and anchored between the fort and Governor's Island. The crisis had come. New Amsterdam, with its population of fifteen hundred souls, was 'encircled round about,' without any means of deliverance. Stuyvesant stood in one of the angles of the fort, near where the gunner held a burning match awaiting the order to fire at the approaching vessels. He had been expostulated with by one and another, who saw only infatuation and ruin in resisting a foe with such extraordinary advantage in point of numbers; but to all he had answered with emphasis, 'I must act in obedience to orders.' 'It is madness,' said Dominie Megopolensis, laying his hand lovingly upon the Governor's shoulder. 'Do you not see that there is no help for us either to the north or to the south, to the east or to the west? What will our twenty guns do in the face of the sixty-two which are pointed against us on yonder frigate? Pray, do not be the first to shed blood.'

"Just then a paper was brought to Stuyvesant,

The Bayards of New York.

signed by ninety-three of the principal citizens, including the burgomasters and schepens, and his own son Balthazar, urging with manly arguments, that he would not doom the city to ashes and spill innocent blood, as it was evident the sacrifice could avail nothing in the end. He read the appeal with white lips, and with unspeakable sorrow expressed in every feature. His only remark was, 'I had rather be carried to my grave.' Four minutes later the white flag waved over the fort. Nicolls was proclaimed Governor of the province, and New Amsterdam was henceforth to be known as 'New York,' in compliment to the Duke of York. Within two hours afterward the fort was to be vacated, the military marching out with all the honors of war.

"On Sunday afternoon, after the second sermon, the conciliatory terms by which New Amsterdam was surrendered—terms perhaps the most favorable ever granted by a conqueror—were explained to the anxious community. On Monday morning, Stuyvesant and his council affixed their names to the articles of capitulation, and exchanged them with Nicolls. All things being ready, the garrison marched out of the fort, carrying their arms, with drums beating and colors flying, and embarked on a vessel about to set sail for Holland. Colonel Nicolls and Sir Robert Carr formed their companies into six columns, and entered the town as the Dutch garrison departed. The city magistrates were assembled in the council cham-

Ancestral Sketches.

ber, and proclaimed Nicolls Governor of the province. The English flag was raised over the fort, which was now to be called Fort James, and New Amsterdam was henceforth to be known as New York.

“The conquest of the English has been widely stigmatized as an act of peculiar national baseness. It was matured in secret, and accomplished with deliberate deceit toward a friendly government. It provoked a war which disgraced the reign of Charles II. ; a war in which Dutch fleets not only swept the Channel, but entered the Thames, burned the warehouses and dock-yards at Chatham, and maddened and terrified the citizens of London with the roar of their cannon. And yet, unjustifiable as it surely was, the temptations furnished by the circumstances of the case may perhaps be cited as a sort of palliation of the deed. The West India Company and the States-General, had always undervalued New Netherland ; it was their neglect of it which had been the most potent stimulus to English ambition ; and finally, the event itself could not have been avoided by the Dutch Government unless all their previous policy had been reversed, and their title planted upon a more tolerable basis.

“Stuyvesant was mortified and humiliated beyond expression. This solitary heroism, and his loyalty, unshaken to the last, did not protect him from the severe censure of his superiors. He was summoned to Holland to render an account of his administration, and detained there many months. The soulless cor-

The Bayards of New York.

puration was dying by inches. The loss of its province had been its death-blow. But it had sufficient vitality left to make a desperate effort to shift the responsibility of its misfortunes upon the head of its faithful servant, notwithstanding abundant proof that, year after year, and by almost every ship which crossed the ocean, he had warned the self-sufficient company of the impossibility of holding the province against any hostile attack, without the means to improve its weak and dangerous condition. The peace of Breda put an end to the controversy, and Stuyvesant, whose property and interests were all in New York, returned and took up his abode as a private citizen.

“Governor Nicolls was the son of a lawyer of the Middle Temple. He was well educated and accustomed to all the refinements of the higher European circles, was warmly attached to the royal cause, and had shared its fortunes and spent much time as an exile in Holland. He was familiar with the Dutch literature, and spoke the Dutch and French languages as well as he spoke his own. He was about forty years of age; a little above the medium height, of fine stately presence, with a fair, open face, a pleasant, magnetic gray eye somewhat deeply set, and hair slightly curled at the ends. He laughed a little at the fort, with its feint of strength, and its quaint, double-roofed church within, but found the Governor’s house very comfortably furnished and

Ancestral Sketches.

quite attractive for a new country. Its promise was uncertain, but he wrote to King James, that it was undoubtedly the best of all his towns. His affability and genial nature won the citizens from the start, at least such as were so fortunate as to come in personal contact with him. On the day after the surrender, the burgomasters and schepens met and transacted their ordinary business as if nothing had happened. They indicated their good-will to the administration through a letter in which appeared the following passage: 'Nicolls is a wise and intelligent Governor, under whose wings we hope to bloom and grow like the cedar on Lebanon.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Van Brugh were the first of the Dutch residents who gave a dinner party in honor of the new English Governor. On the Sunday following the surrender, the English Episcopal service was celebrated for the first time in New York, by the chaplain of the English forces; it having been agreed in the capitulation that the Dutch should enjoy all their religious liberties and retain their own church edifice, and it was very cordially arranged that the service of the Church of England should take place in the same sanctuary after the close of the usual morning worship.

"The old, stubborn, intensely practical Dutch spirit was firmly planted in this soil; English inflexibility, sagacity, and invigorating life had also taken root; and French industry, refinement, and vivacity flourished, if possible, the most luxuriantly of the three.

The Bayards of New York.

The chief impulse of the Huguenot movement, which had begun in France, both in the capital and the university, was coeval with the revival of letters. Hence, those who fled into voluntary exile were generally of the cultivated and wealthy classes. They transplanted to New York an influence of education and graceful accomplishments, and gave a certain chivalric tone to the new society. Nicolls was quick to see the advantage of influencing as many of the Dutch families as possible to remain in their present homes. He resolved to ask the principal Dutch citizens to take the customary oath and become British subjects. The subject was in agitation for several days. Finally, Nicolls said in writing, that the 'articles of surrender' were 'not in the least broken or intended to be broken, by any words or expressions in the said oath.' This statement proved satisfactory, and in a few days over two hundred and fifty residents of the city and adjacent country took the oath of allegiance to Charles II. and the Duke of York. Among these was Stuyvesant himself, Van Brugh, Van Cortlandt, Van Rensselaer, Beekman, and the two Dutch Dominies. Van Rensselaer had been directed to bring his title papers respecting Rensselaerwyck to Nicolls for inspection. This was subsequently done, and a new patent was issued to the Patroon by the Duke. Nicholas Bayard, Stuyvesant's nephew, was appointed Secretary of the Common Council. Nicolls took no steps to increase the number of schools, or indeed

Ancestral Sketches.

to promote education in any form. It was sufficient for him, he argued, to see that the Christian ministers were supported.

“But a storm was gathering across the water which was to involve New York in fresh difficulties. When Charles II. and his ministers settled with convenient logic the question of seizing and appropriating a Dutch province, it was at the risk of war. The States-General had no suspicion of the treachery in progress, until the whole facts were revealed. Charles himself laughed heartily when the news reached him of the complete success of Nicolls, and remarked to Sir George Carteret, ‘I shall have a pleasant time with the Dutch ambassador when he comes.’ The West India Company raved; and applied to the city of Amsterdam and to the States-General for ships of war and soldiers to send at once for the reconquest of the province. The ambassador from the Dutch to Charles denounced the whole thing as a palpable infraction of honor and of the treaty between the English and Dutch nations. Charles replied haughtily. It was soon apparent to the Dutch statesmen, through the insolent manner of Downing, as well as the tone of Clarendon’s correspondence, that no redress from England need be anticipated. De Witt peremptorily replied, ‘New Netherland must be restored.’ Secret orders were therefore given ‘to reduce the English possessions in that region, and inflict, by way of reprisal, as much damage and injury as possible, either

The Bayards of New York.

at Barbadoes, New Netherland, Newfoundland, or other islands or places under English obedience.' Downing secured information in regard to these secret orders through the aid of skillful spies, who took keys from De Witt's pocket while he was asleep, and extracted papers from his desk, which were returned within an hour. He immediately communicated the fact to his own government.

"The Dutch, who lived by commerce, were no longer backward about fighting. Every city offered men and money to the government. The East India Company suspended their herring and whale fisheries, and equipped twenty war-vessels. The West India Company were authorized to attack, conquer, and destroy the English everywhere, both in and out of Europe, on land and water. Fourteen millions of guilders were voted for the expenses of the war.

"On the 4th of March, 1667, Charles issued a formal declaration of war against the United Provinces. The House of Commons at once voted two and one-half millions of pounds sterling; 'a sum,' says Macaulay, 'exceeding that which had supported the fleets and armies of Cromwell at the time when his power was the terror of all the world.'

"The Duke of York took command of the English fleet, and sent orders to Nicolls to put his province of New York in a posture of defense against the Dutch. Charles wrote to Nicolls himself, telling him to take all possible care to avoid a surprise. Nicolls

Ancestral Sketches.

was painfully embarrassed. He had received no supplies from England—the fort was weak, he had no war-vessels, and the soldiers were in need of the commonest necessities. But he was as loyal as he was brave. It was very evident to him that he should be able to command very little assistance from a community which would welcome the restoration of Dutch authority. He sent an elaborate statement of New York affairs to the king by Cartwright, who, quite discouraged with his unprofitable labors in Boston, and in great physical torture with the gout, sailed in June for London. He was captured by a Dutch privateer, who, having taken away all his papers, landed him in Spain. ‘It is for your health, sir,’ said the humorous sea-captain, as they parted company; ‘the mild southern climate always cures gout.’

“A pestilence broke out in London surpassing in horror any that had visited the British Isles for three centuries. The appalled court fled from Whitehall. The great city was desolated. Within five months more than one hundred thousand lives were suddenly ended. The awful silence of the streets was only broken by the nightly sound of the dead-cart. A terrible conflagration also completed England’s miseries for 1666. Five-sixths of the proud city of London were laid in ashes. The summer had been the driest known for years. The citizens who had been driven away by the plague were returning. On the

The Bayards of New York.

2d of September, a fire broke out which lasted four days and nights, and consumed every house, church, and hall in ninety parishes between the Tower and Temple Bar.

"The year 1667 opened gloomily. Calamity followed calamity. All schemes of a defensive war were abandoned. Presently it appeared that even a defensive war was too much for the Administration.

"The States-General haughtily dictated the terms of a treaty, which was soon after signed at Breda. Singularly enough they surrendered New Netherland, the very occasion and prize of this long contention. Charles, who had grown weary of Clarendon's imposing ways, deprived him of the 'Great Seal' at the very moment when he was affixing it to the proclamation of the Peace of Breda. 'I must assuage the anger of Parliament,' was his excuse.

"Innocent New York, the cause of all these disturbances, was becoming more interesting abroad than within her own borders. Improvements were at a dead stand. Her merchants were hampered in all their operations by sea and land. Her vessels were seized by Dutch and French privateers, almost within sight of her harbor. Her trade was suspended. Nicolls was compelled to use his own private means for the public good. There was little direct intercourse with England. Necessaries of all kinds grew very scarce.

"When, after a long captivity, Cartwright reached

Ancestral Sketches.

London, and explained the condition of affairs in the colonies, the Duke sent to New York two ships laden with supplies. He wrote to Nicolls a letter full of commendation. The King did the same, inclosing a present of two hundred pounds. At the same time, he ordered a strict guard kept against the French in Canada. The meagre help came at a time when Nicolls was well-nigh disheartened.

“ In the summer of 1665 a terrible war had broken out between two Indian tribes living at the North. Two Dutch farmers had been killed. Two Indians were arrested for the murder, one of whom was hanged, and the other sent in chains to Fort James. The Long Island inhabitants chafed under what they styled ‘arbitrary power,’ and gave Nicolls more trouble than all the Dutch population together. In New York and in the Dutch towns, the payments for new patents were made easy. Jeremias Van Rensselaer created quite an excitement by claiming Albany as a part of Rensselaerwyck. Nicolls wrote to him that the question must be settled by the Duke of York, but added, ‘Do not grasp at too much authority ; if you imagine there is pleasure in titles of government, I wish that I could serve your appetite, for I have found only trouble.’

“A complication of difficulties between the French and Indians, and between the Jesuits, the Indians, and the New York colonists to the North, kept Nicolls in continual anxiety ; the New England colo-

The Bayards of New York.

nies were not in a condition to render aid, and the prospect was as dismal as could well be imagined. He was so oppressed with financial embarrassments that he wrote to both the Duke and the King, begging to be relieved from a government 'which had drawn from his purse every dollar he possessed.' 'Such is our strait,' he wrote, 'that not one soldier to this day, since I brought them out from England, has been in a pair of sheets or upon any sort of bed but canvas and straw.' A response came tardily. The Duke consented to the return of Nicolls; but it was not until after the Peace of Breda, and the news of the treaty came with the same ship which brought the recall of the weary Governor. Peace was a charmed word in Dutch as well as English ears; politics, feuds, bickerings were forgotten, and intense relief succeeded. Presently came the official announcement of Nicolls' departure, and there was universal sorrow. He had made himself exceedingly popular. The leading Dutch residents were, if possible, more attached to him than his English colleagues; but all were united in one deep feeling of regret that he must leave the country.

"Colonel Richard Lovelace was appointed to succeed Nicolls in 1668. He was one of the gentlemen of that focus of political intrigue and fashionable gayety, the Court of Charles II. He was a handsome, agreeable, polished man of the world—upright, generous, and amiable, but he lacked energy, and

Ancestral Sketches.

was of a narrow type of mind, and possessed very little of that subtle sagacity which brings conflicting elements into one harmonious whole. The Duke wrote requesting Nicolls to remain a few months longer, that Lovelace might have an opportunity to study affairs.

“The first time the latter presided in the Admiralty Court, Nicolls sat by his side. The two Governors journeyed together to various parts of the province. They spent one week in Albany, were *fêted* by Van Rensselaer at his manor-house, and smoked the pipe of peace with the Mohawk sachems; stopped two days in Esopus, and were the guests of William Beekman; looked into military matters, and ‘spent an evening of great hilarity’ with Thomas Chambers at his manor; traveled over Long Island on horseback, stopping at all the principal towns. They went to Hartford, and were entertained by Governor Winthrop in courtly style, and spent one day with the dignitaries of New Haven. Lovelace wrote in a private letter to the King: ‘I find some of these people have the breeding of courts, and I can not conceive how such is acquired.’

“On the 28th August, Nicolls took his final farewell, escorted to the vessel in which he was to embark for Europe, by the largest procession of the military and citizens which had yet been seen on Manhattan Island. The most sincere sorrow was manifested on all sides at his departure. He had

The Bayards of New York.

ruled with such discretion and moderation, that even they who had disliked his orders, had come to love the man who had taken so much pains to avoid the unnecessary wounding of their prejudices.

“Ludicrous stories are told of Puritan rigor—how in New England no one was permitted to make beer on Saturday lest it should ‘work’ on Sunday; and how in Connecticut no man was allowed to kiss his wife on the Sabbath. But, with all due allowance for humorous exaggeration, it was practically the same in New York. The Sabbath was consecrated to an entire cessation from worldly labor. With a musical peal of the old Dutch bell, the houses poured forth their occupants. Since no power ever decreed adversely to the dressing of one’s best on that day, it must have been a bright and impressive scene. The gentlemen of the day wore long-waisted coats, the skirts reaching almost to the ankles, with large silver buttons sparkling down the entire front; a velvet waistcoat trimmed with silver lace peeped out, and the shirt front was elaborately embroidered; breeches were of silver cloth or different colored silks, and the shoe-buckles were of silver. Ladies wore jaunty jackets of silk, velvet, or cloth over different colored skirts; sleeves turned up, with large white cuffs. Not only were handsome chains for the neck much in vogue, but girdle-chains of gold and silver were common, to which were suspended costly-bound Bibles and hymn-books for church use. The hair

Ancestral Sketches.

was dressed high, and was frizzed about the face, and the bonnet was very pretty. The mayor and aldermen, in a dress that was peculiarly conspicuous, occupied in the church a pew by themselves. Lovelace, in the afternoon, attended the Episcopal service, and occupied the Governor's pew, which had been elaborately fitted up by Nicolls. Another pew was set apart for the Governor's Council. The Duke of York sympathized with every religion which dissented from the Church of England. He was by conviction a Roman Catholic—a fact which was not then without its value, and actually placed him before the world as the friend of religious toleration. He permitted the Lutherans in New York to call a minister from Germany. He went first to Albany, but unbecoming complaints having been made against him, Lovelace suspended him from the pulpit, giving him, at the same time, permission to preach in New York. His name was Jacobus Fabricus; and it was soon found that, in addition to a dictatorial and quarrelsome temper, he was constantly abusing his wife. She spent one whole winter in the garret of her house, suffering all the while from fever and ague. She finally complained to the Government, and petitioned that her husband be ordered to give up the keys, and not presume to enter the house any more. The court granted her request. He defied legal authority; and six months later went to his wife's house in an angry and turbulent manner, pushed a woman over her spinning-

The Bayards of New York.

wheel, and severely injuring her ; a band of soldiers was summoned to arrest him, and the clamor was so loud against him that the Governor was obliged once more to interfere, and he was removed from the pulpit, and permission given him to 'proceed to the Delaware.'

"About this period (1672) Governor Stuyvesant died. He had marvelous intellectual power, great subtlety of discernment, and yet a peculiar turn of mind which rendered him less successful in politics than many who had not half his ability. He was a countryman, and when he died at the age of eighty was active in all his movements, and interested himself in church affairs and in city improvements, was social and companionable, and frequently dined his English successor at his country seat, and rendered himself very dear to his family and friends. He was interred in the family vault in the church upon his farm, and one hundred and thirty years afterward St. Mark's Church was erected upon the same site, and the vault was repaired and enlarged. Upon the outer wall of St. Mark's Church is the original tablet.

"In a temporary absence of Lovelace from the city, an express followed him to announce the appearance of a supposed Dutch squadron off Sandy Hook. He hurried back to the city, and finding no enemy, was inclined to ridicule the false alarm. However, he summoned one hundred and more enlisted men. The weeks went quietly by, there was a general

Ancestral Sketches.

training, and eighty soldiers left in Fort James. Lovelace had set out to visit Gov. Winthrop on business of importance, but again had been gone but a few days when several ships were discovered lying near the present quarantine ground. There were Dutch citizens who visited the hostile fleet and revealed the weakness of the defenses. The Dutch militia spiked the guns in sight of the new battery in front of the City Hall. A deputation was sent to the intruders to demand 'why the fleet had come in such a manner to disturb his majesty's subjects in this place.' A boat passed them on the way with a messenger from the two admirals, Evertsen and Binckes, bearing an order for the surrender of New York. 'We have come to take the place, which is our own, and our own we will have,' they said. The deputation sent brought back word that the enemy were too strong to be withstood, and that the Dutch flag must be hoisted within half an hour, or they would fire upon the fort. Meanwhile the fleet had moved nearer, so that the foremost ships were within musket-shot. The messenger was sent back to ask for a cessation of hostilities until the next morning, that the advice of the Mayor and aldermen might be obtained. The commanders would grant but one more half hour, 'and the glass was turned up.' At the end of that time the ships fired a broadside into the fort, killing and wounding several of the garrison, and the fire was returned. At the same moment six hundred men were seen landing just above the 'Governor's

The Bayards of New York.

orchard,' on the river shore, back of the present Trinity Church, and they 'paraded in the old graveyard adjoining. The officer in command at the fort asked permission to march out with the honors of war. It was about seven o'clock on a summer evening. Captain Colve, who was in command of the Dutch, readily acquiesced. He formed his men in a line in front of the fort and waited, while Manning, the commandant, marched through the gates at the head of the garrison, with colors flying and drums beating. They grounded their arms, and were committed to prison in the church, while the Dutch quietly took possession of the citadel. The three-colored ensign of the Dutch Republic rose to its old place on the flag-staff, and New York became once more New Netherland!

"A province was annexed to the Dutch Republic; but the effete West India Company had nothing whatever to do with the transaction. The old corporation had gone into liquidation soon after the conquest of the place in 1664, and the new company had taken no interest in its recapture. It had greatly increased in value under the English; the population had more than doubled; and now the direct authority of the States-General and the Prince of Orange was hailed by all who had a drop of Dutch blood in their veins, and by many others, with unbounded enthusiasm. The city was called *New Orange*, and the fort was called *William Hendrick*." *

* Mrs. Lamb's "History of New York."

NICHOLAS BAYARD AND
HIS TIMES.

NICHOLAS BAYARD AND HIS TIMES.

THE two Dutch admirals, Evertsen and Binckes, were obliged to assume the responsibility of governing their conquest until directions came from the Hague. Never was the Dutch Republic more ably represented than by the cool, honest, sagacious Admiral Evertsen. He had with him in the New York harbor near twenty English prizes and a large number of prisoners captured in Virginia and elsewhere, and it was a delicate matter to select from his inferior officers a governor for New Amsterdam. Captain Anthony Colve was the best fitted among them for such command. He was accordingly appointed by the admirals, and a commission was issued for him similar in phraseology to those issued by the crown of England. He may have possessed qualifications for rulership, but he was vain, gluttonous, and excessively given to wine. He put on princely airs, spent money extravagantly, and in the latter respect outdid any of the governors who had preceded him. The admirals evidently distrusted him, and sent for a few of the prominent Dutch citizens, and advised with them as to proper persons for official trusts. Nicho-

Ancestral Sketches.

las Bayard acted as registrar of their proceedings, and was finally made Secretary of the province.

The old form of government was restored, and the commonalty convoked to elect a new board of burgomasters and schepens. The admirals issued a proclamation, confiscating all the property and debts belonging to the Kings of France and England, and requiring every person to report such property to the appointed Secretary Bayard. There were so many English prisoners that the situation became embarrassing, and three ships were sent to convey them to Europe.

The superseded Governor Lovelace soon after sailed for Europe in Admiral Binckes' vessel. He wrote to Winthrop, "Are you curious to know the extent of my losses? It was my all whichever I had been collecting; too greate to misse in this wilderness." When Governor Colve was at last installed in office, he set up a coach drawn by three horses, and everything assumed a military air. Cornelis Steenwyck was his first counselor, Secretary Bayard was efficient in all business matters, and on important occasions the burgomasters and schepens of the city were consulted. When questions arose about the treatment of foreigners or their property, Captain Kuyff and Captain Epsteyn, of the Dutch infantry, were added as a council of war. The insecure condition of the fort was improved, the Lutheran Church, which had just been built "without the gate," was demolished, and the Lutherans allowed to build another on the site of what was afterward

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

Grace Church. As it was generally supposed that the Duke would attempt the recapture of the province, precautions were taken on all sides to prevent a surprise. But affairs in Europe had taken a different turn very shortly after these events, and a treaty was signed and peace soon after proclaimed at London and the Hague, on the 9th February, 1674.

Thus England escaped a disastrous war, and the Dutch were rendered less apprehensive of the English. The news reached New Netherland early in June. Governor Colve received instructions from the States-General to restore the province to any person whom the King of England should depute to receive it.

Sir Edmund Andros was the newly appointed English Governor. His commission authorized him to take possession of "New York" in the name of Charles II. He arrived in October. He was about thirty-seven years of age, well informed, educated in history, languages, and art, and as events subsequently showed, possessed of great capacity for statesmanship. His wife accompanied him.

On the 9th of November Governor Colve assembled at the old City Hall all the officers, civil or military, and absolved them in a short speech from their oaths of allegiance to the States-General and the Prince of Orange, and announced that on the morrow he would surrender the Fort. One of the most friendly incidents of the occasion occurred when Ex-Governor

Ancestral Sketches.

Colve sent his coach and three horses, with a formal flattering message, as a gift to Governor Andros. Andros landed with much ceremony, and the final transfer of the province took place, and the city of Manhattan Island became once more, and for all the future, up to the present time, *New York*.

A quiet Sabbath followed. Dominie Van Nieuwenhuysen was assisted in the morning service, at the old Dutch church in the fort, by Rev. Nicolais Van Rensselaer, a younger son of the Patroon, and one of the late arrivals by the *Diamond*. He was an ordained clergyman, and had been recommended by James to fill one of the Dutch churches in New York or Albany, whenever a vacancy should occur. Andros was a member of the Church of England, and attended service in the afternoon in the same sanctuary, as had been the custom of his predecessors. "There were two Ministers or *Dominies*, as they were called, the one a Lutheran or High Dutch, the other a Calvinist or Low Dutchman, who behaved themselves so uncharitably as if Luther and Calvin had bequeathed and entailed their virulent and bigoted spirits to them and their heirs forever." The Calvinist was Dominie Nieuwenhuysen, who died in 1681, and the Lutheran was Dominie Frazius. They were both men of vast scholastic acquirements. Dominie Nieuwenhuysen was an excellent pastor, notwithstanding that outside of his own flock he sometimes exhibited more zeal than charity. He took exception to the

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

clerical conduct of Dominie Van Rensselaer, whom Andros sent to Albany as colleague to Dominie Schaats, and openly declared that a minister ordained by a bishop in England as Dominie Van Rensselaer had been, was not qualified to administer the sacrament in the Reformed Dutch Church; but at the trial of the latter before the Governor, Nieuwenhuysen was obliged to admit the validity of the English Episcopal ordination.

Fresh ecclesiastical troubles broke out the next year, when Jacob Leisler, one of the deacons of the Calvinistic Dominie, accused Van Rensselaer of "false preaching," and uttering "dubious words." Van Rensselaer was arrested and brought to New York for trial, but was acquitted, and Deacon Leisler and Jacob Milborne were ordered to pay all costs and fines for "giving the first occasion of difference."

Dominie Van Rensselaer had, it is said, "propheesied to Charles II. when the latter was an exile at Brussels, that he would be restored to the English throne. When that event occurred, the Dominie accompanied the Dutch ambassador to London, as chaplain to the embassy, and the King, remembering his prediction, gave him a gold snuff-box with his portrait on the lid, which is still preserved by the family in Albany." (If such a present was ever made, not even the reputed *recipient* himself ever saw it; or it may be one of the things that "are passed away," and been forgotten.)

Ancestral Sketches.

Complaints from every side began to pour in upon the Duke concerning Andros. It was insinuated that he favored Dutchmen in trade, made laws hurtful to the English, detained ships for private reasons, or traded himself in the names of others, and Andros was ordered to report immediately in person in London. The latter, though surprised, obeyed the summons, committing the government to Lieutenant-Governor Brockholls, and leaving Lady Andros in New York. He sailed January 6, 1681. Andros was unquestionably diligent and sagacious; and certain it is, that, when he laid down the staff of office, anarchy followed almost immediately. James had fixed upon Thomas Dongan as the future Governor of New York, and Lady Andros soon joined her husband in England.

Dongan was easy and affable, and personally magnetic, and the current of popular feeling set strongly in his favor. He was about fifty years of age, and a bachelor, a Roman Catholic, with broad, intelligent views on all subjects of general interest. He was, moreover, an accomplished politician. Perhaps we do not often enough reflect how effectively the spirit of one man, or of a few men, may decide the destiny of a State. Cool tempers and wise heads possess great power to give direction to the common mind. This was a remarkable period. New York was passing through a crisis. Dongan was essentially a man for

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

the times; he has justly been classed "among the best of our Colonial Governors." New York had a season of apparent content. Addresses of gratitude were sent to the Duke; the integrity, justice, equity, and prudence of Dongan were emphasized, and loyalty was expressed in the strongest terms. Taxes were paid cheerfully, and city improvements began anew.

At that very moment England was in a political convulsion. A plot to murder the King and Duke had been discovered. The details had all been arranged at a small farm near London, from which it was called the "Rye House Plot." There were traitors among them who divulged all, and more than all. The whole Whig party were, to a certain extent, implicated. Men of high rank were condemned and executed—among them Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney. Politicians, in great numbers, were sent to the gallows, although only a few desperate men were concerned, under the delusion that to kill the scions of royalty was the shortest way to vindicate the Protestant religion and the liberties of England. But the new year (1685) opened auspiciously. New York was in a fair, promising condition.

In gorgeous halls across the water, her sovereign, a man of fifty, gay almost to frivolity, healthy and robust, surrounded by ladies whose charms were the boast and whose vices were the disgrace of the age,

Ancestral Sketches.

and by gambling courtiers, winning and losing mountains of gold in a night, and looking forward to a long life of ease and pleasure, when the decree went forth, and Charles II. died suddenly. Scarcely had he risen from his bed on February 2d, than the gentlemen of rank assembled as usual to chat with him, noticed a strange look upon his face. An instant later he uttered a loud cry and fell insensible into the arms of Lord Bruce. He recovered his senses for a time, yet lay in a condition of extreme danger. The prelates, who were presently summoned, exhorted him to prepare for death which was imminent; but he listened to them in silence. In his rarely serious moments he was at heart a Roman Catholic. The duke knew there was not a moment to waste in preliminaries. He commanded every one to stand back, and bending over the dying king said something in a whisper, to which Charles answered audibly, "Yes, yes, with all my heart." "Shall I bring a priest?" asked James. "Do, brother, for God's sake do, and lose no time; but no, you will get into trouble." "If it costs me my life, I will bring a priest!" exclaimed the duke, with great feeling. There was a Benedictine monk at Whitehall, named Huddleston, who had, after the battle of Worcester, risked his life to save that of the king, and had ever since been a privileged person. He was willing to put his life in peril again for the king he loved, but he was so illiterate that he had to

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

have instructions as to what was proper to say on such a momentous occasion. He was brought by a confidential servant up the back stairway. The duke requested all but three noblemen whom he dared trust, to withdraw. Then the back-door was opened, and the monk, whose sacred vestments were concealed by a cloak, entered. When he was announced, Charles faintly answered, "He is welcome." Huddleston went through his part better than was expected, pronounced the absolution, and administered extreme unction. He asked if Charles wished to receive the Lord's Supper. "Surely, if I am not unworthy," was the quick reply. The monk retreated. The door was opened, and once more the wondering courtiers were admitted. The king retained his faculties during the entire night, conversing at intervals. Once he apologized for being so long dying, and hoped those who had stood about him so long would excuse it. Soon after daylight his speech failed, and about noon he passed away.

James was proclaimed King. Usage required a speech, and the new monarch expressed a few words of touching sorrow for the loss just sustained, and promised that he would imitate the singular lenity which had distinguished the late reign; that he should with his life defend the rights and liberties of his people; and knowing the Church of England to be eminently loyal, should especially care for, sup-

Ancestral Sketches.

port, and defend it. He would probably have kept his word, had it not involved complicated relationships which his mind could not grasp. At a later period he stated that his unpremeditated expressions touching the Church of England were too strong, and had been made without due consideration.

In 1685 Nicholas Bayard was the Mayor of New York, and also one of Dongan's Council. Stephanus Van Cortlandt and James Graham were appointed to manage the King's revenue. Dongan wrote to James asking the privilege of naming a collector from among the old residents, "because," said he, "those who are sent over for the purpose expect to run suddenly into great estate." When James found breathing space amid the putting down of the various rebellions which menaced his throne, he gave attention to his American affairs.

The year 1685 was distinguished by the granting of the "Dongan Charter" to the city of New York. It was drafted by Mayor Nicholas Bayard and Recorder James Graham, and was one of the most liberal ever bestowed upon a colonial city. The Dongan Charter confirmed all former "rights and privileges," and is recited at large in the charter of 1730. The instrument was the basis of a plan of government for a great city. It was cautiously worded, and shows that the minds in which it originated were possessed of a broad and enlightened sense of the

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

sanctity of corporate and private rights, and by no means disposed to neglect provident guards for their security.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes this year caused a simultaneous cry of grief and rage through the whole of Protestant Europe. New York caught the alarm, and the rumor was started that James had communicated to Governor Dongan an intention to establish the Roman Catholic religion there. The Catholic officers of the Government were watched with jealous eyes, and every movement of the Governor was criticised. A gentleman from London arrived about this time, and was hospitably entertained by Governor Dongan. The two appeared together in the streets, and dined with Frederick Philipse and Nicholas Bayard. It was absurdly reported that the strange guest was a Catholic priest in disguise, sent over on private business by the King; and the rumor, fostered by that kindly entertainment always furnished in such cases by small communities, speedily assumed the importance of an acknowledged fact.

Meanwhile James publicly expressed disapproval, and was really at heart distressed by the outrages which Louis XIV. was visiting upon the Huguenots. Nothing could exceed the fury of the inquisitors. And yet thousands upon thousands succeeded in escaping; the best blood in France was on the wing;

Ancestral Sketches.

persons of great fame in war, in letters, in the arts, and in the sciences, dressed like the humblest peasants, wandered from place to place, engaging in the most menial occupations, until they could devise some method of crossing the frontiers. Many reached England, and James assisted them from his own private purse. But trouble was gathering for James in every respect. He had resolved to unite his colonies under one vice-regal government, and decreed that all his American possessions, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, should be consolidated into one great political whole to be called New England. Either Dongan or Sir Edmund Andros must be displaced. Andros had the larger experience, and excelled in executive talent. On the other hand, Dongan was as good a soldier as Andros, with more independence of character. It was thought best to retain Andros, and Dongan was offered the command of a regiment, with the rank of major-general in the British army, but he saw fit to decline the honor, and retired to his farm.

Andros hastened to assume almost imperial command over the province he had left seven years before. He arrived in New York with quite an army of attendants on August 11, 1688, and was received by Colonel Nicholas Bayard's regiment of foot and a troop of horse. The councillors Dongan, Brockholls, Philipse, Bayard, and Van Cortlandt were sworn into the new administration.

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

James was, at this moment, trying to change the religion of his kingdom. He had, some time before, apologized to Louis for the discourtesy shown to France in favoring the exiled Huguenots, and in directing Dongan to encourage them to settle in New York, with the promise of letters of denization.

He multiplied Catholic chapels in London, and favored the establishment of convents and the appearance of monks and friars, clad in the habits of their orders; and made direct attack upon the Established Church by granting franchises to every religious sect. Then he invaded Oxford, that its rich endowments might be shared by the Catholics.

As a last plunge, preparatory to the tumble from his throne, the blind King resolved to have his declaration of liberty of conscience read in every church of the realm. Little did he dream of the spirit he was provoking. The Archbishop of Canterbury and six other bishops refused to obey the command. The seven bishops were committed to the Tower. The jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty," when thousands took it up, and echoed it again and again. The King heard the mighty roar, and asked in alarm what it meant. "The acquittal of the Bishops," answered one of his lords. "It is so much the worse for them," answered his majesty.

A military and naval expedition was meanwhile quietly organizing in the Netherlands, and William,

“the Protestant of Orange,” urged his preparations with indefatigable activity. At last a dispatch told the whole story. All at once William’s expedition landed at Torbay. His forces swelled rapidly. Bishop Burnet drew up a paper, which was approved and eagerly signed by the English adherents, by which they promised to stand by William until the liberties and the religion of the nation should be effectually secured.

James instituted negotiations with William, in order to gain time to send the Queen and the Prince of Wales into France. He then made immediate preparations to abdicate the throne. At three o’clock in the morning of 11th December, he rose from his bed, ordered the lord of his bedchamber not to open the door until the usual hour, and, passing down the back stairway, set out in the disguise of a servant, on a fishing-boat to France. He was arrested by some sailors, and having told his captors who he was, a great crowd came together to see the proud King in such mean hands. It was a trilling incident, and yet it proved to be the origin of the *Jacobites*. Until now, the King had scarcely had a party; but from this moment one budded into existence, which was long active for his interests.

William would not consent to make the father of his wife a prisoner. It was necessary to send him out of London, and a guard was ordered to attend him,

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

but not to hamper his movements, and he left finally on the last day of the year, and reached France in safety.

The English throne was declared vacant by the abdication of the King, and offered to William and Mary, by whom it was accepted. Mary arrived in safety from Holland, and on the 13th February, 1689, William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of England.

Louis set an example of royal munificence in providing for the hapless King and his family, and lavished upon them every courtly attention.

"In New York the resident members of the Governor's council were Frederick Philipse, Stephanus Van Cortlandt, and Nicholas Bayard. They were all members of the Dutch Reformed Church, and the last two were deacons in good and regular standing. They were men of wealth and aristocratic tastes. Philipse was sixty-five years of age, dignified, elegant, and conservative. Van Cortlandt was forty-six years of age, had been a popular public man for more than twenty years, but at this critical moment a whisper was started that he was a secret Romanist. Bayard was the younger of the three, and occupied a distinguished position as counselor to the Governor, and commander-in-chief of the New York militia. He was fond of display, and conspicuously imperious. He was bright, genial, witty, and quick-tempered, had many warm personal friends among his equals, socially and politically, but was disliked by his inferiors.

Ancestral Sketches.

“ Jacob Leisler was the prominent man of the hour. He was a German, and not a Dutchman, as he has generally been supposed. He was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Of his origin and early life, very little is known. He had been a resident of New York about thirty years. He was a man of energetic will and great force of character, but he had little education, and comparatively speaking, no manners. He hated the Crown and the Church of England; was a zealous champion of Belgian republicanism, and a rancorous, though consistent party man. He was loud and coarse in conversation, and when angry would swear like a porter. He said bitter things which he readily forgot, but which others remembered to his sorrow and dishonor. His native quickness and sagacity would have rendered him eminent as a leader, but prosperity made him self-sufficient and boastful; and his want of knowledge of the world muddled his understanding. His integrity was unquestionable, his loyalty unimpeachable, and he had a strong but distorted sense of duty and honor. In short, he possessed the elements of executive power without the balancing characteristics. He was of medium height, robust frame, full round figure, austere visage, dressed carelessly, made long prayers, and was rigid in the performance of every religious duty.

“ He had some legal knowledge picked up in practice of no very high kind, and he had used it in one or two lawsuits to the great pecuniary disadvantage of

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

Van Cortlandt and Bayard, an offense which had terminated all social intercourse between the families.

“He was an importer of liquors, and on the 29th, one of his vessels entered the harbor with a cargo of wine on board. He refused to pay the duties, which amounted to one hundred dollars, on the ground that Collector Plowman, being a Catholic, was not qualified to receive the customs under the new power. The case was discussed at the meeting of the councilors, aldermen, and military officers, and the majority were of the opinion that the present official structure was sound until contrary orders came from the new sovereigns. Leisler became very much exasperated, and swore he would not pay a penny to Plowman; he used language more forcible than elegant, and finally turned on his heel and left the council-chamber before the matter was adjusted.

“As was feared, others declined to pay duties, shielding themselves under the excuse that Leisler had advanced. Many believed that the leading Dutch citizens were going over to popery. It was suddenly reported that Ex-Governor Dongan was the instigator of an infernal plot to destroy New York. It was true that he was fitting out an armed brigantine, but for quite a different object.

“On the evening of the 21st of May, some persons appeared before Colonel Bayard with a petition (unsigned) asking that the Roman Catholics in the city be disarmed. Their conduct indicated serious alarm.

Ancestral Sketches.

The next morning the subject and the petition were earnestly discussed in council. There were ridiculously few Catholics in either city or province. Among the soldiers, there were not over twenty of that faith, 'and they,' said Colonel Bayard, 'are old cripples.' But it seemed best to gratify the people as far as possible; hence Mayor Van Cortlandt sent for the authors of the petition to come and sign their names. They refused, and at the same time demanded an answer in writing, or to have their petition returned. The mayor went to them and assured them that their wishes should be respected, but they received him ungraciously. Captains Leisler and Ludowyck were sent finally to return the petition and answer the writers verbally. Colonel Bayard went at the request of the council at the hall to endeavor to bring the mutineers to reason, and induce them to disperse; but he was informed by Stoll, their ring-leader, in the most insulting manner, that 'they disowned all authority of the government.' He returned to announce that his commands were disregarded, and that most of the city militia were in rebellion. Presently drums began to beat. Workmen dropped their tools and implements of labor and rushed along the streets, and a panic spread through the town. Terror, and a dread of no one knew what, rendered the scene almost hideous. Jacob Leisler's company mustered tumultuously before the door of his house, led by Sergeant Stoll, and a few minutes later Captain

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

Leisler himself appeared and assumed command, and sent an armed *posse* to demand from the Lieutenant-Governor Nicholson the keys of the fort. There seemed but one course to pursue. The military had turned against the government, and the government was powerless. Bloodshed must be avoided if possible, and perhaps the people might be brought to their senses and their former obedience. The keys, after due consultation, were surrendered.

"Meanwhile the militia captains were sadly perplexed. Some of them were afraid of the results of the outbreak, and regarded it as ill-timed and unnecessary, and spent the greater part of the evening in warm discussion with the officers of the government, who were their neighbors and friends.

"Leisler was at the fort descanting largely upon 'Liberty.' He denounced popery and kings; proclaimed his own loyalty to the new Protestant sovereigns, and pictured the danger which threatened the city as imminent. 'Nicholson the Lieutenant-Governor was a traitor. He had accomplices about him, and there was no question but that Sunday would be another St. Bartholomew's Day.' Leisler drafted a resolution or 'Declaration,' stating that New York was threatened by Nicholson, and offering *himself* to hold and guard the fort until the proper person should arrive and take command. The next morning there was a reaction in public feeling. The captains were not satisfied with the course events were taking.

Ancestral Sketches.

They were shrewd, sensible men, and doubted the policy of the movement; and after an excited consultation, visited Colonel Bayard and requested him to take the sole command. Bayard declined. 'Gentlemen, there is no occasion for a revolution,' he said. 'The Lieutenant-Governor was honest and trustworthy, and a little patience, and orders would arrive to establish everything upon a proper basis.'

"During the afternoon, Philipse, Van Cortlandt, and Bayard, the three councilors, mixed freely with the people, and tried to quiet their apprehensions respecting Nicholson. But counter-influences were at work. Leisler said they were all 'a pack of rogues and papists,' and that the councilors were in complicity with the traitor Lieutenant-Governor. He had wrought himself into a frenzy of political foresight, and probably may have believed his own prophecies. He was diffuse upon the subject of self-government. 'Down with aristocracy; down with tyranny and oppression. Let the people henceforth dictate'; and the people, naturally enough, shouted their applause. He went on and explained, according to his understanding of it, the nature of the conflict between the Church and State; and again the people applauded. He warned them against the 'dogs and traitors' who were only waiting for the opportunity to commence a horrid massacre. Many a wistful eye, through that long and weary day, watched with cruel expectation for indications of a death-

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

storm ; and the common soldiers boastfully declared that 'the town would have been running rivers of blood but for Mr. Leisler.' The soldiers, in obedience to Leisler's commands, ran in great disorder to the parade-ground in front of the fort. Captain Ludowyck hurried to the house of Philipse, where Nicholson, Bayard, and Van Cortlandt were assembled, and in behalf of many of the captains, begged of Bayard to take command as formerly, for without his orders the most of them refused to appear in arms. Colonel Bayard replied that his orders had been so often disobeyed he hardly thought it worth while to appear only as a private soldier ; but as the captains had refused to act without his commands, the Lieutenant-Governor and the other members of the council gave orders that he should proceed, according to his commission as colonel of the regiment, to give suitable orders in the emergency. In a few minutes he was on the ground. He was received with respectful deference by the captains, but the men were rude and unmanageable. The troops were ordered to disperse ; but, instead of obeying the colonel or their captains, they crowded in a disorderly, noisy manner toward the fort, shouting, 'To Captain Leisler ! to Captain Leisler !' and threatened all those who tried to restrain them. 'We will pull down your houses over your heads'; and 'You are vile traitorous papists, like Nicholson and his dogs,' rang upon the air. Leisler had remained within the fort, and was ready

Ancestral Sketches.

with a 'document' similar to the one prepared on Friday, which he read aloud, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. It was received with riotous demonstrations of approval. Signers were called for, and over four hundred men put their names or their marks to it, for a large portion of them could neither read nor write.

"Colonel Bayard retired from the scene as soon as he saw that he could be of no use in stemming the rebellion. In the 'west room' of Philipse's city mansion, Nicholson and his three councilors remained all day, without soldiers and without fort; they were, indeed, but the figure-head of a disabled government.

"Soon a vessel entered the bay from Boston, and Leisler, on the alert, received the captain with military parade, and took his papers. Two letters addressed to Mayor Van Cortlandt were first opened, and read aloud in the fort. The act was regarded as an outrage, and the indignation of the helpless officers of the government was beyond expression. Soon Nicholson thought it wise to go to England and render a personal account of the condition of affairs; and this course was warmly approved by his associates.

"Nicholson went directly to Staten Island and bought a share in Dongan's brigantine, and after much vexatious delay, set sail on his voyage. He deputed Philipse, Bayard, and Van Cortlandt with

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

the charge of New York affairs during his absence. The three gentlemen were personally known, each of them, to many of the prominent English statesmen, and their importance in the colony had been the steady growth of years. They wrote a letter to Secretary Shrewsbury, giving a detailed description of the overthrow of the government. To this letter was attached several confirmatory documents. One was a Latin certificate from Dominie Selyns, signed by the consistory of the Dutch Church, in which the three gentlemen were declared to be 'pious, candid, and modest Protestant Christians, filling the offices of deacons and elders with consummate praise and approbation.' Rev. Mr. Innis provided himself with written evidence from the Dutch and French clergymen, that they were sincere and conscientious Protestants and churchmen.

"Nicholson's departure gave Leisler unexpected advantage. He became stern and patronizing, magnified his questionable appropriation of authority into a noble patriotism, compared himself to Cromwell, and declared that the 'Sword must now rule in New York.' He used lofty expressions in ordinary conversation, and put labored paragraphs in his letters, which he spelt like a washerwoman. He changed the name of the fort from James to William. He was blindly infatuated with the new and unexpected idea of his own greatness, and everything for the moment wore a silvery tinge. But it was a 'vaulting

Ancestral Sketches.

ambition, which o'erleapt itself;' and 'drest in a little brief authority,' he was soon made to find his level, albeit things assumed a bright aspect for a time; but ere long the ablest of the captains proved less tractable than he had anticipated. While attempting to remove from office the Roman Catholic Collector Plowman, he was met so squarely in opposition by Captain De Peyster and Captain Stuyvesant, that he was obliged to desist.

"Mayor Van Cortlandt, accompanied by Colonel Bayard and several of the aldermen, rode out into Westchester, and stopped to dine with Lewis Morris, and discovered that they had been followed the whole distance by Leisler's son and Sergeant Stoll.

"Two days later, Mayor Van Cortlandt obtained a copy of the royal proclamation, which confirmed Protestant officers in their places under the new British sovereigns, William and Mary. He convened the aldermen and the citizens at once, and announced it, and thus established beyond all question the authority of Philipse, Van Cortlandt, and Bayard, who held their commissions from the Crown.

"Leisler was furious over the occurrence. He charged 'Jacobitism' upon every one who would not join his standard. He called the three councilors 'popishly affected, lying dogs.' He saw undoubtedly that he was in danger of losing his position unless he labored vigorously to sustain it.

"Bayard made his escape for the time; but the

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

cry was raised that 'the rogues had sixty men ready to kill Captain Leisler,' and the infuriated populace were ready for any outbreak, and Bayard was advised to leave the city for a time, as he was in hourly peril of assassination. He was similarly counseled by many, who were amazed at the fury with which he was pursued. Assisted by his friends, who provided horses for him some miles above Philipse Manor, and attended by two negro servants, he managed to escape to Albany, where he was hospitably received and entertained by Mayor Peter Schuyler and Robert Livingston.

"The excitement of the last few days had convinced half the town that the other half were concealing daggers, and about to rise and sustain the Roman Catholics. Many of the delegates to a hastily summoned convention, were men who were ignorant, and who were struggling with imperfect ideas of a democratic government, and openly promulgated the sentiment that 'there had been no legal king in England since Oliver Cromwell.' Ten men of the committee, assuming to represent a few of the towns near the metropolis, issued a commission appointing Leisler commander-in-chief of the province. It was illegal, and served to illustrate the errors into which men will fall who are unaccustomed to rule. Had the authority of such a commission been resolutely questioned, it would have tumbled into dust. Leisler argued the necessity of the measure, as a prevention

Ancestral Sketches.

against anarchy ; so the 'Committee of Safety' gave him what they did not possess, and he tightened the reins, and became more arbitrary than ever ; and the aldermen not caring to run the risk of encountering a mob, adjourned for four weeks, presuming that, by that time, relief in some tangible shape would have arrived from England. Leisler counted all as 'papists' who differed from himself.

"Colonel Bayard, meanwhile in Albany, was in constant expectation of royal instructions which would restore order. He learned in October that his only son, who had been lying dangerously ill for some time, was in a dying condition. He wrote to the justices of the peace in New York asking personal protection from Leisler while visiting his family. He offered to give security in money, or to answer any complaints or accusations which could be brought against him, and thereby satisfy the law. But the answer which he received was, 'The sword rules, and we have no power in opposition to Leisler.' He then wrote to Captains De Peyster and De Bruyn, with directions that the contents of his letter should be communicated to all the commissioned officers, ordering them 'to bear good faith and allegiance' to William and Mary, to be obedient to the civil authority of the city, and to desist from aiding or abetting the illegal proceedings of Leisler and his associates. As a commissioned colonel of the regiment, as well as one of the councilors of the government, he considered that he was doing his duty.

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

“The captains put his communication into the hands of Leisler, who flew into a furious rage. He knew that Bayard, despite a little pomposity, stood high in the estimation of a large class of the inhabitants of the province. He knew that he was a man of orthodox religion and regular life, of ample fortune and high connections ; he knew that he was a scholar, and notwithstanding his Dutch and French parentage, was an able expositor of the English law ; he knew that his logic had already startled some of the captains as to the consequences of the revolt ; he knew that Nicholas Bayard was likely to be a continual thorn in his side : in short, he was *afraid* of him, and Leisler was determined to crush so dangerous a foe. Milbourne added fuel to the fire by describing the influence of Bayard in Albany. They feared he might overturn their whole structure, and they announced that he was a ‘traitor and a villain,’ and was coming upon New York to retake the fort for the late King James.

“Captain De Peyster was a man of strong practical sense, and, seeing the mischief which was likely to result from needlessly exasperating the lower classes, warned Leisler to desist from his course.

“The latter was in no mood to hear reproof, and angrily suspended him from office, appointing a more pliant captain in his stead. He thus lost one of the best men who had upheld him, and a counselor who might have saved him from destruction.

Ancestral Sketches.

“Meanwhile Bayard had privately arrived at his own house. It was evening, but a soldier saw him, and ran with the news to the fort. A dozen armed men were sent at once to arrest him. They went through his house in a rough and riotous manner, greatly adding to the distress of his already afflicted family, by swearing that they would ‘fetch him from the gates of hell.’ Not finding him, they proceeded to search Van Cortlandt’s house in the same brutal manner, and threatening him so seriously that he was obliged to escape and hide himself in Connecticut and Albany for some weeks. Mrs. Van Cortlandt and her family were grossly insulted, but she bravely maintained her ground, and after a while was left in peace. The house of Dominic Selyns was searched, and he was treated to the same coarse and vulgar language. Sixteen of the chief families of the city were obliged to submit to a similar indignity. Never was the pursuit of a culprit conducted in a more indecent manner.

“Last of all Captain Stuyvesant was visited. He was an own blood cousin of Bayard, and the two had been intimate and most confidential friends from their boyhood. Stuyvesant had recently said that the stories about Bayard’s being a Romanist were a ‘pack of lies.’ They invaded every room in his house from cellar to garret, and then went through all his barns and out-buildings. They acted like infuriated animals, and many were intoxicated.

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

“The next day Captain Stuyvesant resigned his commission, and retired from any further association with Leisler. He possessed too much of his father’s spirit to lend himself for the furtherance of dishonorable outrages.

“The question will arise, Why was all this confusion allowed to exist? Why came no orders from England? Why were not men established in power to whom power properly belonged? Why was William so oblivious to his own interests?

“There were many reasons. The year which had passed since William took up the English sceptre, had been to him one of torturing anxiety and incessant toil. The enthusiasm which had welcomed him to the throne had been brief. He had himself predicted the coming reaction. Reaction is the law of nature, as certain as the laws which regulate the succession of the seasons and the course of the trade-winds. Many began to find excuse for the maladministration of James, and revealed signs of heart-felt pity for his exiled condition, and explained his remissness and his weakness, and saw things in a new light; and William was alive to the consequences of the change in public opinion. He wished to do justice to all parties. Members of his own household were in correspondence with James. Insincerity lurked everywhere. He stood, as it were, upon a volcanic crater. Great events were following each other in rapid succession—war in France, revolt in

Ancestral Sketches.

Ireland, anarchy in Scotland, etc. What time had he to think of his distant American Colonies?"*

Nicholson, the Lieutenant-Governor, in the meantime reached Whitehall from America. He related what had occurred in New York. It was quickly decided to send a Governor to that city, and two days later Colonel Henry Sloughter was appointed.

Nicholson strove to obtain the post, but did not possess sufficient interest in Court. He was, however, appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, which was an emphatic approval of his conduct in New York. There was great delay in Sloughter's departure. The troubles in Ireland absorbed universal attention; the English navy, too, was in a wretched condition, and all the vessels in the kingdom were in demand as convoys for William's army.

Ensign Stoll reached London with the dispatches of Leisler in November. He was loud and opinionated, and wearied the courtiers. He had the assurance to suggest a suspension of Sloughter's commission, which was treated with cool indifference. He made himself conspicuous in England only as a miserable failure, and would have done Leisler far better service if he had remained in New York.

Matthew Clarkson, who went to London in the same vessel with Stoll, fared differently. His father, Rev. David Clarkson, was an eminent divine of Yorkshire. His family were well known at White-

* Mrs. Lamb, "History of New York."

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

hall, and himself a young man of culture and refinement. He obtained the appointment of Secretary of the province, and returned with Sloughter.

Leisler announced publicly that he had received a commission from the King to be Lieutenant-Governor of the province of New York. He assumed the station and title, appointed a council, and caused William and Mary to be proclaimed anew. Transformed into a royal chief, he sternly inculcated the doctrine of passive obedience. The larger portion of the intelligent class of inhabitants knew that his extraordinary assumption had no foundation in fact, and that his acts under the circumstances could not be sustained by law. Leisler was quick of superficial apprehension, and acted with remarkable promptitude. He possessed the elements of administrative capacity, but ignorance and inexperience in matters of state effectually clogged his path. Many who hailed him in the first instance as their protector from the evils of "despotism and popery," were disappointed, and became his bitterest opponents. His dogmatism bore him with the swiftness of an arrow into blunders which no after repentance could retrieve. He wrote a clumsy letter to King William explanatory of his conduct. He stated that his course had given great satisfaction to most of the inhabitants in the province. He determined to prevent any letters from disaffected persons from reaching Boston, to be conveyed from thence to England, and caused the

Ancestral Sketches.

arrest of the post-rider about one-fourth of a mile beyond the house of Colonel Lewis Morris in Westchester, where it was known he frequently stopped for postal matter. The mail-bag was opened, and found to contain private letters from Bayard, Van Cortlandt, Morris, Nicolls, and others. All criticised Leisler and his associates unsparingly and virulently. The post-rider was thrown into prison, from which he was not released for many months. Leisler announced that he had detected a "hellish conspiracy" against the Government. He issued warrants for the apprehension of each of the gentlemen who had written to Whitehall.

"Colonel Bayard was the first on the list, and the most rancorously pursued. The soldiers swore that they had orders to take him dead or alive. They broke in the doors of his house, destroyed furniture as they went from room to room, and were profane and insolent to Mrs. Bayard and other members of the household. Bayard had secreted himself in a building near, where they found him at last, and dragged him in a most abusive manner to the fort. He was immediately manacled with irons, and the ponderous door of the prison closed upon him.

"Van Cortlandt's house was broken open in the same riotous manner, but he made his escape, and his wife, dreading a repetition of former scenes, had fled with him. Some weeks elapsed before she ventured to return, and even then her liberty was threatened, and

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

her children insulted. A serious illness broke out in her family, and one beloved child died ; but the husband and father could only learn of his affliction in his refuge at Hartford, and at the same time grieve that his loyalty was misrepresented, his honor stained, his credit blasted, and his large estate running to decay.

“ William Nicolls, after escaping the soldiers through various stratagems, was finally seized at the Long Island ferry-house, and cast into the ill-ventilated dungeon beside Colonel Bayard. He was a spirited young man of thirty-three, the son of Mathias Nicolls, the former Secretary of the province. Like his father, young Nicolls was an aristocratic person ; and he had been conspicuous in his denunciations of Leisler, whom he called a ‘German upstart.’ He was the Attorney-General of the province, and his character for courage and professional ability stood high. He was also a justice of the peace ; and the chief ground of his imprisonment was his refusal to surrender this commission under the tyrant’s edict. He was a bachelor, but three years later married Anna, daughter of Jeremias Van Rensselaer. It was rumored ere long that both Bayard and Nicolls were to be tried for treason.

“ Meanwhile Bayard was very ill in prison. His life was pronounced in imminent danger, unless he could obtain medical attention and physical comforts. He therefore sent to Leisler, as ‘Lieutenant-Governor,’

Ancestral Sketches.

asking for release. Leisler was immensely gratified with the concession, but Bayard was too dangerous an enemy to be allowed to run at large with impunity, and the petition was denied. Abundant bail was offered and refused. Both Bayard and Nicolls were kept in miserable cells until the arrival of Sloughter. In spite of all these rigorous measures, Leisler found that much of the fruit of his position was exceedingly unpalatable. He could command little consideration, save at the point of the sword. He was called 'Lieutenant Blockhead,' 'Deacon Jailor,' 'Governor Dog-driver,' and other uncomplimentary epithets. These offenders were, when detected, unsparingly punished. Robert Livingston incurred the wrath of 'the upstart,' and was pursued until he was obliged to escape from the province to escape incarceration. He found refuge in Hartford with his brother-in-law, Van Cortlandt. Livingston's offense was 'disloyalty to Leisler.' His influence in Albany, and his wealth, and his resolute character, made him a formidable enemy. He was charged with being a 'Jacobite,' and his lands were seized for taxes, which he defiantly refused to pay. Mayor Schuyler and the Albany Convention demanded sight of the king's letter to Nicholson giving him office, and, as it was withheld, they declined to acknowledge Leisler as Lieutenant-Governor."

"In the midst of his troubles Stoll arrived from England, with information which greatly disturbed Leis-

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

ler. The King had taken no notice of him, and had appointed Nicholson, his adversary, Governor of Virginia. There was significance in the fact, and he saw that the tide of popular feeling was setting against him. There was great outcry against the taxes, and the right of the assembly called by Leisler to impose them was stoutly denied. Presently, the demands for the release of Bayard and Nicolls assumed a very black and threatening aspect. Leisler was one day assaulted in the street, and but for his never venturing out without a guard, he would probably have been killed. The assailants were quickly mastered, and some twenty or more were secured in arms."

"Complaints were not wholly checked with all his caution. An address to William and Mary, signed by the French and Dutch dominies, several elders and deacons, and many leading citizens, was dated May 19, and sent across the water. It stated that New York was ruled by the sword, 'at the sole will of an insolent alien, assisted by those who formerly were not thought fit to bear the meanest offices, several of whom can be proved guilty of enormous crimes; and they imprison at will, open letters, seize estates, plunder houses, and abuse the clergymen,' etc., etc.

"The last letter which Leisler wrote to the King was dated October 20, 1690. Not far from the same date the aggrieved inhabitants of Long Island wrote to the King's Secretary of State. They dwelt with bitter emphasis upon their oppressed condition, and

Ancestral Sketches.

upon the tyrannical acts of the 'bold usurper' and his accomplices. They said Milborne, who was famous for nothing but infamy, had in 'a barbarous and inhuman manner, plundered houses, stripped women of their apparel, and sequestered estates'; and begged the King 'to break this heavy yoke of worse than Egyptian bondage,' and said the ills which Leisler had done, 'were only to be likened to Catiline's.'

"Dominic Varick, of Flatbush, was arrested and imprisoned for 'too much liberty of speech'; and an attempt was made to imprison Dominic Dellius, of Albany, for praying for the Crown, and not for the King, but he escaped to Boston. Dominic Selyns offered bail for Varick, and was grossly abused, and Dominies Perret and Daillé were threatened for withholding their approval of these high-handed proceedings. Even Leisler's *friends!* were aghast at his hot-headed and rancorous proceedings. But they could not hinder him. He was deaf and blind to the commonest dictates of humanity. It is probable that fear had much to do with his conduct, as he saw no other way to hold the chair of State but by mere brutal force. Milborne insinuated himself into the good graces of Leisler's family, and came every day with some new and dismal skeleton, which was to alienate them more and more effectually from their relatives and friends. He was always glowing, and how he came to win the affections of the gentle, fair-haired, blue-eyed Mary Leisler, must always

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

remain a mystery. They were married in the early part of the year, and none of the friends who had formerly been most welcome in the household were present; and there was heaviness in the air, and little light in the sunshine. That very evening came letters from Boston to Leisler, counseling him 'to temper justice with moderation and mercy, since the King's own settlement of the matter was so near.' The new Governor (Sloughter) was upon the sea, and might arrive at any moment. But the dread of his coming seems to have made the insane man more hard than ever."

"William had been brought to a sense of the condition of New York, through the petitions and addresses which at length reached him. The frigate *Archangel* and three smaller vessels were fitted, after much delay, to convey the new Governor, Sloughter, and the Lieutenant-Governor, Ingoldsby, to their stations. Two companies of soldiers sailed with these officers to America. The name of Leisler was not named by William in his list of counselors to the new government, but the former officers of the colonial party were reinstated, and the sting to Leisler was destined to be incurable. All the papers which had been received from Leisler, and the petitions from the inhabitants, were referred by the King and Privy Council to Sloughter, with orders to examine strictly and impartially into the case, and return a true and perfect account."

"The fleet was a long time on the ocean, and the

vessels were separated in a storm, and three under the command of Ingoldsby were the first to reach New York, when the new Lieutenant-Governor prepared to land and take possession of the fort. He sent a message demanding the citadel for the King's soldiers and their stores. Leisler refused to yield the fort unless Ingoldsby should produce written orders from the King or Governor. Ingoldsby was indignant; he knew that William had never recognized Leisler's authority, and in high temper he issued a mandate for aid against the 'rebels' who opposed the King. A day or two passed, when Ingoldsby issued a proclamation that he had not come to disturb, but protect the people; he therefore landed his troops with as much caution as if he had been making a 'descent into an enemy's country,' and quartered them in the City Hall, and sent Leisler an order to release Bayard and Nicolls, 'who were named as councilors by the King.' This was the roughest blow which had as yet descended upon this misguided man. 'What!' he exclaimed, white and trembling with rage, '*those popish dogs and rogues!*' The answer he sent back was to the effect that they must remain confined 'until his majesty's further orders arrive.' Time moved on slowly. Where was the missing frigate and Gov. Sloughter? The city was in a great tumult. Leisler forbade the King's soldiers from going the rounds, and issued voluminous threats. Six of the councilors met and finally issued a call for the neighboring militia, to prevent any

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

'outrageous and hostile proceedings' on the part of Leisler. Matthew Clarkson, the new Secretary, wrote by request of the councilors to the government of Connecticut for advice. A response came quickly, with advice that anything 'tolerable and redressible,' had better be borne from Leisler until the arrival of Sloughter. Leisler was obtusely stubborn. He ordered Ingoldsby to disband his forces, otherwise they would be pursued and destroyed, and demanded an answer in two hours. It came. Ingoldsby said he wished to preserve peace, and whoever should attack them, would be 'public enemies to the Crown of England.'

"It would seem as if the judgment of Leisler was wholly unbalanced just at this crisis. He had not the slightest intention probably of disobeying his royal master, and yet he placed himself in the direct attitude of rebellion. Within half an hour after he received Ingoldsby's temperate message he fired one of the guns of the fort at the King's troops as they stood on parade. Several were wounded and two killed. The guns of the fort were answered, but without ill effects. The next day Leisler fired a few more shots, which did no harm. Ingoldsby held his men on the defensive, expecting a sally from the fort at any moment.

"At this distressing moment word came that the *Archangel*, with the Governor on board, was below the Narrows! She had been nearly wrecked on the

Ancestral Sketches.

Bermuda rocks, and detained for repairs. The councilors hastened to welcome the long-expected Governor. As soon as he learned the state of affairs he came at once to the city in the ship's pinnace. It was evening, but he proceeded at once to the City Hall; the bell was rung. The shouts of joy and noisy uproar made Leisler tremble. Full well he knew 'That when he falls, he falls like Lucifer, never to hope again,' and yet, even then, he sent Stoll with his refusal to Slougher to enter the fort, unless he received 'orders under the King's own hand, directed to himself,' to yield it to him. No notice was taken of Stoll. Ingoldsby was sent to the fort to order Leisler and such as were called his council, to report themselves at the City Hall, and to release Bayard and Nicolls immediately from their confinement. Leisler said the fort could not be surrendered in the night-time according to military rules. Ingoldsby was sent to the fort the third time with the same order, and was the third time 'contemptuously' refused. It was now past midnight, and the Governor directed the council to meet him early the next morning. And thus ended that eventful day.

"The gentlemen assembled promptly on Friday morning at the City Hall. Leisler had prepared an apologetic letter, tendering the fort and government, in the best English he could use, promising to give 'an exact account of all his actions and conduct.' But Slougher's plans were all made before the docu-

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

ment was received, and it was laid on the table unnoticed. He sent Ingoldsby to require the men in the fort to ground their arms and march out, promising pardon to all, save Leisler and his council. The latter, having 'been found in actual rebellion,' were conducted to the City Hall and committed to the guards." The great prison door was opened, and Bayard and Nicolls freed from their long confinement. They were brought to the City Hall, looking aged and emaciated, and hardly able to stand upon their feet. They took the oaths of office amid the warmest congratulations; and a little later Leisler was conveyed to the same dungeon which they had occupied, and the chain which Bayard had worn was put upon his leg. "*A long farewell to all my greatness.*"

LETTER FROM JACOB LEISLER* TO GOV. SLOUGHTER.

"MARCH 20, 1691, AT FORT WILLIAM.

"May it please your Excellency, this, his Majesty's fort, being besieged by Major Ingoldsby, so far as not that a boat would depart, nor persons conveyed out of the same, without to be in danger of their lives, which has occasioned that I could not be so happy as to send a messenger to you to give me certainty of your Excellency's safe arrival, and an account of what was published, of which I am ignorant still; but the joy I had by a full assurance from Ensign Stoll of your

* Dunlap's "History of New York."

Ancestral Sketches.

Excellency's arrival, has been somewhat troubled by the detention of two of my messengers. I see here well the stroke of my enemies, who are wishing to cause me some mistakes at the end of the loyalty I owe to my gracious king and queen, and by such ways to blot out all my faithful service till now ; but I hope to have cause not to commit such error ; having by my duty and faithfulness being rigorous to them. Please only to signify and order the Major in releasing me from his Majesty's fort, delivering him only his Majesty's arms and all the stores, and that he may not act as he ought with a person who shall give your excellency an exact account of all his actions and conduct ; and who is, with all the respect, your

“ Excellency's most humble servant,

“ JACOB LEISLER.”

But this elaborate effusion did not help him ; “ and we see Jacob Leisler brought in to his enemies a prisoner, and turned over to the guards on the same day that the above letter was written.” Slaughter at once took possession of the fort, which he named “ William Henry.”

“ The following Sunday was the first time in months that the church-going community had breathed freely. The different clergymen thanked God fervently for present blessings. Dominic Selyns preached from the twenty-seventh Psalm, ‘ I had fainted unless I had

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

believed to see the goodness of God, in the land of the living.' His sermon, penned through the fullness of joy at the turn events were taking, may have been a libel upon the Christian theory of mercy to a fallen foe, but it was the outpouring of a heart which had been sorely tried, and the reasonings of a spirit which had calmly reviewed the situation. It had its effects upon public opinion, and stimulated the demand which was everywhere rending the air for the punishment of the author of the wrongs which had been visited upon the community. Not a ray of pity for the mistakes of the humiliated Leisler seemed to penetrate the cell where he sat in a state of the most abject despondency. On Monday a committee was appointed to examine the prisoners. They were committed for trial. Owing to certain recent transactions, Sloughter declined hearing the case, and ordered a special court of Oyer and Terminer. All the gentlemen nominated were capable of discerning the truth; and were the least prejudiced against the prisoners. Bayard, Van Cortlandt, and Pinhorne were directed to prepare the evidence. Nicolls, Farwell, and James Emmot were assigned as King's counsel, to assist Attorney-General Newton, who was then reputed the best lawyer in America."

The trial began March 30. The indictment found by the Grand Jury charged the prisoners with treason and murder, "for holding by force the King's fort against the King's Governor, after the publication of his com-

Ancestral Sketches.

mission, and after demand had been made in the King's name, and in the reducing of which lives had been lost." Leisler and Milborne refused to plead. Slough-ter and his council declared that nothing in the King's letter, or in any of the papers of the Privy Council which Slough-ter had seen, could be understood or interpreted to contain any power and direction to Cap-tain Jacob Leisler, to assume control of the govern-ment of the province, and that such control could not be holden good in law. Leisler and Milborne still re-fusing to plead, were tried as mutes. After eight days the jury pronounced them "guilty." The eight pris-oners at once petitioned for a reprieve until the King's pleasure should be known, and their petition was granted.

"Slough-ter wrote to William : ' Never greater vil-lains lived, but I am resolved to wait your pleasure, if by any other means than hanging I can keep the country quiet.' He also wrote : ' I find these men against whom the depositions were sent, to be the principal and most loyal men of this place, whom Leis-ler and Milborne did fear, and therefore grievously oppress. Many that followed Leisler were, through ignorance, put up to do what they did, and I believe if the chief ringleaders are made an example, the whole country will be quieted, which otherwise will be hard to do.' And added : ' The loyal and best part of the country is very earnest for the execution of the pris-oners. But if his majesty will please grant his pardon

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

for all except Jacob Leisler and Jacob Milborne, it will be a favor.' Bayard and Nicolls, he added, could always prove that they had been good Protestants, and only desired to continue the government in peace until orders should arrive from England.

"Orders came in May for the execution of Leisler and Milborne, and Dominie Selyns was the messenger sent to break the news to the unhappy men. They petitioned Sloughter for a reprieve, but it was not granted. The day of execution dawned with a dark, melancholy, north-east storm brooding over the city. A strong guard of soldiers was necessary to prevent the prisoners from being torn to pieces when they should be led forth. Dominie Selyns walked beside the doomed men, and offered the last consolations of religion. Leisler made a short speech upon the scaffold. He said he knew he had grievously erred in many ways, and asked pardon of God and man. He declared his loyalty to the King and Queen, and prayed that all malice might be buried in his grave. Milborne spoke for a few minutes in a pathetic strain, but seeing Robert Livingston in the crowd, he exclaimed, 'You have caused my death. Before God's tribunal I will impeach you for the same.' The sheriff asked if they were ready to die. Leisler replied that he was. The drop fell. It was a solemn and ominous occasion, and it left its abiding mark upon New York history. Its effects are still with us. Better men have paid as dearly for their mistakes in all

Ancestral Sketches.

ages of the world, but Jacob Leisler and Jacob Milborne were the only two who were ever executed in New York for a political crime."

"William declared in favor of the fairness of the trial and the justness of the sentence, since they were not indicted for the part they had taken in the revolution, or the subsequent violences, but simply for holding a fortress by arms against the legal Governor, but he ordered their estates to be returned to their heirs, because the services of the fathers required some compensation ; and when, in 1694, Robert Livingston met young Leisler in England, bent upon the entire restitution of his estates, he aided him with all his power."*

Sloughter's career in America was soon over. He was taken suddenly ill on the 21st of July, and died on the 23d, and was interred in the Stuyvesant vault by permission.

"In 1698 Lord Bellomont, the new English Governor after Sloughter, arrived in New York, but he soon became unpopular, and after a short absence from New York, found, upon his return, that petitions had been extensively signed asking for his recall, and sent to Whitehall. . . . The great bone of contention in the council was piracy ; all were agreed on the necessity for its suppression. It was now well known that Captain Kidd had raised the black flag ; and the possible complicity of Bellomont himself was on men's lips all over the world. The excitement was

* Mrs. Lamb's "History of New York."

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

intense. Rumor distorted facts. A beautiful diamond ring worn by Mrs. Bayard was said to have been taken from the finger of an Arabian princess, and romance soon wove the story into a bloody murder. It was reported to have been the price paid to Bayard for obtaining the murderer's protection; and many of the most absurd rumors were rife of several prominent citizens. Colonel Bayard was so indignant at the treatment he received, that he made a voyage to England at once, and personally laid the subject before the King and Lords of Trade."

"In May, 1701, Bellomont died of gout, and ended his unsatisfactory labors at the age of sixty-five. His death was the source of fresh troubles, and the sadness which fell like a pall over New York was quickly followed by a clash in the political arena. The city was again without a head, and party jealousies kept up a continual ferment. Stephanus Van Cortlandt had recently died, and shortly afterward, his wife was summoned before the Auditing Committee to pay an alleged deficit in her husband's account. She was a decided and proud woman, and took no notice of the mandate. She even withheld the books and papers when they were demanded. Quite an excitement was raised on her account, but she stood out fearlessly. She believed her husband to have been perfectly upright, and was determined to prevent his memory from being sullied through the malice of the party in power. Her resolute course of action

Ancestral Sketches.

was attributed to the influence of Nicholas Bayard, whose only son Samuel had recently married her daughter Margaret, and the families were, if possible, more intimate than ever. It was the same feud of the common rulers and aristocrats, and luckily the new Governor, Lord Cornbury, came just in time to save her from being publicly annoyed. . . . Chief-Justice Atwood came at the same time from England. His judicial jurisdiction extended over New York and New England; but he was not well received, and was many times affronted in the most public manner, and his wrath waxed hot. He had a sharp contest with the son of Robert Livingston in Boston, and was instrumental in seizing the cargo of a vessel belonging to Colonel Samuel Vetch, afterwards Governor of Nova Scotia, whose wife was Margaret, daughter of Robert Livingston. As for Livingston himself, he was vilified, accused, and threatened on every side. Party ingenuity was constantly at work devising new ways for blackening his character. And equally virulent were the attacks upon Colonel Nicholas Bayard, whose power as a political ruler was well understood. The passage of the 'Leisler Bill,' as it was called, was a foregone conclusion with the Leislerians; hence a proclamation was issued ordering every person concerned to bring in claims and losses for settlement. The inventory that followed was a most extraordinary mathematical production, as might have been predicted. 'One old gun and a small

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

rusty sword seized by Governor Sloughter,' were together valued at £40; and hundreds of similar items might be cited.

Colonel Bayard was soon arrested for 'high treason,' and the city militia were placed on guard above his cell to prevent his being rescued by his enraged friends. Chief-Justice Atwood had denounced the haughtiness of the tone of some documents sent to him, and with his adherent, Weaver, detected what they styled 'an infernal plot.' Bayard and Hutchings were arraigned, indicted, and tried for 'high treason.' They petitioned for the postponement of the trial, and Samuel Bayard begged earnestly that his father might have a jury composed of Englishmen. This, too, was without avail. Chief-Justice Atwood was on the bench, Weaver was the prosecuting attorney, and insisted upon sitting with the jury. When the gentlemen of the jury differed from him materially in opinion, he threatened 'to have them trounced.'

"William Nicolls and James Emmot appeared for the defense. They were both remarkable lawyers for the times in which they lived; but their sound reasoning and eloquence were wasted on this occasion, the prisoners having been condemned in advance by both judge and jurors.

"Bayard pleaded 'not guilty.' The defense attempted to show that the addresses were the opposite of treasonable, their design being simply to

Ancestral Sketches.

prove to the Lords of Trade that the signers were neither 'Jacobites' nor 'pirates,' as had been represented. Weaver, in a violent speech, charged the Englishmen of New York with trying to introduce popery and slavery into the province, and pronounced Bayard the leader. He said they were a band of pirates, and had offered the late Lord Bellomont £10,000 to connive at their infamy. When the case was turned over to the jury, they were absent but a few moments from the room, but returned with a verdict of 'guilty.' At one stage of the trial Nicolls moved for an adjournment until the next morning. 'No,' responded the Chief-Justice, 'we do not propose to give the Rev. Mr. Vesey a chance for another sermon against us.'

"Chief-Justice Atwood immediately proceeded to pronounce the horrible English sentence upon 'traitors,' then in full force. Bayard applied for a reprieve until his Majesty's pleasure should be known. This was denied him. Six several petitions were in like manner rejected by the Lieutenant-Governor, Manfan. The Governor, Lord Cornbury, and prominent gentlemen of the neighboring provinces, interceded; but this only added fuel to the flames, and it was to no purpose. The day of execution was fixed. Of this Bayard was duly notified, and placed in irons. He was forbidden to see his wife and other relatives. Finally, friends drew up a petition worded to express sorrow for the offense of signing the address, which they obliged

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

him to sign, and, at the last moment, it obtained a reprieve, but it did not liberate him from prison."

On the day that Colonel Bayard was denounced as a traitor, William died, after a reign of thirteen years. The crown devolved upon Anne, the daughter of James. Lord Cornbury had just arrived as the new Governor of New York. Anne confirmed his commission immediately upon her accession to the throne. His coming was fortunate just at this juncture, else the excesses of the "Leislerian party" would have sown discord beyond all hope of future reconciliation. Many merchants and property owners had already removed into New Jersey. They came back, however, to watch the effects of the new administration.

"Colonel Bayard's case was upon every person's lips, and Cornbury gave it his first attention. He found that Atwood had forbidden any one from taking notes in the court, not excepting the lawyers themselves. The whole trial had been conducted in an irregular manner. Prisoners had been convicted and sentenced to die for signing 'treasonable papers,' when the papers themselves, at the time of conviction, had never been seen by the Lieutenant-Governor, by any member of his council, by Weaver, who filed the prosecution, by the grand jury who found the bill, nor by the petty jury who brought in the verdict of guilty. They were to be executed for *supposed written treason* which was never produced in evidence, nor proved to be treason. . . ."

Ancestral Sketches.

“Atwood and Weaver found themselves standing in a very odious light, and both suddenly absconded, notwithstanding the latter was under heavy bonds to render a true account of his custom-house collections. The two were concealed in Virginia until they could sail for England—Atwood assuming the name of *Jones* and Weaver that of *Jackson*. Cornbury formally suspended them from all their offices, and appointed other councilors in their stead. Cornbury was fully aware of the feeling the various accounts of the crime and trial of Bayard had awakened among the Lords of Trade. He was well known personally to them, and party spirit was thoroughly understood. They had resolved that Bayard and Hutchings should have a hearing before the Queen in council. A letter to this effect was written to the Earl of Manchester on the first day of May.

“A royal order subsequently reached Cornbury for the release of Bayard on bail, and a few months later the Queen, by advice of her council, reversed the sentences which had been pronounced upon both Bayard and Hutchings, and reinstated them in their property and honors ‘as if no such trial had been.’

“As for Livingston, Cornbury was cordially determined to see him justified before the world too. The accounts and vouchers which had been in possession of Lord Bellomont, were obtained, and proved effectual also in removing the aspersions from Livingston’s character. His estates were restored, and two years

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

later a commissioner from Queen Anne reinstated him in all his honors."

Nicholas Bayard died in 1707. His will was probated in 1709. In reviewing his life it seems as if he had "felt the influence of Malignant star," throughout almost its whole continuance. He was in advance of the times, and was adapted to a much higher existence than this era of turmoil and confusion could give him. Highly accomplished, and gifted by education and self-culture, he was fitted "to shine in courts," instead of having to contend with the Leislors, Atwoods, Weavers, etc., with whom he was brought in contact.

The Dutch and French languages he spoke and wrote as he did the English, and the most intricate law papers of the time, in all these languages, were submitted to, or written by him. Singularly handsome and manly in appearance, he won all hearts by the courtesy and dignity of his manners, and the nobleness and earnestness of his character sustained him in the most trying periods of his life, and explain the proud position he maintained in America. He gained universal popularity in England by his bearing, and his "Tory" descendants, even some eighty years afterward, when forced to seek refuge there, felt the good effects of the remembrance he left behind him.

Nicholas outlived his brother Balthazar, who also came over from Holland with the families of Bayard

and Stuyvesant in 1647, and with whom he had always lived in fraternal affection ; and his wife, the celebrated Judith (Verlet) Bayard, our " Beautiful Witch," out-lived him. His wife was the " Judy " who advised him on all occasions of moment, and to whom he left his large estate, and afterward to their only child Samuel, who had married Margaret, the daughter of his life-long friend, Stephanus Van Cortlandt, the " Councilor," who shared with him the intricacies and trouble of misrule and change, which retarded so long the growth and prosperity of the province.

Nicholas Bayard was interred in the family vault on his estate in New York. All his descendants were buried there for many years, until the " leveling " of the city commenced, and the private property of individuals had to be annexed to promote its growth ; when the " Bayard Vault " had to be abandoned, and its tenants removed, it was taken and for some time occupied by an eccentric " hermit," who made it his abode. Mrs. Bayard, after her husband's death, lived on the corner of Broadway and Maiden Lane ; her son long survived her, leaving a large family. . . . Balthazar (the brother of Nicholas), will dated March 4, probated Feb. 19, 1705. Wife Maria Looeckermans (Sole Exec.)

Children, { Anientje Verplanck,
 { Anna Maria Jay (wife of Aug. Jay),
 { Judith ———.

All his Estate to his wife.

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

In June, 1710, New York once more rejoiced in a Governor. Robert Hunter was unlike any of his predecessors. He was a cultivated man of middle age, and was a model of "morality." He had for many years enjoyed the friendship of Swift, Addison, and other literary men of English renown. He was an agreeable, social companion, and was fond of men of learning. He had been appointed Governor of Virginia, but applied for the government of New York, which was then vacant, and his wishes were graciously respected. It was not an auspicious moment for the enjoyment of life there, but Hunter set an example of forbearance and sterling integrity, which cooled the heated atmosphere, and public affairs soon assumed a better aspect. He brought with him his lovely and accomplished wife. When in the army he had married Lady Hay, the bright particular star of his destiny, who was always by his side. She was a person of superior education and rare accomplishments, "shining in society rather through the reflected light of her husband, but in domestic life radiating a steady lustre all her own, which was the more charming because of her sweetness of disposition and her strength of character."

The Governor had soon fallen into debt, as many of his predecessors had done, and his pecuniary embarrassments were of the most vexatious kind. He had stripped himself for the government, and could not even command a salary.

In a letter to Swift under date of March 14, 1713,

he wrote: "This is the finest air to live upon in the universe; and if our trees and birds could speak, and our Assemblymen be silent, the finest conversation also. The soil bears all things, but not for me. According to the custom of the country, the Sachems are the poorest of the people. In a word, and to be serious, I have spent my time thus far here, in such torment and vexation, that nothing hereafter in life can make amends for it." Again he writes to Dean Swift: "I thought in coming to this government I should have hot meals and cool drinks, and recreate my body in Holland sheets, upon beds of down; whereas I am doing duty as if I was a hermit and penance accordingly; and as I can not do that with a will, I believe in the long run that the devil will run away with me. Sancho Panza was indeed but a type of me, as I could fully convince you by an exact parallel between our administrations and circumstances. . . . The truth is, I am used like a dog, after having done all that is in the power of man to deserve better treatment, so that I am now quite jaded." Dean Swift himself had applied for some position in Virginia, but probably after the grumbling of this Governor, had withdrawn his appeal, particularly as difficulties had arisen out of Hunter's being a "High-Churchman," and several had resolved themselves into a plan to undermine the authority and compel the recall of Governor Hunter, and obtain the appointment of a good Churchman. But Hunter's frank and manly answer

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

to the accusations restored the confidence of the Lords of Trade, which it must be confessed was for a time shaken by the many libels brought against him. When hardest pressed for money, he was usually in his wittiest mood, and often jocosely remarked that he expected to die in jail. He composed a farce called "*Androbobus*"—The Man-Eater—in which the clergy and the Assembly were so humorously exposed that the laugh turned against them in all circles, and from the merriment thus provoked, grew a better liking for, and a more generous appreciation of, the Governor himself. Among those who formed the "*Court Circle*," as it was aptly styled, were the prominent families who were connected by marriage; and in many instances doubly and trebly connected. Several families of Van Cortlandt, Philip, the second Lord of the Manor, Bayards (Rip Van Dams, who had married with the Bayards), Morrisises, De Lanceys, De Peysters, Wattses, Gouverneurs, etc., etc., although it seems hardly necessary to keep in mind the list of the chief actors in these gay scenes prior to 1776.

In 1776, Lady Hunter died after a short illness, and Hunter was so smitten by the affliction that he never recovered his former cheerfulness during his stay in New York. Indeed, his subsequent failure of health, and consequent petition to the Lords of Trade to be allowed to return to England, was attributed to his great and hopeless sorrow for her loss.

Ancestral Sketches.

No Governor ever left with greater triumph, or carried with him more substantial tokens of good-will and affection. He sailed in July, 1719, and the chief command of the province devolved upon Peter Schuyler, as the oldest member of the council. His short administration was marked by very few events of note.

“In a few months Schuyler was relieved from executive duties by the arrival of Governor Burnet. His advent was an event of special interest. Flags were flying, cannon speaking significant welcome, and the military in full uniform. It was a beautiful September day, and the balconies of all the houses were filled with ladies, as the new Governor was escorted with stately ceremony to the City Hall to publish his commission. He was the son of the celebrated prelate, Bishop Burnet, and named William, for the Prince of Orange, who stood sponsor for him. He was a free-and-easy widower, large, graceful, of stately presence, dignified on occasions, but usually gay and talkative; was esteemed handsome, and greatly admired by the ladies; and some of the grave heads in high places were shaken dubiously. One gentleman wrote to Hunter: ‘We do not know how the fathers and husbands are going to like Governor Burnet, but we are quite sure the wives and daughters do so sufficiently.’ He had been carefully educated by his learned father, who saw nothing in the youth but faint promise of moderate scholarship until he was twenty years of age, and was

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

so anxious on the subject that he had counseled with Sir Isaac Newton in relation to the best methods for training so refractory a mind. William took a sudden turn finally ; books became his delight, and he then incurred many a sharp rebuke for exceeding his income in their purchase. His early life was passed in the atmosphere of William and Mary's Court, and he was in constant intercourse with the most cultivated and polished men of the age. He traveled extensively, and became thoroughly conversant with the languages of the different nations of Europe. He possessed an exhaustless fund of humor and anecdote, but was not always noted for the discrimination with which he made choice of friends. His brother Gilbert wrote to him shortly after he reached New York, in a strain of caution, advising him against being 'led by his genial and winning temper into too much familiarity, which might be turned to his great disadvantage.' He was much pleased with the society of his new province, which compared favorably with that to which he had been accustomed. He met, within a week after his arrival, the lady whom he married the following spring. She was Anne Marie, the daughter of Abraham Van Horne and Maria Provoost, a beautiful and accomplished young woman of eighteen summers. The Van Hornes were an ancient and eminently respectable family of Dutch ancestry. The father of Mrs. Burnet, on the recommendation of the Governor, was appointed to the

Ancestral Sketches.

Council of New York, and held the office from 1722 until his death in 1741."

After the death of George I., George II. ascended the throne of England, and Burnet was removed from the government of New York to that of Massachusetts and New Hampshire. Boston had heard of his scholastic attainments, and an agreeable reception was in store for him. He regretted the change, and it was deeply regretted by those who knew him best. A committee of gentlemen, among whom was the facetious Colonel Taylor, met him on the borders of Rhode Island. Burnet complained of the long *graces* which were said at the meals along the road, and asked when they would shorten. "The *graces* will increase until your excellency gets to Boston; after that they will shorten till you come to your government in New Hampshire, after which you will find no *grace* at all," replied Taylor.

He did not rule long over the New England colonies. He died in 1729, from a sudden illness caused by exposure. Then followed Governor Montgomery, who died in 1731. He was regarded as amiable, and came as near inspiring respect and affection as is possible for any good-natured man of very moderate abilities.

The government devolved upon Rip Van Dam, the oldest member of the council. He was spoken of as "one of the people of figure," and, as acting Governor for thirteen months, was consistent in all his

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

acts, but quietly and resolutely maintained his views of right and justice, in all respects, until the arrival of the new Governor, Colonel Cosby, who had come over to make a fortune. He demanded one-half of the salary Van Dam had received, and proceeded to institute legal proceedings against him. After a short time Cosby so irritated his many opponents that they resolved to lay their grievances before the King. He was taken ill, however, in the course of a few months, and died in 1736. The people rather rejoiced over it, and thanked God fervently for having delivered them from an avaricious tyrant. The sympathy of the community was universally with Van Dam. He inspired confidence, and was a man of sterling sense and strong character, and gladly would he have been the choice of the people had he been permitted to occupy the post left vacant by the death of Governor Cosby; but Clarke was sent out as the new Governor.

His rule terminated ingloriously, and Admiral George Clinton arrived, who left after he had amassed a fortune. Nothing but a succession of names—for hardly could they be called "Governors"—attest the little interest England took in her colonies.

After Clinton, an insane man (Sir Danvers Osborne) was sent out, and Chief-Justice De Lancey was commissioned as Lieutenant-Governor. The procession accompanying Sir Danvers Osborne had

Ancestral Sketches.

hardly passed into Broadway when the news of De Lancey's appointment created a tumultuous huzza of pleasure. He was the fourth and last native New Yorker who administered the affairs of the colonies under the Crown. The day after his inauguration, the new Governor complained of being ill, and said, with a smile to De Lancey, "I believe I shall soon leave you the government ; I feel myself unable to support the burden of it." In the evening a physician was summoned. At midnight he dismissed his servant, and just as the day began to dawn he went into the garden, which was surrounded by a high fence, over which he cast a silk scarf, tied at the opposite ends, and thrusting his head into the noose, threw himself from the elevation upon which he stood. About eight o'clock the city was stunned by the shocking intelligence that "the Governor had hanged himself." He had been found quite dead. His private secretary testified that he had once before attempted his life with a razor, and that the Earl of Halifax, in obtaining his appointment to the governorship of New York, hoped that the position would occupy his mind and alleviate his melancholy. The jury found that he had destroyed himself in a moment of insanity. After much discussion, it was decided that, "as Sir Danvers was insane, his remains were as much entitled to Christian burial as those of any man who had died in high fever." He was accordingly consigned, with appropriate funeral ceremonies, to Trinity

Nicholas Bayard and His Times.

church-yard, just one week from his landing in the city.

The Lieutenant-Governor, De Lancey, assumed the governorship, and no ruler ever possessed a wider or more wholesome influence, and no chief-justice of the province ever gave such universal satisfaction as he did. His sudden death in 1760 was a great blow to the community.

Sir Charles Hardy, the newly-appointed Governor, soon resigned; then arrived Sir Henry Moore, followed by the Earl of Dunmore in 1770, and Sir William Tryon, his successor, in 1771, the last of the English Governors.

He sailed with his family for Europe in 1774, and the government devolved upon Lieutenant-Governor Colden.

The first Congress was held in that same year (1774), and the 16th of May, 1775, proved the immortal Congress year, that declared the proud Independence of America!

THE “TORIES”
OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE "TORIES" OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*

“OF the reasons which influenced, of the hopes and fears which agitated, and of the miseries and records which are left of the Loyalists—or, as they were called in the politics of the time, the ‘Tories’ of the American Revolution, but little is known. The reason is obvious. Men who, like the Loyalists, separated themselves from their friends and kindred, who were driven from their homes and possessions, who surrendered the hopes and expectations of life, and who became outlaws, wanderers, and exiles—such men leave few memorials behind them. Their papers are scattered and lost, and, in most instances, their very names have passed from human recollection. Of many who were high in office, of many who were men of talents and acquirements, it is almost impossible to learn more than their names, or the single fact, that for their political opinions or offences, they were proscribed and banished. . . . Intelligent ‘Tories,’ or Loyalists, when asked why they adhered

* From Lorenzo Sabine's "History of the Loyalists."

to the Crown, have said that those who received the name of 'Tories' were at first, indeed for some years, striving to preserve order and the observance of *rights* of persons and property; that many who took sides at the outset as mere conservators of the peace, were denounced by those whose purposes they thwarted, and were finally compelled, in pure self-defence, to accept of royal protection, and thus to become identified with the royal party ever afterward. Many were opposed to war on religious grounds, others were influenced by their official connections, were holding offices under the Crown; many from ancestral prejudices and predilections; others loved retirement, and would, had the Whigs allowed them, have remained neutrals; some were old men, and their tenants and dependents went with the landholders without inquiry, and as a thing of course, and very many thought the contest would soon end. . . . A dread, too, of the resources and strength of England, and the belief that successful resistance to her power was impossible—that the Colonies had neither the men or the means to carry on war, and various other considerations actuated them, and the unprejudiced minds of this generation should be frank enough to admit this.

“For their political opinions (to which all men have a right), they were proscribed. Among the banished ones thus doomed to misery and disappointments, were persons whose hearts and hopes were as true

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

as Washington's own: there is no doubt of that—and if, as has appeared from the highest sources, the Whigs resolved finally upon revolution solely because they were denied the *rights* of Englishmen, and not because they disliked monarchical institutions, the Tories—so called—may be relieved from the imputation of being the only 'monarchy men' of the time.

"To say that the political institutions of New York formed a *feudal aristocracy*, is to define them with tolerable accuracy—the soil was held by few, the masses were mere retainers or tenants, as in the monarchies of Europe. Nor has the condition of society been entirely changed, since the anti-rent dissensions of our own time arose from the vestige which remains. . . . Such a state of things was calculated to give the King many adherents. The fact agreed with the theory. Details may be spared. Very many entered the service of the Crown, and fought in defence of their principles. Whole battalions, and even regiments, were raised by the great landholders, and continued organized and in pay during the whole struggle. . . . In fine, New York was undeniably the Loyalists' stronghold, and contained more of them than any colony in all America. . . . The children of the Loyalists complained because the offices, at the close of the war, passed from the 'old families' into the hands of 'upstarts.' The denial that independence was the final object, was con-

Ancestral Sketches.

stant and general. To obtain *concessions*, and to preserve the connection with England, was affirmed everywhere, and John Adams, years after the peace, said: 'There was not a moment during the Revolution, when I would not have given everything I possessed for a restoration to the state of things before the contest began, *provided we could have had a sufficient security for its continuance.*'

"To restore the identical property of many who had suffered had become almost impossible. Much of it had been sold, or appropriated by 'Commissioners of Confiscation,' or divided among purchasers, and could only be wrested by plenary means from the present claimants. A number of Loyalists who were in England came to the United States, to claim restitutions of their estates, but their applications were unheeded; (and in many instances their own family names and papers were produced against their just claims). The 26th of March, 1784, was the latest period for presenting claims, but how unsuccessful were most of such applications." (Futile in most cases were the hopes of gaining redress in America, equally so the expectations held out, of restitution from England, and all uncertainty was soon at an end, and the "Tory" Bayards, for instance, made their homes in England at once. . . . There was no redress for "the proscribed" in America; and the vast estates of the banished Loyalists were claimed by strangers). "Congress very probably instructed their commission-

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

ers to enter into no engagements respecting the Americans who adhered to the Crown, unless Great Britain would stipulate on her part to make compensation for the property which had been destroyed by those in her service. With this injunction, the commissioners found it impossible to agree, inasmuch as they deemed it necessary to admit into the treaty a provision to the effect that Congress should *recommend* to the several States to provide for the restitution of certain parts of the confiscated property; that these claimants should be allowed a year to endeavor to recover their estates; that persons having rights in confiscated lands should have the privilege of pursuing all lawful means to obtain them; and that Congress should use its recommendatory power to cause the States to revoke or reconsider its confiscation laws. Congress unanimously assented to this arrangement, and issued the recommendation to the States, which the treaty contemplated. . . . It was not expected, by the British Government, probably, that the *recommendation* of Congress to the States would produce any effect. In 1778, and after the evacuation of Philadelphia, the urgent request of Congress to repeal the severe enactments against the adherents of the Crown, and to restore their confiscated property, had been disregarded; and a similar desire at the conclusion of hostilities, though made for different reasons, it could not have been supposed would be more successful. Indeed, the idea that the

Ancestral Sketches.

States would *refuse* compliance, and that Parliament would be required to make the Loyalists some compensation for their losses, seems to have been entertained from the first. Lord Shelburne asserted that, *'Without one drop of blood spilt, and without one-fifth of the expense of a year's campaign, happiness and ease can be given to them in as ample a manner as these blessings ever had been bestowed upon them.'* He could have meant nothing less by this language than that, by putting an end to the war, the empire would save both life and treasure, even though the amount of money required to place the Loyalists in 'happiness and ease' should amount to some millions; and the Lord Chancellor, it may be observed, hinted at compensation as a remedy, provided the '*recommendation*' of Congress should not result favorably. Besides, during the negotiation of the treaty, it appears to have been considered by the commissioners on both sides, that each party to the contest must bear its own losses, and provide for its own sufferers. A number of Loyalists who were in England came over to claim restitution of their estates, but their applications were unheeded."

THE BAYARD "TORIES" OF NEW YORK.

"When and how Nicholas Bayard (of whom I have so largely written) obtained the 'Weehawken Tract' I do not know, but it was at an early date. On June 10, 1678, Governor Carteret, with the con-

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

sent of the Freeholders of Bergen, granted to him full power and authority to build, erect, and set up on the *Water Run* of Weehawken a saw and corn mill (with certain restrictions). ('Winfield's Land-Titles of New Jersey.') He was believed to have inherited it from his wife's brother, Nicholas Verlet. By his will, dated May 7, 1707, Nicholas Bayard left his estate first to his wife, Judith Verlet Bayard, and afterward to his only child, Samuel, who married Margaret, the daughter of Stephanus Van Cortlandt. Samuel inherited the Weehawken Tract from his father, April 19th, 1711, and purchased the *Hoboken* Tract from Hickman and wife, June 19th, 1711. He left two sons: Nicholas 2d, who married the daughter of Peter Van Brugh Livingston, and Samuel 2d, the father of Samuel, Jr., and Stephen. I must record 'The death of Samuel Bayard, only son of Nicholas and Judith (Verlet) Bayard, on Monday last, at an advanced age, and the next day was decently interred in the family vault. September 16, 1745.'"—*New York Weekly Post-Boy*.

"He left two sons, Nicholas and Samuel, and 'seven fair daughters.' Judith married Rip Van Dam; Gertrude married Peter Kemble; Margaret, James Van Horne; one a Jay; one a Schuyler; one a Livingston; one a De Lancey."—Copied from an *Indenture* dated April 1, 1748.

"*Nicholas Bayard, 2d*, lived on an eminence near Canal Street ('The Bayard Farm East'). Married

Ancestral Sketches.

a daughter of Peter Van Brugh Livingston. 'A young lady, very agreeable, and endowed with all the graces necessary for rendering the connubial state happy.'—*New York Mercury*.

Will dated 1760. Proved 1765.

2d, *Samuel Bayard*. "In 1774, was engaged in a controversy with the proprietors of Lands, and, in behalf of himself and associates in New York, submitted a memorial to the British Government, praying to be put in quiet possession of a part of the tract called the 'Westenhook Patent.' He was the owner of the land now covered by the City of Hoboken;* took a military commission, and was made Major of the 'Orange Rangers' in Nova Scotia, under the Crown. Died, 1784."—*History of Loyalists*.

He left two sons, Samuel, Jr., and Stephen.

Samuel Bayard, Jr. (son of Samuel Bayard), was British Secretary of the Province until the year 1776, when he was taken prisoner, and, upon the evacuation of the City of New York, after Gen. Lee took possession of it, was placed under arrest at the house of his relative, Nicholas Bayard, Jr. In the year 1778 he was, with William Smith, the famed historian of New York and Chief-Justice of Canada, and Major Colden, eldest son of the late Governor Colden, ordered "beyond the British lines," leaving in the same sloop, "for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the new State."

* Winfield's "History of Land Titles in Hudson Co., New Jersey."

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

Estates confiscated. Will proved 1784.

Stephen Bayard (son of Samuel Bayard), born 1700; married March 12, 1725, Alida Vetch, only child of Governor Samuel Vetch and Margaret, eldest daughter of Robert Livingston. Stephen Bayard was for three terms Mayor of New York City; after 1747 his name was retained, with the word "omitted" added in *italics*.—*Valentine's History*.

In his will, dated 1753, proved 1757, he styles himself of "Bergen Cy., East New Jersey, Yeoman," in a codicil "Gentleman," and mentions only his three children (Mrs. Bayard had died before him), "My eldest son William, my daughter Margaret, and my son Robert." "His sons, William and Robert, espoused the 'Tory' side of the controversy in the American Revolution, and entered the Provincial army in Canada. William raised a regiment at his own expense among his tenants, of which he became the Colonel. Major Robert, who had been raised in the army, was made the Major of his brother's regiment. They served the cause they deemed the right one, lived some time in Nova Scotia, and at the end of the war went to England, where they became honored and well known, after the loss of their large estates in America. They both died in England, Col. William in 1804, and Major Robert in 1815."

A "*Release*" of Robert's part of his "Grandmother Vetch's personal estate to his brother William" lies

Ancestral Sketches.

before me. This I merely insert to prove the descent. “. . . I, Robert Bayard, son of Stephen Bayard, Esquire, send greeting. Whereas, I am one of the legatees of my grandmother, Margaret (Livingston) Vetch, lately deceased, etc., etc. . . . 29th July, 1763.

“Sealed and delivered in the presence of us.

“(Signed) SAMUEL BAYARD.

SAMUEL BAYARD, Jr.

“(Signed) ROBERT BAYARD.”

All their estates were confiscated and claimed by strangers.

COLONEL WILLIAM BAYARD AND MAJOR ROBERT
BAYARD,

Sons of Stephen Bayard, of New York,

“Were owners of large estates in New York and New Jersey, which were confiscated at the commencement of the American War, and ‘Bills of Attainder’ were issued against them, and they left the United States, with their large families, for Nova Scotia; Col. William Bayard taking with him quite a Regiment raised among his own tenantry. This Regiment was called the ‘Orange Rangers,’ which was afterward disbanded, and blended with the ‘Nova Scotia Regiment,’ under the command of the Duke of Kent, our present Queen’s father.”

The “Bills of Attainder,” says an excellent writer upon personal laws, “are exertions of those extraor-

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

dinary legislative powers which ought only to be used on the pressure of real and urgent necessity, but never to be desecrated to the gratification of political resentments. The crime charged is 'an adherence to the enemies of the State,' and each, and any of them, who shall be found in any part of this State, shall be, and are declared guilty of felony, and shall suffer Death, as in cases of felony, without benefit of Clergy." What was this adherence? Nothing more than living upon their own estates, in their own houses, within the British lines, with their wives and families. "Colonel Wm. Bayard's houses, out-houses, barns, and stables, at Hoboken and Weehawken, were burnt, and his property desolated." Major Robert Bayard, a gentleman bred in the army, had been appointed by Governor Tryon Judge of the Court of Admiralty. Both of these brothers died in England at advanced ages.

Col. William Bayard was born June 1, 1729. and married Catherine, daughter of John McEvers, June 13, 1750. Two of four of his sons entered the British army: *Lieut.-Col. John Bayard*, originally Colonel in his father's regiment in Nova Scotia; and *Major Samuel Vetch Bayard*, in the regiment of the Duke of Kent, at Halifax. *Stephen*, the eldest son, was made Governor of the Deccan in India, of which Deccana, in that province, "a city of Oriental magnificence," is the capital. He died there, unmarried, in 1804. Col. John Bayard, in 1790, entered the Belgian serv-

Ancestral Sketches.

ice, and afterward the British army. He was commissioned, in papers he left, as "Le Chevalier Jean de Bayard," in Belgium; first as Général-Major, and then as "Colonel du Régiment de Cavallerie, No. 6," and afterward as "Colonel de Cavallerie, No. 1, au service des États Belgique-Unis," in 1790-1791. He left two sons, Adolphus Moffat Bayard, Captain Fifteenth Hussars, and Edward Leopold Bayard, godson of the Duke of Kent, who gave him his name, and put him in the Life Guards when very young. Col. John Bayard died in London in 1806.

Samuel Vetch Bayard (Col. William Bayard's youngest son) was made a Major at an early age by the Duke of Kent, at Halifax, and became very popular with his Highness. In 1777 he had been recommended to Lord George Germain by Governor Tryon in New York, to succeed Colden as Surveyor of the Customs, etc., who wrote: "From the steady loyalty of his father, and the depredations made on his estates, and in consideration that his two sons are now in the Provincial service, I rest in absolute confidence that his Majesty will confirm my appointment, in opposition to all solicitations whatever." The whole family received consideration; and the kind, genial character of the Duke of Kent won every heart. "He was, however, a strict disciplinarian, and on one occasion when a poor culprit was sentenced to receive a certain number of lashes, he appealed to his young Major to intercede for him,

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

who upon entering as early as practicable his Highness' presence the next morning, was received with, 'Bayard, you need not trouble yourself; he received his sentence an hour ago.' When his Royal Highness left Halifax he gave my father his portrait, his valuable blood-horse, a superior English *Cow*, and other presents. As a soldier, my father was always faithful to his King, and ready to prove his fidelity to the utmost. When the Nova Scotia Regiment was disbanded, he returned to the Wilds of Wilmot (Governor Vetch's estate), which he turned into a pleasant home for himself and family, and which from a Wild became a fine garden, abounding in every beauty. His father and family went to England, being afterward men of wealth and position." Col. William Bayard died at Southampton in 1804; his wife in 1812; *Major Robert B.*, at Bath, 1816. The honored name of Governor Vetch has been perpetuated to the present day in three generations of his Bayard descendants.

William Bayard, the third son of Colonel William Bayard, was sent from England to endeavor to regain some of the family property, but without success; all was in the possession of strangers; yet by undaunted energy he soon became one of the leading merchants of New York, and maintained his high position until his death. He married (1780) Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. Samuel Cornell, of Newbern, N. C., member of the King's Council, whose estates

Ancestral Sketches.

were confiscated and himself "attainted"; his family of five daughters coming to New York after their father's death, in 1781.

1. Mary married Isaac Edwards, of Virginia.
2. Susan married Henry Chads (Admiral R. N.)
3. Sarah married Major-Gen. Matthew Clarkson.
4. Hannah married Herman Le Roy, merchant, New York.
5. Elizabeth married William Bayard, merchant, New York.

These were all noted women from their positions and attractions, Susan, the second, being the most celebrated. Oddly enough, when in France a few years ago I sent for a *Galignani* to learn the news, when the first article that met my eye was a paragraph that I took the liberty to cut out, knowing that I was the only person in the whole French kingdom who was interested in it. The heading of the article was "New York a Hundred Years Ago."

"The following interesting items are culled from dingy files of newspapers that amused and instructed the inhabitants of this city a century ago. They serve to lay before our readers such a picture of the past as may present to their contemplation those early times and by-gone days when New York was but a provincial town: 'We hear from Newbern that Col. Edmund Fanning, Secretary to his Excellency Gov. Tryon, was lately married to Miss Susan Cornell, a beautiful and most amiable young lady, daughter of

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

the Hon. Samuel Cornell, Esq., one of his Majesty's Council for the Province of North Carolina.' " Alas for the mutability of human hopes! Col. Edmund Fanning reached Newbern to find that his *ladye faire* had married and gone to England with Capt. Henry Chads, R. N., and the disappointed lover had to return to his post in New York.

William Bayard soon endeared himself to a large circle of friends by the noted charm of his manner and his great generosity and exceeding worth. There is little to record of him after his arrival in New York until the early part of this century. His intimate friends were those of his own clique and position, and he soon became thoroughly *Americanized*, without taking any part, however, in "politics," although his greatly esteemed friends were, many of them, of that stamp. In those days "politics ran high," and the most bitter animosities were continually cherished, and duels were fought upon the most trivial pretext. Bitter was the hatred of parties, and whole communities, as well in New York as elsewhere, were in a perpetual ferment of excitement. Amongst my grandfather's most respected friends were Clinton, Peter A. Jay, Lewis, and Hamilton, etc. The latter he had a particular friendship for. "His Scotch strength and French vivacity, his graceful manners and witty speeches, were a perpetual attraction. As an individual, General Hamilton inspired the warmest attachment among his friends, and from

Ancestral Sketches.

his fearless denunciations, more bitter hatred from his foes than any other man in New York history." Aaron Burr was the Independent candidate for Governor of New York. The Republicans nominated Judge Morgan Lewis. "The storm commenced forthwith. The newspapers were filled with disgusting personalities, and the war of words raged unabated to the very day of the election. Burr's private character, which no one could honestly defend, was assailed in the most obnoxious manner. Morgan Lewis was elected by a large majority, and Burr attributed his defeat mainly to the powerful influence of Hamilton, who had always spoken of Burr as a dangerous man. He had no faith in him. He regarded him as thoroughly unprincipled, reckless, cool, and designing in his private as well as his political career, and never hesitated to express that opinion." . . . Some letters from the pen of Dr. Charles D. Cooper during the election were published, containing the two following paragraphs: "General Hamilton and Judge Kent have declared that they looked upon Mr. Burr as a dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government," . . . "and I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr." It was some weeks after the election that these came under Burr's notice, but he immediately resolved to make them the excuse for forcing Hamilton into a duel. Wm. P. Van Ness was the bearer of Cooper's

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

printed letter to Hamilton, with a note from Burr himself "demanding an acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expressions which would warrant Cooper's assertion." Hamilton had not before that moment seen Cooper's letter, but he perceived a settled intention of fixing a quarrel upon him. It was quite out of the question for him to make the disavowal "of any intention, in any conversation he might have ever held, to convey impressions derogatory 'to Col. Burr's honor.'" The challenge was finally given, Judge Nathaniel Pendleton acting for General Hamilton, and Wm. P. Van Ness for Col. Burr. . . . "It was a bright summer morning (July 11, 1804) that these two political chieftains stood before each other. The place where they met was the singularly secluded grassy ledge at Weehawken, which had been the scene of so many deadly encounters. It was many feet above the waters of the Hudson, and no foot-path existed in any direction. Every precaution was taken to prevent discovery." On the fatal morning Burr and his friends arrived half an hour before Hamilton, and ordered their boat moored a few yards down the river. Hamilton's boat was seen approaching at precisely the moment expected. My grandfather's (Wm. Bayard's) country-seat was immediately opposite to the New Jersey shore, and he was aroused at daybreak by his servants with the information that two horses, saddled, were in the stable, and that the little pinnacle had been re-

Ancestral Sketches.

moved from the shore. He hastened down, with a strong field-glass, to await further events. The following letter from Dr. David Hosack, Gen. Hamilton's attending surgeon, tells the result of the fatal meeting:

August 17th, 1804.

TO WILLIAM COLEMAN, Ed. *Evening Post*,

DEAR SIR:—To comply with your request is a painful task; but I will repress my feelings while I endeavor to furnish you with an enumeration of such particulars relative to the melancholy end of our beloved friend, Hamilton, as dwell most forcibly on my recollection. When called to him upon his receiving the fatal wound, I found him half sitting up, supported in the arms of his second, Mr. Pendleton. His countenance of death I shall never forget. He had at that instant just strength to say, "This is a mortal wound, Doctor," when he sank away, and became to all appearance lifeless. I immediately stripped off his clothes, and soon, alas! ascertained that the direction of the ball must have been through some vital part. His pulses were not to be felt, his respiration was entirely suspended, and upon laying my hand on his heart and perceiving no motion there, I considered him as irrecoverably gone. I, however, told Mr. Pendleton that the only chance for his reviving was immediately to get him upon the water. We therefore lifted him up, and carried him out of the wood to the margin of the bank, when the barge-

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

men aided us in carrying him into the boat, which immediately put off. During all this time I could not discover the least symptom of returning life. I now rubbed his face, lips, and temples with spirits of hartshorn, applied it to his neck and breast, and to his wrists and hands, and endeavored to pour some into his mouth. When we got, as I should judge, some fifty yards from the shore, some imperfect efforts to breathe were, for the first time, manifest; in a few moments he sighed, and became sensible to the impression of the hartshorn, or the fresh air of the water. He breathed; his eyes slightly opened, wandered, without fixing on any object; and, to our great joy, he at length spoke. "My vision is indistinct," were his first words. His pulse became more perceptible, his respiration more regular, and his sight returned. I then examined the wound to know if there was any dangerous discharge of blood, but upon slightly pressing his side, it gave him pain, and I desisted. Soon after recovering his sight, he happened to cast his eye upon the case of pistols, and observing the one he had had in his hand lying on the outside, he said: "Take care of that pistol; it is undischarged and still cocked; it may go off and do harm. Pendleton knows (attempting to turn his head toward him) that I did not intend to fire at him." "Yes," said Mr. Pendleton, understanding his wish, "I have already made Dr. Hosack acquainted with your determination as to that." He then closed his

eyes, and remained calm, nor did he say much afterward, except in reply to my questions. He asked me once or twice how I found his pulse, and told me that his lower extremities had lost all feeling. I changed the position of his limbs, but to no purpose; they had entirely lost their sensibility. Perceiving that we approached the shore, he said: "Let Mrs. Hamilton be at once sent for, and let the event be gradually broken to her, but give her hopes." Looking up, he saw his friend, Mr. Bayard, standing on the shore in great agitation. He had been told by his servants that General Hamilton, Mr. Pendleton, and myself had crossed the river together, and too well he conjectured the fatal errand, and foreboded the dreadful result. Perceiving, as we came nearer, that Mr. Pendleton and myself only sat up in the stern sheets, he clasped his hands together in the most violent apprehension; but when I called to him to have a cot prepared, and he at the same moment saw his poor friend lying in the bottom of the boat, he threw up his eyes, and burst into a flood of tears. Hamilton alone appeared tranquil and composed. We then conveyed him as tenderly as possible up to the house. The distress of this amiable family was such, that till the first shock was abated, they were scarcely able to summon fortitude enough to yield sufficient assistance to their dying friend. Upon our reaching the house, he became more languid. I gave him a little wine and water. When he recovered his

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

feelings, he complained of great pain in his back ; we undressed him and laid him in bed, and darkened the room. I then gave him a large anodyne, which I frequently repeated. During the first day, he took upward of an ounce of laudanum, and tepid anodyne fomentations were constantly applied. Yet his sufferings were, during the whole day, almost intolerable. I had not a shadow of a hope of his recovery, and Dr. Post, whom I requested might be sent for immediately upon our reaching Mr. Bayard's house, united with me in this opinion. General Rey, the French Consul, invited the surgeons of the French frigates in our harbor, as they had had much experience in gunshot wounds, to render assistance. They immediately came, but, to prevent his being disturbed, I stated to them his situation, described the nature of the wound, and the direction of the ball, with all the symptoms that could enable them to form an opinion. One of the gentlemen accompanied me to the bedside, but the result was but a confirmation of the opinions of Dr. Post and myself. During the night he had some imperfect sleep, but the next morning his symptoms were aggravated, attended, however, with a diminution of pain. His mind retained all its usual strength and composure. But his fortitude was sorely tried when his children, seven in number, were brought into the room. His utterance forsook him, and after one look, he closed his eyes again, until they were taken away. " My beloved

Ancestral Sketches.

wife and children," were always his expressions. As a proof of his extraordinary composure, let me add, that he alone could calm the frantic grief of his wife. "*Remember, my Eliza, you are a Christian,*" were his repeated expressions with which he frequently addressed her. His words, and the tones in which they were uttered, will never be effaced from my memory. About two o'clock, as the public well know, he expired.

Your friend and humble servant,

DAVID HOSACK.

"By nine o'clock on the morning of the fatal 11th of July news of the duel had reached the city; a bulletin appeared, and the pulse of New York stood still at the shocking announcement. People started and turned pale as they read. Men walked to and fro tearfully. Business was almost entirely suspended. Everything was forgotten except the fame and services of the victim. Bulletins hourly sent kept the city in agonizing suspense. All party distinction was lost in the general sentiment of sorrow and indignation. . . . 'Cruelly murdered, unjustifiably sacrificed,' was the cry of the multitude. The seconds were severely censured. The absurdity of the sacrifice of such a life to maintain the '*honor*' of a profligate like Burr was condemned by every one. When his intimate friends were admitted to him, Hamilton was all gentleness, and greeted them with

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

expressions of love and affection; those who entered his room were generally of a religious character, and by kind and sympathizing ministrations soothed his last hours. My grandfather sent immediately for his brother-in-law, Gen. Clarkson, one of Hamilton's most intimate friends. As soon as he approached he threw his arms round Gen. Clarkson's neck with every expression of endearment, and both these brave men wept like infants. The one outlived the other some fifteen years, but could never speak of the death of his friend without a burst of tears. Rev. Dr. Mason visited him at his request, and Bishop Moore administered the sacrament and remained with him until his death, and it is said that but for the testimony of these two eminent clergymen there would never have existed a word of legal evidence that would have committed Burr. With both of these witnesses Hamilton conversed freely, exclaiming, 'I met him with a fixed determination to do him no harm, and I forgive all that has happened.' It was well understood that Hamilton abhorred the practice of duelling. The last words from his pen, the night before the encounter, were a reiteration of his opinions on the subject. . . . When the death of Gen. Hamilton was finally reported a cry of execration upon his murderer burst from the lips and heart of the multitude. . . . All the flags of the shipping were ordered at half-mast, the Bar met in profound grief, and agreed to wear mourning for six weeks;

Ancestral Sketches.

the different societies, the military companies, the Corporation of the City, with Mayor De Witt Clinton at its head, passed resolutions of deep sorrow, and agreed to wear mourning. The whole city was in grief. Even the once partisans of Burr made it a point to display their respect by appearing at the funeral. The body of the lamented victim was removed from Mr. Bayard's house to that of John B. Church, his brother-in-law, in the city, and the funeral ceremonies were conducted by the Cincinnati, which had lost its illustrious chief, in Old Trinity; while minute guns from the artillery in the Park and at the Battery were answered by the French and British ships of war in the harbor, as the immense procession moved on. Gouverneur Morris, with the four sons of the deceased by his side, delivered a brief but thrilling oration in memory of his slaughtered friend. And when dust was lovingly consigned to dust in Trinity Churchyard, and the parting volley had been fired over the statesman's grave, the vast crowd dispersed in silence and in tears, each one conveying to his home a sense of profound personal sorrow and bereavement."—*Mrs. Lamb.*

The further life and career of the wretched murderer is a lesson indeed to future generations. "Burr was in public sentiment a murderer, and his name was spoken with a hiss of horror and disgust. The coroner's jury, after ten or twelve days of investigation, brought in a verdict that 'Aaron Burr, Vice-

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

President, was guilty of the murder of Alexander Hamilton, and that William P. Van Ness and Nathaniel Pendleton were accessories.' The astonishment of Burr was beyond expression. He had anticipated temporary excitement, 'which would soon pass over,' never dreaming that the fatal shot which destroyed his great rival was to extinguish his own ambitious projects and plunge him into life-long disgrace; and with fearless, insolent self-possession he had not only executed his purpose, but had opened the ground beneath his own feet, and left his hated rival (Jefferson) in undisputed possession of the field. From the day of the duel Burr ceased to be a political leader; from that day his Nemesis was constantly pursuing him, ever at his side, to molest him through the rest of his humiliating career. His letters to his daughter, Mrs. Alston, written at that time, are full of disgusting platitudes and avowals that would discredit any sane man. He barely alludes to Hamilton's death, but writes to her on the day after it: 'If any male friend of yours should be dying of *cunni*, recommend to him to engage in a duel and a courtship at the same time.' Disappointment and disgrace always attended him." "During the years 1806 and 1807 he engaged in 'Treasonable Designs' against Mexico, and was arraigned and tried in Richmond, Virginia, and imprisoned in the penitentiary there for some months. His acquittal was the result of the difficulty found in proving *overt* acts, and the Government was

advised ‘*to desist from further prosecution.*’”—*Matthew L. Davis.*

“He went forth a free man, while his conduct was like that of a criminal fleeing from justice. He lay concealed in the houses of some friends in New York, and, under an assumed name, went to Europe, with the passage money borrowed from Dr. Hosack.” “In foreign lands he was treated with great insult and indignity, often without a franc to pay for his living, and scorned by all. Mr. Jonathan Russell, then Chargé d’Affaires at Paris, thus writes to him, after his application for a passport to return home: ‘The man who evades the offended laws of his country, abandons, for the time, the right to *their* protection. This fugitive from justice during his voluntary exile, has a claim to no other passport than one which shall enable him to surrender himself for trial, for the offences with which he stands charged. Such a passport Mr. Russell will furnish to Mr. Burr, but no other.’ In the winter of 1810 and 1811, being cut off from remittances from America, it appears from his journal that he suffered sad privations from the want of money. ‘Nothing from America, and really I shall starve. . . . Borrowed three francs to-day. Four or five little debts keep me in constant alarm—all together, no more than two louis. When at Dénans thought I might as well go to St. Pélagie; set off, but recollected I owed the woman who sits in the passage two sous for a cigar, so turned about to

The "Tories" of the Revolution.

pursue my way by Pont des Arts, which was within fifty paces; remembered I had not wherewith to pay the toll, which was one centime, had to go all the way round by the Pont Royal, more than half a mile.' He at length reached England, where he was detained five months, being very low in funds, when he was at length enabled to sail for America, and arrived in New York just four years after his departure from there. The following extract from his journal shows that he left England without a feeling of regret: 'I shake the dust off my feet. Adieu, John Bull! Insula inhospitabilis! as you were truly called 1,800 years ago.'—*Matthew L. Davis.*

Shortly after his arrival, his daughter Theodosia, the idol of his life (the sole redeeming trait in his character being his affection for her), was never heard of after leaving Charleston harbor on a contemplated visit to him. Either the vessel was lost at sea, or fell into the power of pirates, with no after-trace to tell the story. It never was ascertained how she perished. For some time after this event, he lived in New York, and even married a rich wife, who soon after separated from him, and he eventually died at Staten Island, unwept, unhonored, and alone. His grave was unrecognized for some years, when one night, by stealth, as it were, a stone was placed at its head, recording his name, by some friendly, yet unknown, hand.

THE GROWTH OF THE CITY
OF NEW YORK FROM 1626.

THE GROWTH OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK FROM 1626.

“NEVER had a city grown and flourished as *New Amsterdam* had done, since the short period when Peter Miniut, in 1626, had purchased Manhattan Island from its Indian proprietors for the paltry sum of sixty guilders, or twenty-four dollars, by which the title to the whole island, containing about twenty-two thousand acres, became vested in the West India Company. An Indian war had prevailed for several years, and at the conclusion of the war in 1645, it was computed that there were in this city not more than one hundred men, exclusive of the Company's officers and servants, when the fourth and last Dutch Governor, Petrus Stuyvesant, arrived, whose arbitrary character fortunately carried him vigorously through every obstacle, and things assumed a new aspect.

“The growth of the city at once commenced, and the era of his administration is full of important incidents. To establish some regularity with regard to the streets was the new Governor's primary object, with which a survey of the town of New Amsterdam was ordered in 1654. In 1656 the survey was com-

Ancestral Sketches.

pleted, and the city was laid down upon a map, and confirmed by law 'to remain from that time forward, without alteration.' With respect to the condition of the island, beyond the immediate limits of the city, there were a number of farms under cultivation, but the greater portion of the island lay without enclosures, used as commons for the running of cattle. A part of the city adjacent to our present [City Hall] Park was fenced in and appropriated to the pasturage of the cows belonging to the inhabitants of the town. These were driven forth in the morning through the gates of the city, along the present Broadway and through Pearl Street and Maiden Lane, and were returned to their owners in the evening. The first church built in the city was erected in 1633, in the middle of a block between Broadway and Whitehall Street."—*Valentine's History of New York.*

In a short time the growth of New York, as it was soon called, was perfectly incredible, and, in spite of adverse circumstances of every kind, that most eventful century in the world's history—the eighteenth—saw the dawning of the coming greatness, which a celebrated writer of those times said of us: "You are the advanced guard of the human race; you have the future of the world in your hands." As the French say, "*Cela va sans dire.*" The creation and regulation of streets form a chapter of interest and importance in the history of a metropolis. While the grave discussion of non inter-

The Growth of the City.

course was agitating every mind, and foreshadowing the most serious consequences, new roadways were springing into existence, and by-paths and alleys striking new levels or new orbits, and growing like mushrooms in the night. In the midst of the struggle to obtain appropriations from the Government for defences, and the general feeling of insecurity pervading New York City—the shining mark for a foreign foe—the labor of grading hills and elevating valleys went forward with great spirit, and the minutes of the Common Council teem with reports of commissioners and surveyors, and with resolutions for opening and elongating streets, until the city was actually blockaded by the British. Broadway was graded below the stone bridge, and for some distance above, and Spring Street was marked out and houses built in certain parts of it, while yet nothing but a small sluggish stream of water marked the site of the broad Canal Street of to-day. The point where the canal rivulet united with the Hudson River was sketched one winter's morning in the early part of the century by Alexander Anderson, the first wood engraver in America, and the scene represented is in the most striking contrast with that of the same locality at the present day. The habitable portion of the city had crept up the Bowery as far as Bond Street. Various schemes had been discussed of disposing of the Collect, or "Fresh Water Pond," and Canal Street had been laid out on paper by compe-

Ancestral Sketches.

tent engineers as many times as there were months in the calendar.

Difficulties of a scientific nature interposed, and the year 1809 was well advanced before the tangled meadows and wild grass began to disappear. "All that was romantic in scenery and prepossessing in cultivated grounds immediately above Canal Street was quickly doomed. The city was on the march, and every form of hill and dale and pleasant valley must be sacrificed. From the Bayard mansion, on the summit of the high point of land between Grand and Broome Streets, the views—just before the edifice was built downward, so to speak—embraced a curious variety of suggestive scenes. The valley of Canal Street, at its foot, had been transformed into a busy thoroughfare, no longer presenting a pastoral picture with streams of water flowing through it into both rivers; that on the east finding its way over the low lands; to the north and north-east some half a dozen villas, including those of the Stuyvesants, met the eye in peculiar contiguity with intermediate fellowship of every description, scattered along the neighborhood of the Bowery road; while in the distance the Hudson and East Rivers, the magnificent Bay, and the shores and heights beyond, completed as fair a prospect as could be found on either continent. The entrance-gate to the Bayard country-seat was on the Bowery road, and the location of the private avenue called Bayard's Lane was nearly on

The Growth of the City.

the line of Broome Street until torn away by the cartmen." Before this period the Bayard vault had to be vacated, and its honored tenants removed; the receptacle itself in its deserted condition having even been claimed as a residence by an old hermit, who lived there for some years, and was helped by several who believed his story of a descent from some noble family in England, until he was at last found dead in these sacred precincts. In the anticipation of the great future for real estate, lots had been sold fronting on Broadway, and some few buildings had been erected.

The other farm of Nicholas Bayard, known as the "West Farm," comprising more than one hundred acres, and bounded on the north by Amity Lane and on the east by Broadway, extended irregularly southwest to McDougall Street. Having been mortgaged, and fallen into the hands of trustees, it was laid out in lots and streets and sold in parcels. "The phalanx of *levellers*, with its army of pickaxes, stood back appalled at the strong, firm, bold front which the Bayard Hill on the east presented. It seemed invincible. But the assault was finally made; the citadel yielded. As for the real-estate owners, they were solaced by the rise of property. Fortunes grew, while dwellings, stables, flower-gardens, fruit-orchards, grassy lawns, summer-houses, lovers' walks, and finely-shaded private avenues tumbled promiscuously into the mass of worthless ruins, and pos-

Ancestral Sketches.

terity was enriched. The humorous etching of John P. Emmet, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Virginia, showing the condition of the Bayard house during the jubilee of destruction, which he designates as 'Corporation Improvements,' will be regarded with a smile of incredulity and a twinge of painful reminiscence by all those who have witnessed the demolition of their earthly idols, 'with the approbation of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty, in Common Council convened.' The sketch was made from near the corner of White Street and Broadway, looking toward Canal Street, and, however exaggerated, is a clever illustration of the confusion of affairs consequent upon removing eminences in the herculean endeavor to perfect the site of the great city of New York of to-day. Streets were pushed through a block or two in length one year, and allowed to rest the next. Springs and rivulets impeded progress, and were finally choked into subordination to the laws, and buried without ceremony. Litigations of all kinds arose, questioning the vast extent and complexity of the powers assumed by the 'Corporation,' and all the laws of old days were set at naught, which had decreed that the city should remain as it was then laid out, 'without alteration.'"

The growth of "Manhattan Island" in every direction was incredible, although the country-seats of the wealthy inhabitants at the commencement of this century were what *now* would be considered quite

The Growth of the City.

"down town." The village of Greenwich, which was then the upper part of the Island and is now the heart of the Ninth Ward, had the preference. The Delanceys were among the early proprietors of this property. As its wilderness was subdued, it became a broad landscape of hills, dales, and woodlands, and through it flowed a stream called in Colonial days the Manitou. On the North River shore, near the present Fifteenth Street, was the residence of Sir Peter Warren, Admiral in the British navy, who had married Susanna, a daughter of the Delancey family. He thus acquired a large estate. The chief road which led to the Warren estate was the old Greenwich road along the North River shore, now West Twenty-first Street. After the fall of Gen. Wolfe at the capture of Quebec, Admiral Warren had chosen an important corner on the northern boundary of his estate, and a monument to Wolfe and other English officers was erected there called the "Obelisk." The rural drive through Greenwich Lane to visit it made the drive a favorite one, and ran in a straight line west from Washington Square. On the river shore was the country-house of William Bayard, now Fourteenth Street. To that mansion Gen. Hamilton was taken after the duel with Burr.

Streets, however, soon invaded the fields, and frame cottages appeared at intervals. During the war of 1812, encampments and cantonments of troops occupied the vacant lots, and the rural beauty

Ancestral Sketches.

was soon destroyed. In 1813 Mr. Bayard's lovely home at Greenwich was leased, and became a large hotel, called the Mansion House, and a more distant one was purchased in Westchester Co., where he died in later years. His homes, in both city and country, were the resorts of all that was refined, noble, and cultured in this city's annals. Himself the perfect host and type of the perfect gentleman, singularly handsome and commanding in appearance in his height of over six feet, stood, what he was, "one of Nature's noblemen."

As these sketches were chiefly prepared for my children, and for those whom I can trust for the love and interest they take in all that concerns our Bayard branch of the family, I will state now the bitter sorrows of my grandfather at this period. With his deep, affectionate nature and keen sensibilities they almost crushed him, and for many years he could not rally under them. His second daughter, "Kitty," one of the "beautiful Bayards," the wife of Duncan P. Campbell, had just died in her youth and loveliness, when his eldest daughter's health began to fail. She was his loved daughter Susan, the wife of Benjamin Woolsey Rogers; and, in his anxiety and deep distress, he coincided with her husband and physicians, and urged a change of climate, in the hope that she might be benefited by the sea voyage and a residence for the winter in the South of France.

In October of 1814 she embarked with her party

The Growth of the City.

in a vessel under the command of Captain Robinson, a well-known nautical officer of that day. My mother's private physician, Dr. Edward Bibby (still living, wonderful to relate, and genial and handsome and polished in manner), Miss Bayard and my uncle, Robert Bayard, my nurse, and myself, accompanied them. It was at a time when England, as far as she could, assumed the control of our waters, and Captain Robinson decided to proceed up Long Island Sound instead of going through the "Narrows." My grandfather Rogers was staying at his country-seat, "Schepan's (corrupted into Shippan) Point," and it was agreed that the house there should be illuminated, to attract their attention as they passed at night, and that the *Princess of Orange*, our vessel, should throw up a rocket to make herself observed. My uncle, Francis B. Winthrop, wrote afterward to my father the most touching account of the scene. A large party of relatives had assembled to show their sympathy with my grandmother, apprehending in this sad case, as many of them did, the worst. My father's uncle, President Dwight, the celebrated theologian, was of the number, and with the weeping circle on the shore, as they saw the signal, knelt among them, and commended the party and the precious invalid to God's care and keeping, interceding for her life and health, until the vessel disappeared.

The *Princess*, proud in her array of white sails and flags, sailed on until she arrived off New London,

Ancestral Sketches.

when a heavy shot across her bows stopped her. Admiral Hotham was in command there with a large fleet. All were astounded, and the captain sent to inquire the meaning of it. The boat returned with the arrogant English answer, "that the Admiral never transacted business on Sunday, but that on Monday he would attend to it." This being on Sunday morning, they had only to submit. On Monday a deputation arrived to examine the ship's papers. One was wanting to make things *en règle*. What was to be done but to return to New York and procure it. A heavy sky indicated storm, and the sad partings had been gone through with. They reached "Throg's Neck" again, to the amazement of every one, and merely found that some unimportant paper had been left behind. No one went to the ship, although the gentlemen of the party visited their friends. After the delay of a day or two they sailed, congratulating themselves that they had escaped a furious storm that had raged through the nights, which was long remembered, and reached New London again.

My father and Mr. Bayard took the document to Admiral Hotham, who immediately returned the visit, stating his obligations and most peremptory orders for having acted as he had done, but greatly grieved at the delay he had occasioned. He offered his own physician, and anything he could do or send, for my mother's comfort or convenience, and his kindness and sympathy sensibly affected my father, who dwells

The Growth of the City.

upon it with feelings of great gratitude in his journal, which I have.

The voyage was at first pleasant, and all went on well, and the sanguine hopes of the party seemed well founded; but it was *not* to be, and my mother died when near the English coast. It was my grandfather's vessel, and the passengers instantly acquiescing, the Captain directed his course to Southampton, the residence of the Bayard family in England, and the members responding on the instant to my father's letter of appeal, a long line of mourning coaches-and-four reached the wharf before the ship arrived, and we were at once taken to their homes and hearts. My mother's grandfather, Colonel William Bayard, and his wife had been interred in All Saints' Church, in Southampton, among the crypts in the family vault beneath the church, and there my beautiful mother was placed, in her twenty-ninth year. The quaint church of "All Saints," at Southampton, England, is now, as it was in 1814, very simple in character, no decoration or adornment having ever been bestowed upon it, and the many Bayard tablets on the walls forming the most conspicuous features within it. To these my father added a beautiful one to my mother's memory, which we greatly admired there some ten years since. In several of the renovated cathedrals I saw monuments by the same sculptor (Bacon), probably erected at the same time, as pains would have been taken to procure the best artist. It

Ancestral Sketches.

is placed in the chancel, and is a beautiful work of art. The couch upon which the recumbent figure lies is truly artistic in design, and the drapery disposed in a very graceful manner. She was very handsome, and this is an attempted likeness, with upturned eyes, and one hand raised as if in wonder, as she is said to have died. After visits to kind friends, within a few weeks, my father and party proceeded to the Continent, which then was wild with excitement over the troubles brought everywhere upon it by Napoleon, and they did not return to England until after the battle of Waterloo ; I, being too young a traveller, was left behind with my English relations. My father and American relatives paid a visit to *Major Robert Bayard*, at Bath, where he was living with his four unmarried daughters, who had devoted their lives to him. He was a very old man, though preserving his memory bright and cheerful to the last. I often imagine these two men, one so eager to inquire about, the other so willing to communicate, all the great events that had transpired in the many years that Major Bayard had lived, since he had left his native country. His brother, Colonel William, had been dead fully ten years.

In New York, changes had taken place, and the city was growing rapidly in power and importance, and in vast improvements. Party strifes were subsiding, and after the gloom which had weighed down the whole nation so long, our victories at sea had

The Growth of the City.

brought us the glory so dearly won, and a gleam of light suddenly illuminated the horizon. News, first from New Orleans, then from Ghent, created boundless exultation. The tone of the British Government had changed ; as its troops were defeated in one place after another, and as its demands were relinquished, no further obstacles in the way of accommodation remained. A treaty of peace was signed by the commissioners of the two nations on the 24th of December, 1814, and immediately transmitted to London. It was ratified on the 28th of the same month by the Prince Regent. The ship *Favorite* arrived in New York, bringing the unexpected news, which filled all hearts with the most profound joy. There was gratitude all over the land, and especially along the maritime frontier, and the year 1815 opened with the fairest promise, and the whole people hastened to offer thanks not only for the relief from foreign war, but from the terrible impending cloud of internal and civil struggle.

Peace and prosperity smiled all over the land, and America's great resources were soon developed. The war had interrupted public improvements of every description in the metropolis, but the talent, enterprise, and genius of America now poured in, and all the nation quickly imbibed the spirit and emulated the example of the New York people, and the great city rushed forward on her grand career of prosperity. The corporation of the city appointed the 19th

Ancestral Sketches.

of February, after the President's ratification of the peace, as a day of prayer and thanksgiving, to be observed in all the churches of the city—and the religious observances were of peculiar solemnity. . . . A general illumination of the city took place, and as soon as preparations could be completed, a "superb ball" was given on the 22d; Great Britain quietly abandoned her encroachments on American commerce, and the right of search and impressment was heard of no more.—*Mrs. Lamb.*

My grandfather, William Bayard, was intensely interested in the prosperity and growth of New York State, and with De Witt Clinton, his immediate friend, and many others of like stamp, the most expansive ideas were cherished by them all. "The national government declined to furnish them any material aid. The thought of raising sufficient money in New York State was laughed at, as the delusion of a set of fanatics. De Witt Clinton's belief in the practicability of making a water-highway from the Atlantic ocean to the lakes was like an inspiration. He was not the originator nor the projector of the Erie Canal, but when the crude scheme took possession of his active brain, his judgment of its practical value was instantaneous, and he became the master-spirit to carry it successfully forward. It was determined to hold a large meeting of influential gentlemen of the city, to meet in consultation concerning the much-desired canal. William Bayard was chairman of the meeting, and

The Growth of the City.

John Pintard secretary, and De Witt Clinton prepared a memorial to the Legislature in favor of the Erie Canal. It was read with avidity. It appealed directly to the interests of the city. . . . Hundreds were converted from rank skepticism as to its practicability. . . . The Legislature assembled in January, 1815. The memorial was soon presented. Intense feeling for and against it was awakened from the start. The fate of the bill hung for many days in the balance." "Among those who courageously and vigorously espoused its cause were Peter Augustus Jay, Stephen Van Rensselaer, William Bayard, Jacob Rutsen Van Rensselaer, Nathan Smith, Philip J. Schuyler, and others, who were appointed commissioners; the Senate took it up on the 16th, and on the 17th it became a law, and twenty thousand dollars were appropriated for the necessary expenses of exploration. During the debates in 1817, Stephen Van Rensselaer (the Patroon) sent in a proposition for undertaking the whole Erie Canal himself, so confident was he of the vast profits and advantages in prospect." The Erie Canal was completed on the 26th of October, 1825. Thus the longest canal in the world was constructed within a period of eight and one-third years, in spite of all opposition. The manual labor had not ceased for a day since July 4, 1817. A celebration of the great event was proposed. The merchants and citizens generally resolved to co-operate. William Bayard was elected

Ancestral Sketches.

to preside over the meeting, John Pintard was the secretary, and William Walton Woolsey offered the resolutions. The entire State of New York was in commotion. The 4th of November was the day fixed for the union of the waters, and at ten o'clock precisely, the waters of Lake Erie were admitted into the canal, and the news was transmitted to New York City in an hour and thirty minutes, by the discharge of cannon posted along the route at regular distances. The sun rose in a clear sky on the morning of the 4th of November, and New York City was awakened at its rising by the ringing of the bells and martial music, and the thunder of cannon. The fleet, comprising twenty-nine steam vessels, besides ships, schooners, barges, canal-boats, and other craft, moved toward the ocean at nine o'clock, and formed in a circle of three miles in circumference. The British armed vessels in the harbor saluted and cheered the squadron, and the military and forts saluted the vessels as they formed in line. The pageant was the most magnificent which America, and perhaps the world, had ever seen. The committee of reception from the Common Council went out upon the *Washington* to receive the guests, and, when within hailing distance, inquired where they were from, and what was their destination? The reply came ringing over the waters: "From Lake Erie, and bound for Sandy Hook." A few moments later, the gentlemen of the deputation

The Growth of the City.

stood in the presence of Governor Clinton, and a graceful and appropriate speech of welcome was made. The *Washington* took the lead, bearing the Mayor and corporation of New York, the clergy, the Society of the Cincinnati, army and navy officers, foreign magnates, and other distinguished guests. The safety barges *Lady Clinton* and *Lady Van Rensselaer* were attached to the steamboat *Commerce*, and crowded with ladies in elegant costumes. The *Seneca Chief* bore two kegs filled with Lake Erie water, painted green, with gilded hoops. Clinton lifted one of these kegs high in the air, and, in full view of the assembled multitude, poured its contents into the briny ocean, saying: "This solemnity at this place, on the first arrival of vessels from Lake Erie, is intended to indicate and commemorate the navigable communication which has been accomplished between our Mediterranean seas and the Atlantic ocean in about eight years, to the extent of more than four hundred and twenty-five miles, by the wisdom, public spirit, and energy of the people of New York; and may the God of the heavens and the earth smile most propitiously on this work, and render it subservient to the best interests of the human race."

"Dr. Mitchell, following Governor Clinton, proceeded to pour the contents of a number of bottles, containing water from all parts of the world, into the sea, as emblematical of our commercial intercourse with all the nations of the earth, and made a learned and

Ancestral Sketches.

remarkable address. Ex-Mayor Cadwallader D. Colden, appointed to write a memoir on 'Canals and inland navigation,' presented his manuscript to Mayor Paulding, thus concluding the public ceremonies of this great day upon the billows."—*Mrs. Lamb.*

It was during the summer of 1824⁷ that La Fayette visited the United States by invitation of the Government. He had no suspicion of the warm welcome that awaited him. "Presently a long line of vessels appeared in sight, coming down the bay with flags flying. They approached and encircled the French ship. A deputation of eminent personages reached the deck of the *Cadmus* and paid their respects to America's illustrious visitor—whose tears fell like rain as he received their unexpected congratulations, and learned of the plan for his public reception the next morning.

"The corporation of the city, the Chamber of Commerce, the Society of the Cincinnati, the officers of the army and navy, and a crowd of enthusiastic foreigners, the next day assembled on Staten Island to meet and escort La Fayette to New York. The naval procession was one of exceptional interest and great beauty. The guns from the shore were answered from Fort La Fayette, and all the forts and vessels in the harbor. The hero was received at Castle Garden, which had been duly prepared for the reception, and with bared head he drove up in a

The Growth of the City.

carriage and four, through Broadway, amid the shouts of the multitude. His stay in New York was one perpetual ovation; honors and entertainments were poured upon him, to which he replied with the warmest expressions of gratitude. He departed from the city on his famous tour through the country on the 20th. Everywhere he was received as the guest of the whole nation, and rode with his head uncovered, acknowledging the perpetual huzzas of the populaces of the several towns and cities, with bows. Fêtes, and entertainments of every description, were showered upon him."—*Mrs. Lamb.*

My grandfather accompanied him on many occasions, and his family attributed his decay of health to the great strain put upon him on these occasions. The year 1825 dawned upon a nation in anxiety; the Presidential contest absorbed all parties, and it had been long foreseen that a choice would be of the greatest and most obstinate difficulty, although no bitter animosity, as in former days, was shown. Stephen Van Rensselaer, the Patroon, had the honor, by giving the casting vote, of determining the election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency of the nation.

Mr. Bayard lingered through this year of excitement, and died in 1826, aged sixty-five years. I insert some notices among many, published at that time. "It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of William Bayard, Esq. He expired last

Ancestral Sketches.

evening at his country-seat in Westchester, after a lingering illness of many months. He has for a long series of years been one of our most honored citizens and most eminent merchants, and will be long remembered for his many excellent qualities. Distinguished alike for his public spirit and his private virtues, he has for many years been endeared to all who had the happiness of his acquaintance and friendship. His hand was ever 'open as the day, to melting charity,' and few have closed lives so useful, or left behind them characters so unspotted, and in all respects so free from reproach."—*Commercial Advertiser*, Sept. 19, 1826.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Evening Post*.

"SIR:—When men eminent for services in public stations breathe their last, public testimonials of sorrow and respect follow them to their graves, and why should not services of another and more heart-touching character, call forth similar demonstrations for those who have been distinguished for all those charities that adorn our nature, and who have sustained for a long course of years a well-merited reputation for integrity, urbanity, and general usefulness?

"This idea is suggested by the report with which the city is filled, of the death of Mr. William Bayard. This gentleman has long been considered as a model of mercantile integrity and correctness. He has

The Growth of the City.

been at the head of many of our most valuable charitable institutions, and has given a rare example of industry and perseverance in honorable enterprises; he was a merchant whose business was conducted with the strictest probity, and yet on the most liberal scale. Such men are rare, and when they are removed, it is fit that a community like ours should show by some extraordinary mark of respect, the estimation in which they were held! I think our merchants should meet in a body at the Exchange, or some other public place of mercantile resort, and accompany his remains to the grave, and that the Chamber of Commerce, and other bodies over which he presided, should give some corporate testimonial to his memory. These ideas are from one who has been taught from his youth to venerate the name of William Bayard, although in nowise connected with him, and are submitted to you as likely to induce you to give some similar suggestions through the medium of the Press."

New York Chamber of Commerce.

The members of this Corporation are invited to attend the funeral of William Bayard, Esq., from his late residence, No. 6 State Street, to-morrow afternoon at five o'clock, as a tribute of respect to the virtues and character of their late esteemed President.

By order of

ROBERT LENOX, *Vice-President.*

JOHN PINTARD, *Secretary.*

Ancestral Sketches.

Bank for Savings, and many others.

The Trustees of this Institution are likewise invited to attend the funeral of their late respected President, at the same place and hour.

September 19, 1826.

He was buried from Trinity Church, and laid to rest in the family burying-place in that Church-yard. A large concourse of warm, devotedly attached friends, attended his funeral. William Bayard left two sons, and three daughters,—William Bayard, who died 1875; and Robert Bayard, who died 1877; Harriet, the wife of Stephen Van Rensselaer, Jr.; Maria, the wife of Duncan P. Campbell, and Justine, the wife of General Joseph Blackwell. The Bayard name of the Nicholas branch is now extinct—the last of *General John* Bayard's branch in England, Colonel Edward Leopold Bayard, also dying in the same year (1877).

GOVERNOR-GENERAL
SAMUEL VETCH, OF NOVA
SCOTIA.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL SAMUEL VETCH, OF NOVA SCOTIA.

BEFORE giving the sketch of Governor-General Vetch, proper mention must be made of his mother, Mrs. William Vetch, one of the celebrated "Ladies of the Covenant," drawn chiefly from her own diary, and from the memoirs of her husband, Rev. William Vetch, written by himself. In the reign of Charles II. the fidelity of the Presbyterians (non-conformists, as they were termed) was put to a more severe test than it ever had been before. But this fiery ordeal, the faith, the devotedness, and the heroism of the pious women of Scotland, stood. We find them in every station of life maintaining their fidelity to their conscientious convictions, in the midst of sufferings the most severe. With the ejected ministers they deeply sympathized; and women of all the ranks of life—the Baronesses, the Countesses, the Marchionesses of the day—evinced, with those of the lower classes, the deep concern they felt, and encouraged their husbands and sons to stand by their Church in her struggles for freedom, regardless of the threats and tyranny of those in power. The zeal with which

Ancestral Sketches.

the Marchionesses of Hamilton and Argyle, and Ladies Boyd and Culross maintained the good cause, appears from the brief notices of their lives which have been transmitted to our times, and to these might be added the names of many other ladies in high life. Never, indeed, did a severer period of trial pass over the Church of Scotland, than during this persecution, lasting for nearly a whole generation.

Marion Fairlie, the subject of this sketch, "who," as the editor of her diary well observes, "endured an amount of domestic affliction and vexatious persecution, in many cases more trying than martyrdom itself," was born in 1638, a year famous in the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. Her father was descended from an ancient family of the house of Braid, near Edinburgh. "She early acquired that deep sense of the things of God which she exemplified to the close of a long life." On the 23d of November, 1664, she was united in marriage to Rev. William Vetch, son of Mr. John Vetch, the non-conforming ejected minister of Robertson. Mr. Vetch had been for some time chaplain to Sir Hugh Campbell, of Calder, but being hostile to prelacy, was not allowed by the Bishop of the diocese to retain that position. He accordingly went South, and, staying some time with his father at Lanark, became acquainted with the young lady whom he soon married. Her friends endeavored, but without success, to dis-

Mrs. Vetch.

suade her from the marriage, urging, among other reasons, the worldly straits to which, from the discouraging aspect of the times, she might be reduced, but she resolved to trust in God's promises for all needful temporal blessings, and said, "These promises were remarkably made good to me, in all the many places of my sojourning in diverse kingdoms, which I here mention for the encouragement of others." Scarcely two years after her marriage, the storm of persecution burst upon her and Mr. Vetch, separating them from each other, and ultimately forcing them to seek refuge in England. Mr. Vetch, who was a bold and daring man, was prevailed upon by the minister of Irongray and others, who came to his house at the Westhills of Dunsyre, to join with that party of the Covenanters, who, provoked by the cruel conduct of Sir James Turner, rose in arms, and were defeated by the King's forces at Pentland-hills in 1666. This was the origin of the multiplied dangers to which they were subjected during a series of many years. Mrs. Vetch had no scruples of conscience as to the propriety of the appeal which the Covenanters, in this instance, made to arms; she at least wished them all success.

On the night of the defeat she was entertaining several of the officers who had fled to her house for refuge, and weeping lest her husband, of whose fate they could not inform her, should have been killed. On that same night, Mr. Vetch made his escape, and

Ancestral Sketches.

came to a herdsman's house in Dunsyre common, within a mile of his own house, sending his horse home to his own stable, and desiring the herdsman to inform Mrs. Vetch of his safety. He lurked several days thereabout, and at last retired into England. Two days after the battle Mrs. Vetch was thrown into alarm by a party of Dalziel's troop, which that General, on learning where Mr. Vetch resided, had sent to his house to search for him; but to her great comfort, he was not to be found, though in the near neighborhood, and escaped falling into their hands. It was gratifying to them that the troopers did not get his fine horse, the servant having led him out to the moor. Mrs. Vetch was often greatly annoyed by parties of soldiers who came to her house to search for her husband, and on such occasions it was usual for a party of them to surround the house to prevent his escape, should he be within. They ordinarily paid their unwelcome visits during the night, and at whatever hour they came, they rudely commanded her to rise and open the doors, threatening that they would otherwise force an entrance. Hearing of the harassing annoyances to which his wife was subjected, Mr. Vetch, dangerous as it was, came from Newcastle to see his family, and advised her to give up the farm and take up her residence in Edinburgh. In compliance with his desire, she lived with her children in the capital for several years. In 1672 they joined Mr. Vetch in England, who had

Mrs. Vetch.

been prevailed upon by the non-conformist residents of Reedsdale, in Northumberland, to give them the benefit of his stated ministry. Her two sons, William and Samuel, she took with her. In those days, when no better means of travelling were adopted, it was the custom to convey children in *creeks* upon horseback, and by this slow and inconvenient mode of travelling she took her two boys to their new residence. They were often obliged to change their place of abode, and were subjected to various trials and indignities. At one time, a Mr. Bell, whose fate we will mention hereafter, came with some men to apprehend Mr. Vetch, who was holding a meeting in his own house. One of the justices of this party came to the front gate, while another appeared at the back gate. They rudely broke into the house, and, with pistols loaded, searched for the object of their hatred. Baffled in their attempts to find him, concealed as he was in the lining of a large window, which had been prepared for the purpose, they left, advising Mrs. Vetch to allow her husband to preach only to herself and her children. . . . Shortly after this, when Mr. Vetch had been removed to Edinburgh, the Mr. Bell before alluded to, one of the most virulent of his persecutors, met with his death under very appalling circumstances. When he heard of Mr. Vetch's apprehension, he said: "This night he will reach Edinburgh, and be hanged to-morrow, according to his deserts, for how could such a rebel as he

Ancestral Sketches.

expect to escape the just judgments of God." On returning from Newcastle, he stopped at Pontilland, and continued drinking there until about ten o'clock at night. The curate, with whom he was, urged him as the night was dark and stormy, and the river Pont, which he had to cross, was much swollen, to remain until the next day, and, to detain him, took his watch from him and locked up his horse in the stable. But, as if impelled to his fate, he would not be persuaded, and getting his horse, proceeded on his journey. Two days after, he was found, standing dead, up to his arm-pits in the river Pont, near the side of it, the violence of the frost having frozen him in; his hat and gloves were on, and his boots were much worn from his struggles to free himself. "The whole country about [writes Mrs. Vetch, in her diary], was astonished at this dispensation, and often said to me there would be no more trouble to my husband again, but I bless the Lord I was not in the least lifted up with it."

Another attempt to secure her husband proved more successful in 1689. Major Oglethorpe, with his dragoons from Morpeth, arrived early in the morning, and, without awaiting an answer to his summons, he instantly broke in pieces the window, but finding iron bars in his way, broke into the hall door, and, getting candles lighted, apprehended Mr. Vetch, and carried him prisoner to Morpeth jail, where he was detained some time. During the time that this scene

Mrs. Vetch.

was enacting, Mrs. Vetch, though not free from alarm, yet persuaded that man could do nothing against them but what God permitted, conducted herself with a degree of composure which even surprised the rude and heartless soldiery. Her husband was soon removed from Morpeth to Scotland, and when he was lying a prisoner in the Talbooth of Edinburgh, she set out with a heavy heart through a heavy storm of snow, in compliance with a letter she had received from him, leaving her children behind her.

Within a few days of her arrival, an order came from the King, to hand him over to the Judiciary Court, that intimation might be made to him of the sentence of death and high treason, which had been pronounced against him in his absence, near twelve years before. This threw her into a state of great agitation of mind, for Providence now seemed to contradict the assurance she thought she had received from God, that her husband's life would be preserved. But by faith and prayer, her fears were gradually allayed, nor were her hopes disappointed. About the close of July, Mr. Vetch was liberated by virtue of the King's pardon, indulgence, and indemnity. This sore trial had ended, but owing to Mr. Vetch's forfeiture, and to their repeated removals from one place to another, occasioned by the Prelates and their emissaries, they were obliged to borrow large sums from their friends, and, in addition to her other vir-

Ancestral Sketches.

tues, Mrs. Vetch was distinguished for her kind-hearted hospitality, and her house, both during the period of her residence in Scotland and England, was a resting-place for the wandering and weather-beaten of Christ's flock. Among those who betook themselves for shelter to her hospitality, was the Earl of Argyle, who suffered in 1685. At the close of December, 1681, that nobleman, having on the 20th of that month escaped from the Castle of Edinburgh, where he lay imprisoned, under sentence of death, directed his course to Stantonhall, with the view of being conducted on his way to London by Mr. Vetch, whose fidelity, shrewdness, and intrepidity particularly recommended him for such a service. On Argyle's arrival, he was from home, and his wife sent some of her servants or friends about the country in search of him; and on his return urged him to do his best in conducting their noble friend in safety to London. While in London a scheme for planting a Scottish colony in Carolina was started, where they could enjoy, without disturbance, that civil and religious freedom which was denied them in their native land. "I thought," she adds, "in my old days—now in the forty-fourth year of my age—I would have no heart for such a voyage, for if I went there, I would hang my harp upon the willows, when I remembered Scotland, but if it was God's will I would go." Obstacles were thrown, however, in the way of this plantation. A discovery of the "Rye-house Plot,"

Samuel Vetch.

in which her husband had been concerned when in London, having been made, a force came to the house to seize him. He narrowly escaped, and, after hiding himself for several weeks, succeeded in getting over to Holland, where, soon after, the two eldest sons, Samuel and William, joined him.*

SAMUEL VETCH was born on the 9th of December, 1668, at Edinburgh. His mother had devoted him and his brother William to the Christian ministry, and sent them to Holland to prosecute their studies at the University of Utrecht; but both the young men expressed their decided preference for the military profession, and when the war with France broke out, they served with the army in Flanders, "and learned to swear"—allegiance to their sovereigns. Meanwhile, a considerable number of English and Scotch refugees in Holland were forming a scheme for overthrowing the government of James II., who, since the death of Charles II., had ascended the English throne, and was resolutely bent upon establishing absolute power in the State, and popery in the Church. The Duke of Monmouth was to invade England, and the Earl of Argyle, Scotland; but the ill-conducted undertaking proved unsuccessful—the Earl of Argyle was taken on the 17th June, 1685, and executed on the 30th of that month. The Duke of Monmouth was taken on the 8th July, 1685, and executed on the 15th of that month.

* Appendix VI.

Ancestral Sketches.

SAMUEL VETCH, GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Samuel Vetch was a born soldier. Bred in the midst of alarms, with his inherited nature from both parents, how could it have been otherwise? He won his way to fame and honor, as all records of him prove; and died wept and honored, at over ninety years of age, in London. His pious mother had designed him for the Church, and had sent him with his brother to Holland to pursue their studies at the University of Utrecht. Both brothers, however, preferred a military profession, and enlisted in the army then serving in Flanders. James II. had succeeded his brother Charles II. in England, but in exile the "Non-conformists" continued to watch over the State affairs in "sorry Scotland," and discovered in William, Prince of Orange, of whose character they entertained the highest admiration, the future deliverer of their country. James II.'s scheme of toleration for *Dissenters* was, under the disguise of benefiting them, to afford relief to Papists, and ultimately to pave the way for the establishment of popery. Happily, the Protestant Prince of Orange's undertaking was crowned with success. In England all parties rallied round him—a very merciful providence for Scotland, which, wasted by a persecution of twenty-eight years, was now lying under the iron wheel of despotism, crushed in spirit and hopeless of deliverance. "But England, in saving herself, saved Scotland." The brothers Vetch went over with Wil-

Samuel Vetch.

liam of Orange in 1688, who was called to fill the throne of James II.—a revolution which, by more narrowly circumscribing, and more exactly defining the prerogatives of the Crown, conferred upon the subjects a degree of liberty they had never before enjoyed; overthrew prelacy in Scotland, and ended the sufferings of these martyrs for conscience' sake. Young Samuel Vetch, full of fire and enthusiasm, devoted his life to duty—meeting reward in the confidence of the kings and queens, to whose service he devoted that life. William Vetch, his brother, held also a commission under William of Orange, and afterward, in 1699, was a lieutenant in Angus's, or the Cameronian regiment, and was severely wounded at the battle of Steinkirk. He was shot through the left cheek, an inch below the eye, and the ball fell into his mouth. The two brothers went out as Captains of the forces of the Scottish colony, which was intended to settle the Isthmus of Darien, but the settlement came to a disastrous termination. Captain William died at sea, on his way home.*

* "General Samuel Vetch was born in Edinburgh on the 9th December, 1668. Was Councillor in the Scotch settlement at Darien in the year 1698. Removed to New York. Traded with Indians. In 1705, Commissioner to Quebec, with proposals for a treaty between Canada and New England. Imprisoned in Boston and fined £200. Visited England in 1708. Proposed the seizure of Canada. Was bearer of the Queen's instructions for the expedition, which he laid before the Government and Council in 1709. He retired to Rhode Island. In 1710 he was sent as Adjutant-General in the expedition against Port Royal, and was made its Governor after its capture. Afterward returned to England."—*Dictionary of American Biography*. By F. S. DRAKE.

Ancestral Sketches.

I have before me, as I write, Governor Vetch's many commissions and instructions, which are full of interest to those who care for such matters. His papers and private journal are clear and distinct, as if written yesterday. Later papers have been sent to me, which prove the utter falsity and inaccuracy of a garbled sketch of him prepared lately in a malignant spirit, seemingly. In the very book from which he pretends to quote, a severe denunciation escaped this master-mind of wisdom "against any person who should meddle with his private records." It is clear and legible to all eyes, and was duly signed and sealed.

The *First* parchment I have, is: "Given under our Royall Hand and Signet, at our Court of Hampton, the 7th day of August, 1689, and of our Reigne the first year," appointing Samuel Vetch *Cornett* of Captaine John Hume, of Ninewells, his Troupe in that our Regiment of Dragoons, in our Ancient Kingdome of Scotland.

(Signed), WILLIAM R.

The *Second*:

William and Mary. By the grace of God, King and Queen of Scotland, England, France and Ireland, Defenders of the faith, etc. To our trusty and well beloved Samuel Vetch, greeting we doe by these presents, nominate and appoynt you to be *Captain-Lieutenant* of our Right Trusty and well beloved John, Lord Lindsay, his own company. In that our

Samuel Vetch.

Regiment of foot in our Ancient Kingdome of Scotland, whereof he is also Collonell. You are therefor carefully and dilligently to discharge the duty of Captain-Lieutenant of the Said Company. By exercising the same in armes both to your inferir Officers and Soldiers, and keeping them in good order and discipline. And we doe require them to obey you as their Captain-Lieutenant. And yourself Lykewise exactly to observe and follow all such orders, directions, and Commands As you shall from time to time receive from Us, our privy Counsell of that our Kingdome, or the Commander in Chief of our forces there now, for the tyme being, your Col-lonell and Captain or any other your Superior officer, According to the rules and discipline of warr. In pursuance of the trust hereby reposed in you. Given under our Royall hand and Signet At our court att Kensingtoun the 15th day of ffebruary, 1693⁴, and of our reign the 5th year.

(Signed), WILLIAM R.

The Third:

Anne by the Grace of God Queen of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the Faith, To our trusty and well beloved Samuel Vetch, Esq^e., Greeting. We reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage, and good Conduct, do by these Presents, Constitute and appoint you to be *Captain* of our Independent Company in our Garrison at Placentia in Newfoundland. You are there-

fore to take the said Company into your care and charge, and duly to Exercise as well the Officers as Soldiers thereof in Arms, and to use your best endeavours to keep them in good order and discipline, and Wee do hereby Command them to obey you as their Captain, and you to observe and follow such Orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from Us, the General and Commander in Chief of Our Forces in Newfoundland for the time being, or any other your Superior Officer, according to the Rules and Discipline of Warr, in pursuance of the trust Wee hereby repose in you. Given at our Court of St. James, the Second Day of April, 1713, in the Twelfth year of our Reign.

(Signed), ANNE R.

The Fourth :

Anne, by the Grace of God, Queen of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., To our Trusty and Well-beloved Samuel Vetch, Esq^e, greeting : We, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Experience and Courage, Do, by these Presents, constitute and appoint you to be *Adjutant-General* of all our fforces, employed or to be employed, in Our Service ; You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the Duty of Adjutant-General, by doing and performing all and all manner of things thereunto belonging ; And we hereby command all our Officers and Soldiers of our said fforces whom it may concern, to acknowledge and obey you

Samuel Vetch.

as Adjutant-General, and you to observe— (The rest of the document and the date obliterated and worn off, but the signature distinct).

(Signed), ANNE R.

The Fifth :

George, by the Grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., To our Trusty and Well-beloved Samuel Vetch, Esq., greeting : We, reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and Faithfulness, Do, by these Presents, constitute and appoint you *Governor of our Province of Nova Scotia, or Acadia in North America, and of our Town and Garrison of Anapolis-Royall, within our said Province.* You are therefore to take our said Province, Town, and Garrison into your care and charge, and diligently to discharge the Duty of Governor by doing and performing all and all manner of things thereunto belonging ; and we do hereby command all our Officers and Subjects within our Province, Town, and Garrison, to obey you as the Governor of the same. And you are to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time, as you shall receive from Us, in pursuance of the Trust we hereby repose in you. Given at our Court of St. James, the Twentieth Day of January, 1714-5. In the First Year of our Reign.

(Signed), GEORGE R.

“The short administration of Governor Ingolsby as Governor of New York was distinguished by an

Ancestral Sketches.

attempt to drive the French out of Canada. Such an enterprise had been long and earnestly desired by New York, but the want of harmony among the Colonies, and the backwardness of England, had thus far stood effectually in the way. Colonel Vetch, the son-in-law of Robert Livingston, finally brought the project to a crisis. He had some years before visited Quebec, and he had sounded the St. Lawrence River, so that he now was prepared to lay intelligent plans. The English ministry consented, on Colonel Vetch's application to Queen Anne, and promised to send a large fleet to aid the Colonists. Colonel Vetch returned from England to Boston, and soon prevailed upon the New England Colonies to join in the scheme. He then visited New York, and perfected the arrangements. Nicholson, the former Lieutenant-Governor, was '*elected*' Commander-in-Chief. Peter Schuyler went among the Iroquois, and persuaded them to take up the hatchet once more against the French. The Indian savages had been for some time maintaining a neutral ground between the two fighting nations, England and France, having entered into a treaty with the latter. The near prospect of getting rid of a troublesome and merciless foe to the North, filled every heart with joy. Commissioners of all kinds were appointed—the greatest activity prevailed, and all things were in readiness. New York had spent £20,000. The army set out in fine spirits, and marched through the wilderness to

Samuel Vetch.

Lake Champlain. The Indians were under the command of Peter Schuyler, their friend, in whom they always trusted, and all waited for the news of the British fleet which was to come to their assistance. The fleet never came. The disappointment was overwhelming. They waited for weeks. It seems that there had been a great defeat of the Portuguese, and the troops destined for Canada had been sent to their relief. But the news did not reach Vetch, Schuyler, and Nicholson, where they were camping in the woods and swamps, until September, and then the disgusted soldiers were sent home. Schuyler deplored the failure of the expedition—he believed in the necessity of sharp measures against the French—and finally resolved to go to England and lay the subject before the Lords of Trade. To make his mission more effective, he took with him, at his own expense, five Indian chiefs. The whole Kingdom was stirred with curiosity and enthusiasm. The theatres and other places of amusement were thrown open to amuse them. The Guards were reviewed in Hyde Park for their especial benefit. Queen Anne received them with the usual ceremonies, and the chief orator among them made a speech to the effect that the reduction of Canada was absolutely necessary to their free hunting, and that if the Great Queen was not mindful of her children of the forest, they would be obliged to forsake her country for other habitations. At the close of the interview, they pre-

Ancestral Sketches.

sented the Queen with a belt of wampum. Schuyler's protestations, with the presence of the Indians arrayed in their striking costumes, moved the nation to promise to send an expedition against Canada."—*Mrs. Lamb.*

"The expedition for the capture of Nova Scotia sailed from Boston Bay on 18th September, 1710, and after some fighting, Port Royal capitulated on the 29th. The other stations subsequently gave in their adhesion to the British Government, and at the treaty between France and England in 1713, Nova Scotia was finally added to the latter power, and the name of Port Royal changed to Annapolis Royal, in honour of Queen Anne, who made it a seat of government, and named a council of the principal inhabitants for the management of the civil affairs of the Province. In 1714 Colonel Samuel Vetch was made Governor of Nova Scotia by George I. From that period to 1749, Nova Scotia was neglected by England, but the crafty designs of the French to acquire by fraud what they could not obtain by force, drew the attention of the British public to the importance of their conquest, and offers of grants of land were made, and Halifax was soon erected by the new emigrants."—*History of Nova Scotia, by R. Montgomery Martin.*

"The structures built in Halifax by the Duke of Kent when the Commander-in-chief there, do honor to his taste and judgment. The harbor which he

Samuel Vetch.

superintended has not a superior in any part of the world, and stands as a trophy of the late Duke's scientific skill. The dock-yard is one of the finest out of England."—*R. Montgomery Martin.*

"The best of Nova Scotia is that part called Acadia (afterward Annapolis Royal, in honor of Queen Anne, by Governor Vetch), where a number of French had settled as early as 1664. Soon after, 1749, perceiving the encroachments of the English upon them, they determined to remove to Canada, rather than run the risk of having their religion, to which they were devotedly attached, attacked, and their priests insulted, and themselves contaminated by intercourse with heretics. But the English, getting notice of their designs, seized upon those who had not yet gone, embarked them upon their ships, and transported them to the different parts of their English colonies, where the greater part died of vexation and grief."—*L'Abbé de Robine.*

This was some years after Governor Vetch had returned from Nova Scotia. He had applied for the Governorship of Virginia (as Dean Swift had before him), the harsh climate of North America not suiting his family. His early Scotch predilections had soon brought him into the intimate acquaintance of the Livingston family, Robert Livingston, the son of his father's early friend, having taken up his abode here, and the joint sufferings of the two families in Scotland, seemed a natural bond of union be-

Ancestral Sketches.

tween them in a foreign land. In another sense, it turned out so. Robert Livingston had attained wealth and importance, and his marriage with the young widow of Nicolaïis Van Rensselaer, with her rich dower, had augmented his fortune. I transcribe from a fly-leaf, copied from his old Bible: "I, Robert Livingston, First Lord of the Manor." "On the 20th of December, 1700, my eldest daughter Margaret was married to Captain Samuel Vetch. The Lord give her His blessing and eternal peace. She was born December 5th, 1681." We have amongst us, a fine portrait of Governor Vetch, in his steel armor, by Sir Peter Lely. Another one, by some American artist, of his wife and the little Alida, their only child, in her lap. The brave old Governor's portrait is a very fine one, with his soldierly-erect figure, and his handsome face, embrowned by exposure in the requirements of his military life. A red scarf relieves the stiffness of the steel armor, and is thrown across his breast to support his left arm, which possibly may have been wounded. With the exception of the ugly wig of Charles II.'s time, it is a superb artistic effort.

And now mention comes in of our ancestress, Alida Vetch, the daughter of Governor Vetch, and the wife of Stephen Bayard, the mother of the *Tories*, Colonel William and Major Robert Bayard, who went to England, dying there at advanced ages in the years 1805 and 1815. Governor Vetch, after the death of his

Rev. John Livingstone, of Ancrum.

wife and daughter, and son-in-law, (will proved 1757,) went to England, where he died at a very old age, before his grandsons sought a home there. For four generations his memory has been perpetuated, and his name has been borne with honor and distinction to this day, by several of his descendants. (That weighty article in a late "Review"! That bringing up Aspasia and Ninon de l'Enclos to give weight to it! What had they to do with Governor Vetch? or his times? or anything that concerned him? This seemed to be the last weight upon the poor camel's back, and two of the editors, I hear, retired after it was inserted. I fear that it was too weighty for them, or perhaps that *the charm* alluded to, had commenced its work.) Proud, noble old ancestor, *Requiescat!*

REV. JOHN LIVINGSTONE, OF ANCRUM.

Some account must be given of the Rev. beloved "non-such Mr. Livingstone," so celebrated in the history of the Scotch Covenanters, who, in his "Life of Himself," leaves the most interesting records of the persecutions of his times, in the cause of civil and religious liberty. The marriage of his eldest granddaughter in America, with General Vetch, and the circumstance of the Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer (the Patroon), being the grandson of his eldest grandson, Philip Livingston, the first signer of the "Declaration of Independence," must not be overlooked in these biographical sketches.

Ancestral Sketches.

“The experience of this noble man (Rev. John Livingstone) is coëxistent with that of the Vetch family, and the hardships they endured were shared together, both contending at the same era against the attempts of James VI. of Scotland, and Charles II. of England, to establish Prelacy in their kingdoms.* Mr. Livingstone was, when a young man, the Chaplain to Lady Culross, one of those brave women who took her place among those who resisted the attempts made to wrest from the Church her own force and independent jurisdiction, and force it under the entire control of the Crown. In his ‘Memorable Characteristics,’ Livingstone has given her a place among the ‘professors of the Church of Scotland, who were eminent for graces and gifts,’ and the fruits of Mr. Livingstone’s ministry served to increase the high estimation in which Lady Culross and many others held him. One of the principal places which they frequented for enjoying the Sacrament of the Lord’s Supper, was Lanark, the minister of which parish was Mr. William Livingstone, the father of this celebrated John Livingstone, afterward of Ancrum, ‘whose love of learning and piety and suavity of manners were remarkable, and won for him universal regard.’ It was not usual, it seems, in those times, to have any sermon on the Monday after dispensing the Lord’s Supper, but God had given so much of His gracious presence on the foregoing days of that solemnity, that

* Appendix VI.

Rev. John Livingstone, of Ancrum.

the desire for a sermon became very general. Mr. John Livingstone being then chaplain to the Countess of Wigtonne, though at that time not an ordained minister, was, with very much ado, prevailed on to think of giving the sermon."

From the "Life of Himself" we extract: "The only day in all my life, wherein I found most of the presence of God in preaching, was on a Monday after the communion, preaching in the church-yard of Shotts, June 21, 1630. The night before I had been in company with some Christians, who spent the time in prayer and conference. When I was alone in the fields, about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, before we were to go to sermon, there came such a misgiving of spirit upon me, considering my unworthiness and weakness, and the multitude and expectation of the people, that I was consulting with myself to have stolen away somewhere and declined that day's preaching, but then I thought I durst not so far distrust God; and so went to sermon, and got good assistance, about one hour and a half, upon the points which I had meditated on, Ezekiel xxxvi. 25, 26. And in the end, offering to close with some words of exhortation, I was led on about an hour's time, in a strain of exhortation and warning, with such liberty and melting of heart as I never had the like in public all my life-time. Some little of that stamp remained on the Thursday after, when I preached in Kilmarnock; but the very Monday following, in

Ancestral Sketches.

Irvine, when I was preaching, I was so deserted, that the points meditated and written, and which I had fully in my memory, I was not for my heart able to get them pronounced ; so it pleased the Lord to counterbalance His dealings, and to hide pride from man. This so discouraged me that I was resolved for some time not to preach, but they would not suffer me to leave Irvine till I preached the next Sabbath, to get (as they expressed it) *amends of the Devil*. I stayed and preached with tolerable freedom." And such was the effect that, as Mr. Flemming observes in his "Fulfilling of the Scriptures," "near five hundred had at that time a discernible change wrought on them, of whom most proved lively Christians afterward." "It was the sowing of a seed through Clydesdale, so as many of the most eminent Christians in that country date their conversion from that day." It may not be uninteresting to quote some notice respecting this communion, given by Wodrow, the famed historian of Scotland. Of the day of the preaching at the Kirk of Shotts also, he says, April 24, 1710 : "This day being at Shotts, and discoursing with Mr. Law, the minister, he tells me that the sermon was in the west end of the church-yard. Another should have preached, but he felt indisposed, and that he heard that the first sensible motion among the people was this : In the time of Mr. Livingstone's sermon there was a soft shower of rain, and when the people began to *stickle* about, he said to this purpose, 'What a

Rev. John Livingstone, of Ancrum.

mercy is it that the Lord sifts the rain through these heavens on us, and does not rain down fire and brimstone, as He did upon Sodom and Gomorrah.'” He further adds: “That he afterward discovered Mr. Livingstone in Holland, and conversing upon this communion, he told him that he was such a stranger to all the ministers there, that he thought to escape, and added, ‘Brother, when you are strongly pressed to say anything you have not premeditated, do not offer to stop it—you know not what God has to do with it.’” Wonderful statements are made of the power of his eloquence, and of the vast crowds that pressed upon him, to hear him preach. The account of the circumstances that led to his union with Miss Janet Fleming are so quaint and characteristic that I give them in his own words: “She had been recommended to me, and many had testified of her gracious disposition. For nine months I had been seeking direction of the Lord. I might have remained longer in darkness had not the Lord provided an occasion for our conference. On my way to meeting, I *foregathered* with her, and consulted with her anent the text of the discourse I was to preach. I found her conference so spiritual that my mind was much cleared, and I saw that it was the Lord’s will that I should marry her.” He thus records his marriage:

“In June, 1635, the Lord was graciously pleased to bless me with my wife, who, how well accomplished every way, and how faithful a yoke-fellow, I leave to

Ancestral Sketches.

the memory of others. She was, for personal endowments, beyond many of her equals." Occasionally he quotes her; he thought her "as wise as she was beautiful." Of his worldly affairs he says, "I never was rich, I never was poor, I once owed a small sum, but I was soon able to repay it." He admits that he was not covetous, but he was much troubled with "idle and wandering thoughts." His "Life, by Himself," is very odd and quaint; and copied from the Wodrow MSS. and his own "Characteristics," are often details of the times in which he lived, that would interest many. "I was from my infancy bred with *aversnes* from Episcopacie and ceremonies. While I was in the College of Glasgow, in the year 1619 or 1620, that kneeling as the communion was brought in there, I being with some two or three of the young men of the College, sett down among the people at the table, and Mr. James Law, the pretended Bishop of Glasgow, coming to celebrate the communion, he urged all the people to fall down and kneel. Some did so; we sat still. He came to us, telling us to kneel, or to depart. Somewhat, I spoke to him, but doe not perfectly remember what I said. It was to this purpose: 'That there was no warrant for kneeling, and for want of it, we ought not to be excommunicated from the table of the Lord.' He caused some of the people about us to rise, that we might remove, which we did."

"In 1649, Livingstone was one of the Commission

Rev. John Livingstone, of Ancrum.

sent by the Kirk, to go to Breda, and invite Charles II. to be King of Scotland. He administered the oath, 'when Charles swore fidelity to the holy league and government, which he soon broke, with as little scruple as he had made it.' After a busy, devoted life to his people at Ancrum, he was persecuted for non-conformity, and sentenced under pain of death to leave the Kingdom within three months. He took refuge in Rotterdam, where he was followed by his wife and children. Many of his old congregation settled around him, and he was for some years the head of a parish again. Twice he attempted to reach America, the last time narrowly escaping shipwreck, when he returned to die at Rotterdam in 1672, beloved as a man, and revered as a saint." "His wife and family returned to Scotland, where Mrs. Livingstone led a most adventurous life, as one of the celebrated 'Ladies of the Covenant.' We know something of his son, *Robert Livingstone's*, character from the records in his Bible, which is still in the possession of his family. He was the eldest son of the celebrated preacher at Ancrum, of Scotland. The first record in the Bible is in English: 'Robert Livingstone, his Bible, sent by his mother from Rotterdam.' Next follows the memorandum: 'This 17th January, 1689½, began to read from this Bible the seventh time in my family.' The entries of marriages, births, etc., are in Dutch. He records his own marriage in these words: 'Was wedded to my well-

Ancestral Sketches.

beloved help-mate, Alida Schuyler, widow of Dominic Nicolaüs Van Rensselaer, in the Presbyterian Church of Albany, America. May God be with us, and bless us." "His marriage with Alida, daughter of Philip, and sister of Peter Schuyler, and widow of Nicolaüs Van Rensselaer, connected him with the two most influential families of the Province." "Nicolaüs Van Rensselaer was in Holland when the exiled Charles II. was there, and instead of giving him *predictions*, as some have stated, gave him a large sum of money to assist him in his exigencies. Charles gave him a gold snuff-box, containing his portrait, set with brilliants, which is *said* to be in the family at the present time." When the King returned to England, the Dominic accompanied the Dutch ambassador Van Gogh to London, as chaplain to the embassy; and the King remembering his obligations to him, then gave him the snuff-box. After Van Gogh left London in 1665, because of the Dutch war, Van Rensselaer received Charles' license to preach in the Dutch Church at Westminster; was ordained a deacon in the English Church by the Bishop of Salisbury, and was appointed lecturer in St. Margaret's, Lothbury. He returned home, and married Alida, sister of Peter Schuyler. At his death, which soon occurred, the young widow married Robert Livingston. "Robert Livingston came to this country in 1674. He was a man to be remembered on his own account, independent of birth and connection; he

Rev. John Livingstone, of Ancrum.

was polished in his manners, but careless of giving pleasure and indifferent to giving pain; and withal, so icily impertinent at times as never to attain popularity. He was of infinite benefit to the colony, for his energy and activity set in motion many a wheel which otherwise would have been long in turning."—*Mrs. Lamb's History of New York.*

"Robert Livingston had three sons, Philip, Robert, and Gilbert. Among the grandsons of Philip, were *Philip*, one of the illustrious band of patriots who signed the 'Declaration of Independence,' and William, *L.L.D.*, for a series of years Governor of New Jersey, a man of warm piety, and distinguished for the great powers of his mind." Philip Livingston (2d), was the grandfather of Stephen Van Rensselaer (the Patroon), whose public and patriotic services and princely liberality in the promotion of science and religion are well known. (I give farther on a memorial of him intact, prepared by his intimate friend, Hon. D. D. Barnard).

"In 1774, *Philip Livingston* was appointed on the committee to prepare an address to the people of Great Britain. He was chosen a member of the first Congress, which met at Philadelphia. Re-elected in 1775, with full power to concert with delegates of other colonies upon such measures as should be judged effectual. On the 4th of July, 1776, affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence. On the 15th of July, 1776, chosen by Congress a

Ancestral Sketches.

member of the Board of Treasury, and in April following, a member of the Marine Committee. On the 13th of May, 1777, re-elected to Congress, and assisted in framing a Constitution for the State of New York, and chosen a Senator under it."

"Hostilities with Great Britain had now commenced in earnest; and it being supposed that the enemy would early seek the occupation of the City of New York, which was in a defenceless situation, many of the citizens deemed it prudent to remove their families, and Mr. Livingston went to Kingston. In October, 1777, he was re-elected to Congress, and took his seat in May, 1778, and devoted his whole faculties to the salvation of his country. A short time before his death he sold a portion of his estate to sustain the public credit. He expired at York, Penn., on the 12th of June, 1778."

"*William Livingston* died in 1789. Few of the great men of the Revolution were more truly of heroic mould, or had exerted a more salutary influence over the farming community."

"*John Henry Livingston*, the grandson of Gilbert, was the celebrated clergyman of the Dutch Church, and the descendant of the Rev. Divine of Ancrem, and upon whom his ancestor's mantle so worthily fell. He was a mature and accomplished theologian, and was greatly distinguished. Of his eminent advantages for study in foreign universities he had richly availed himself. With the Dutch,

Rev. John Livingstone, of Ancrum.

Greek, and Hebrew languages he was thoroughly acquainted, and once told a friend that while in Holland pursuing his studies, he used to dream in Latin." His eloquence was miraculous, and his courteous manners won all hearts. "While he was in Utrecht on one occasion, a number of devout persons had assembled for the purpose of comparing their views and exercises under the power of redeeming grace. After the throne of grace had been addressed, and a song of Zion sung, a person from Asia gave an account of the means of his conversion—then one from Africa, whose family was among the most respectable at the Cape of Good Hope, told how he was first made sensible of his guilt; and Mr. Livingstone, from America, followed next, and in a brief, eloquent statement told what the Lord had done for his soul; and after him the Countess of R——, from Europe, detailed her religious experiences—thus, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America were united in mutual sentiments of fervent love and Christian communion. He wrote: 'We testified these by singing at the close of our conference the seventy-second psalm. . . . I never experienced so much devotion in singing a psalm, nor did I ever obtain such peculiar confirmation in any other experiences, of the divine teaching and sanctifying grace.'

"Possessing a happy talent at conversation, he employed it, as he had opportunity, to magnify and commend the grace of the Redeemer; this he could do

Ancestral Sketches.

with an ease and dignity and solemnity that were truly admirable and peculiar to himself. He returned to his native country and was ordained and became a collegiate pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church of the City of New York in 1770, and attained great influence, and by his extreme suavity, more than any other man, contributed to the healing of divisions and securing peace in the church." "In 1810, he resigned his pastoral charge, after having continued to faithfully labor in it more than forty years. He died in 1825, without the least premonition, or the movement of a muscle, in the night-watches of 20th January, aged seventy-nine years."

GOVERNOR THOMAS FITCH,
COLONIAL GOVERNOR
OF
CONNECTICUT.

GOVERNOR THOMAS FITCH,

COLONIAL GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.

“CONNECTICUT, no less than other parts of New England, was settled with particular view to religion. With respect to their sentiments, and those of their followers, these refugees were *Puritans*. This was a name that was first obtained in the reign of Queen Elizabeth in 1564. It was given as a name of reproach, to distinguish and stigmatize those who did not conform to the liturgy, ceremonies, and discipline of the Church of England. Fuller says, ‘It was *improved* to abuse pious people, who endeavored to follow the minister with a pure heart, and labored for a life pure and holy.’ In the reign of James the First, those who were Calvinistic were termed *doctrinal* Puritans. It was used finally as a stigma for all Christians who were strict in morals, Calvinistic in sentiment, and unconformed to the liturgy of the Established Church. The first ministers in this Colony were strictly Calvinistic, though agreeing in doctrine with all the Protestant Reformed Churches. . . . Persecutions had arisen, and they resolved to leave

Ancestral Sketches.

England for a more tolerant country. The earliest reached Holland, 'that sanctuary of safety,' and embarked for America as soon as they could perfect their arrangements."—*Trumbull's History of Connecticut*.

"Delfthaven is a suburb of Rotterdam, and in sight of that harbor in which the *May-Flower* outfitted for its great enterprise, and of the old church in which the Puritans worshipped during their sojourn in Holland. The old church is said to have been (just as we have seen it to-day, 1882,) as it was in the Pilgrims' days. The Maas and the sea are in sight, into which the Puritans sailed. This is the harbor out of which the 'Pilgrim-fathers' departed for America. I tried to picture the scene, and the sympathizing Dutch burghers of the 17th century who watched the departure, and the quaint forms and devout faces of those heroes and heroines—those founders of a nation of national character and institutions, which have changed the very face of the civilized world. I looked seaward until the waters were lost in the horizon, and thought of the anxieties that must have filled that little company as the house-tops of Delfthaven, and the spires of this land of their refuge, faded out of sight, and their vessel's prow turned toward that unknown Western World."—*Rev. Dr. H. C. M'Cook*.

"These 'Fathers of Connecticut,' as to politics, were *Republicans*. They rejected with abhorrence

Governor Thomas Fitch.

the doctrines of the 'Divine right of Kings,' passive obedience, and non-resistance. With Sidney, Hampden, and other great writers, they believed that all civil power was originally in the people. Upon these principles they formed their civil constitutions. Many of the clergy who first came into the country had good estates, and assisted their poor brethren and parishioners in their straits in making new settlements. The people were then far more dependent on their ministers than they have been since. The clergy possessed a very great proportion of the literature of the Colony. They were the principal instructors of the young gentlemen. They had given a striking evidence of their self-denial in emigrating into this rough and distant country for the sake of religion, and were faithful and abundant in their labors. They were exiles and fellow-sufferers in a strange land. All circumstances combined to give them an uncommon influence over all ranks and characters. By their examples, counsels, exhortations, and money, these noble men made themselves most important and needful to all. In no government have the clergy had more influence, or been treated with more generosity and respect by the civil rulers and people in general, than in Connecticut."—*Trumbull's History of Connecticut.*

THE REGICIDES.

"Very soon after the 'Restoration' a large number of the Judges of King Charles the First, com-

Ancestral Sketches.

monly called 'Regicides,' were apprehended and brought to trial in the Old Baily. Thirty-nine were condemned, and ten executed as traitors. Colonels Whalley and Goffe made their escape to New England, and arrived in Boston in 1660. Governor Endicott, of Mass., and the gentlemen of character, generally treated them with kindness and respect. They both were gentlemen of singular abilities, and had moved in an exalted sphere. Whalley had been a Lieut.-General, and Goffe a Major-General in Cromwell's army." "Their manners were elegant, and their appearance grave and dignified. They soon reached New Haven, and the more the people became acquainted with them, the more were they esteemed there, not only as men of great minds, but of unfeigned piety and religion." "It was not long, however, before the news of the King's proclamation against all Regicides arrived, requiring that wherever they should be found they should be immediately apprehended. They removed to Milford, returning often at night privately to New Haven, and were generally secreted in Rev. Mr. Davenport's house. In the meantime the Governor of Massachusetts received a royal mandate to apprehend them. A feigned search had already been made in Massachusetts, but in consequence of this new mandate, the Governor and magistrates began to view the affair in a more serious light, and orders were given to search for these unhappy men; and two young Royalists

Governor Thomas Fitch.

went through the Colonies as far as the Manhadoes to find them." "They were very unwelcome messengers everywhere. All were touched with compassion and sympathy, and had real scruples of conscience with respect to delivering such men to certain death. They viewed them as of the excellent of the earth, and devised every excuse for delay and procrastination. The 'pursuivants' went into several houses, and into one where they actually were, but they were received with such composure and address that they left without making any search. It is said that at New Haven, when the pursuers passed the 'Neck-bridge,' the Judges were concealed under it. The Regicides took up their quarters in other places. For a short time they lived in the woods, and then in a cave which they called 'Providence Hill,' which was for some time the place of their residence, and when in dread of apprehension they always returned to their cave ; but to prevent any trouble to Mr. Davenport or the Colony, they once or more came into the town openly, and offered to deliver themselves up to save their friends. The magistrates were often blamed for not giving them up."—*Trumbull's History of Connecticut.*

"From their various retreats in the woods, the Regicides repaired to the house of a Mr. Tompkins in Milford. In this house they remained in the most perfect concealment for two years. They had a private room devoted to them, and did not so much as

Ancestral Sketches.

venture to walk out into the orchard. The Hon. Robert Treat, Benjamin Fenn, and the clergyman Roger Newton, were in the secret, often visited them, and afforded them such consolation and support as their forlorn situation demanded. The manly, sympathetic nature of Robert Treat needed only to know that they were friendless and sorrowful. A single grasp of his hand, a glance at his speaking countenance, was enough to assure them that their secrets were safely intrusted to his keeping." . . . "We are not to infer from the solitude and the dangers that all the time threatened the Regicides, that they were the victims of moping melancholy. On the other hand, though they behaved with a dignity worthy of their former position, they beguiled the time with pleasant conversation, and often with that cheerfulness that is so often allied so strangely at times to misery. During their stay at Milford, there was brought over from England a ballad written by some hare-brained cavalier rhymers, placing the Regicides in such a ludicrous light that a Loyalist might be excused for laughing, or a Puritan even for biting his lip at the recital of it. This ballad, a girl who was an inmate of Mr. Tompkins' family, or who was in the habit of visiting the house, had committed to memory and had learned to sing it, which she happened to do in the room above that occupied by the Judges. They were so amused by the song that they used often to beg their host to have it repeated by the young

Governor Thomas Fitch.

ladies of the family, who little knew what an interested auditory was accidentally provided for them. . . . In 1664, when it became known that commissioners were charged with their arrest, their friends were again alarmed for their safety, and it was thought best that they should leave Milford for some other place of concealment. They travelled only by night, and lay concealed during the day in some shady nook in the woods, where the murmuring of the water invited them to repose. These stopping-places they called 'Harbors'—one still retains the name of 'Pilgrims' Harbor,' at Meriden. They reached Hadley in safety, and were secreted in the house of Rev. John Russell, in a secret chamber, probably until they died. They kept a diary of the most minute events that transpired, probably more to amuse themselves than for any historical purpose. This journal was in the handwriting of Goffe. Indeed, his friend Whalley became infirm not long after his removal to Hadley, and from what I can glean from the tender expressions in regard to him that I find in Goffe's letters, I infer that he died in 1678."—*Hollister's History of Connecticut.*

"Colonel John Dixwell, of the Priory of Falkstone, in Kent, was possessed of a manor and several estates of value. He was one of the King's Judges also, in 1649. He was a member of Parliament. At the Restoration he left England, but what ministering angels took care of him are secrets that have passed

Ancestral Sketches.

into oblivion. From Goffe's last journal we learn that he visited his brother Regicides at Hadley in 1665. He died in 1689. I believe that these three sleep together, but I leave the antiquarian to settle this delicate question. I bid the Regicides adieu."—*Hollister's Connecticut.*

In 1646 *Rev. James Fitch*, a descendant of a proud English family, who had perfected his theological studies under the direction of the celebrated Hooker, was ordained pastor of a church at Saybrook, but eventually removed to Norwich, and the greater part of his church went with him in 1660, when he settled there. "Sir Thomas Fitch, his father, of Eltham, in Kent County, England, was created a Baronet by Charles I. of England, by Patent No. 905. He was a Judge of much distinction, and was mentioned as such by Sir William Blackstone.

"William Fitch, a descendant of Baron Fitch, was for some years a member of Parliament.

"Thomas Fitch, lineal descendant of Baron Fitch, died in Braintree, Essex County, England, leaving a widow and several sons, who came to this country between the years 1634 and 1638, having sold the family estate, which was situated at Birch, Essex County.

"*Thomas Fitch* arrived in 1639, and, with his brother Joseph, settled in Norwalk, Conn., were

Governor Thomas Fitch.

planters, and purchased a tract of land from the Indians by deed dated Feb. 15, 1651." "From *Thomas Fitch*, in a line of three generations, each bearing the same name, descended *Thomas Fitch*, for twelve years Colonial Governor of Connecticut."

"He held many positions of trust, and was Judge, Chief-Justice, Lieutenant-Governor, and Governor of the Colony, occupying a space of 46 years. He graduated at Yale College in 1721. Was an eloquent speaker, an accomplished scholar, able jurist, an elegant, accomplished, as well as a Christian gentleman. He was appointed by the General Assembly to revise and remodel the laws of Connecticut, which were considered by English jurists as the best code of Colonial laws that had ever been published. He held the pen of a ready writer, and his proclamations are considered fine specimens of State papers, the purity of language of which, our modern Governors would do well to imitate. This correspondence with the Governors of the State of New York, as will be seen by reference to the documentary and colonial history of the times in which he lived, was most ably conducted; and affixed, as a seal to most of his correspondence and State papers, is the coat of arms of his family."

Governor Fitch united the statesman with the man of thought. He was deeply interested in religious movements, but he tried to break down the ecclesiastical exclusiveness of the sects, which then predom-

Ancestral Sketches.

inated in his native State. This was the prominent feature of his later years, and he was honored and beloved for the courage and honesty with which he stood by his convictions. No thralldom equalled the power of those old Puritanic ideas, and the time had not come when one could set at nought such widespread influences. Governor Fitch was a true *patriot*, although holding office "under the Crown." When the Stamp Act was passed, the stamps were sent to Connecticut before New York, with strict orders to the Governor for their immediate distribution. The news spread like wildfire. General Putnam, at the head of an immense concourse, went to demand them, threatening, if they were not immediately delivered, that his house should be burned on the spot. The Governor, who was of majestic height and appearance, stepped bareheaded upon his balcony, and locking the door of his house, said, "Gentlemen, here is the key of my house, and the stamps are within it. I will *not* deliver one." After a parley with the crowd, General Putnam withdrew. Governor Fitch, without a word of concession, sent back to England every single stamp that had been sent to him. In the autumn of that year the Stamp Act was revoked. SAMUEL ROGERS was the Private Secretary of Governor Fitch. He was from Nova Scotia, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and his family well thought of in Canada. As a natural sequence he fell in love with the Governor's daughter. "Queen Elizabeth,"

Governor Thomas Fitch.

as she was called, was very proud and imperious. I have heard her called handsome ; if such was the case, her portrait, which I had for many years, did her injustice. She wearied, perhaps, of the long sermons—the “ Seventeenthly,” “ Lastly,” “ Finally,” and “ In conclusion”—or, perhaps, she had heard of the trial of Judith Verlet, “ Our Witch,” a hundred years before at Hartford, for “ Witchery”—or perhaps she preferred the Episcopal service—or, *perhaps*, she preferred her English lover ; at any rate, she married Samuel Rogers, and eventually went with him to St. John, New Brunswick, where she lived many years, all their property having been confiscated in the States, their hereditary home in Norwalk destroyed, and where Samuel Rogers, some years after, was, by a sad accident, drowned. She returned with her family, after peace was proclaimed between England and the United States. 1

Governor Fitch died in 1774. “ He filled the principal posts of Government in this colony by the free election of the people, in all of which he served his generation with wisdom and fidelity. . . . Soon after he was called to the principal seat of Government, it was a time of great distress. A cruel and sanguine war broke out with one of the most powerful nations of Europe, and with the heathen savages of the land, and this country became a principal seat of war. . . . We had wars and rumors of wars—and this colony in particular exerted itself to the utmost of its power

Ancestral Sketches.

year after year. But yet the Governor managed with so much prudence that the people persevered, until the God of armies was pleased to prosper the British arms and bring the war to a happy conclusion."—*Sermon by Mr. Dickinson.*

"After his '*dismission*' as Governor of the Colony, after the Stamp Act had put the whole country into confusion, he bore this event, which occasioned the greatest grief to a part of the colony, with calmness, and devoted himself to study and repose." In the funeral oration above quoted from, which I have, it is adduced against him that he had somewhat of a fondness for "Episcopacy." "For while he was connected with Yale College, that great revolution happened, when the rector, and one of the tutors, and two of the neighboring ministers, embraced the Episcopal persuasion, and went home to England for orders. It is not so much to be wondered at, therefore, if he had a favorable opinion of some of the doctrines that are propagated by some of the divines of that persuasion."

The intolerance of that age was extreme. After the "Forefathers'" times a new generation arose who had not imbibed the true spirit of their fathers, and contentions, disputes of all kind, and consequent divisions and "platforms," and "corruptions in doctrine," had taken the place of the once established belief. Arminianism, "Separates," Baptists, Congregationalism, Episcopacy, had all come up. Nothing

Governor Thomas Fitch.

could quite satisfy these "searchers after the truth." The great intellects of the age seemed unable to quiet the disturbances. Whitfield, Tennant, Dr. Bellamy, Jonathan Edwards, Davenport, etc., could not quell the storm. The *Great Revival* ensued, but all followed their own devices.

"In the year 1739 Rev. George Whitfield, a pious young clergyman of the Church of England, came over to America. He preached in all the churches, and people of all denominations flocked in crowds to hear him. He was invited to New York, and preached eight times in that place with great applause and effect. He preached at many places on his way to Philadelphia, and to Georgia, people following him by land, sometimes sixty miles, to hear him. At one place it was computed that his congregation consisted of not less than ten thousand hearers. . . . These reports reaching New England, there was a great desire to see and hear him." The following account of his character and preaching was given by a gentleman of eminence, and published at the time: "He is of a sprightly, cheerful temper; acts and moves with great agility and life. The endowments of his mind are very uncommon; his wit is quick and piercing, his imagination lively and florid. . . . He has a most ready memory, and I think speaks entirely without notes. He has a clear and musical voice, and a wonderful command of it; uses much gesture, but with great propriety. Every ac-

Ancestral Sketches.

cent of his voice, every motion of his body, speaks, and both are natural and unaffected. If his delivery is the product of art, it is certainly the perfection of it, for it is entirely concealed. He has a great mastery of words, but studies great plainness of speech. . . . His doctrine is right sterling; I mean perfectly agreeable to the Articles of the Church of England, to which he often appeals for the truth of it. He loudly proclaims all men by nature to be under sin, and obnoxious to the wrath of God. He asserts the '*Righteousness of Christ*' to be the only justification of the sinner, and that faith in this belief is the gift of God." A gentleman who, at first, had many scruples on his mind relative to him gives this account of his preaching and the effects of it: "Under this frame of mind I went to hear him in the evening at the Presbyterian church, where he expounded to above two thousand people within doors and without. I never in my life saw so attentive an audience. Mr. Whitfield spoke as one having authority. All he said was demonstration, life, and power. The people's eyes and ears hung on his lips. They greedily devoured every word. I came home astonished. I never heard or saw the like. Every scruple vanished, and I said within myself, surely God is with this man." "The evening upon which he preached his last lecture in New York thousands came together to hear him, but as the place was too strait for them, many were obliged to go away, and

Governor Thomas Fitch.

it was said with tears in their eyes, lamenting their disappointment." "He embarked at Charleston for New England, touched with a curiosity to see the descendants of the good old Puritans and their seats of learning, and arrived at Rhode Island September 14, 1740, preaching at all the towns on his way to Boston. It was supposed that his hearers at his last sermon, when he took leave of that town, were not less than twenty thousand." Wherever he went, pulpits and houses were opened to him, and the same influence and effects attended his preaching. When he arrived at Northampton he was joyfully received by Jonathan Edwards and his people. When he came to remind them of the great things God had done for them, "it was like putting fire to tinder; both minister and people were much moved; almost the whole assembly were in tears during a great part of his sermon," says the writer of Mr. Edwards' life. In December he arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, where he made the following remarks: "I have been enabled to preach one hundred and seventy-five times in public, besides exhorting frequently in private. I have travelled upward of eight hundred miles, and have gotten seven hundred pounds sterling for the Georgia orphans."—*Trumbull's Hist. of Connecticut.*

Soon errors and enthusiasm crept into the churches, and divisions followed in later years. In their religious conduct they were influenced rather by inward impressions than by the intimations of Providence.

Ancestral Sketches.

They paid a great regard to visions and trances. In these some would lie for hours, and on their coming to themselves, would tell of wonderful things they had seen in heaven and hell, and of such and such persons, if dead, who were in each place. Superstition was rampant. Everything impressed itself upon the imagination. . . . "Accounts of the uncommon noises in East Haddam" set the people almost wild. Rev. Mr. Hosmer gives an account of them: "As to the earthquakes, I have something considerable and awful to tell you. (They seem to have their origin among us.) I have been informed that before the English settlements there were great numbers of Indian inhabitants, and that it was a place where they worshipped the Devil. Also I was informed that many years past an old Indian was asked, What was the reason of the noises in this place? To which he replied that 'the Indian's God was very angry that the Englishman's God was come there.' Now, whether there be anything *diabolical* in these things I know not. . . . Whether it be fire or air distressed in the subterraneous caverns of the earth can not be known, for there is no eruption, no explosion perceptible but by sounds and tremors, which sometimes are very fearful and dreadful. I have myself heard eight or ten sounds successively, and imitating small arms, in the space of five minutes. . . . Sometimes we have heard them almost every day, and great numbers of them in the space of a year. . . . They

Governor Thomas Fitch.

have in a manner ceased since the great earthquake." A worthy gentleman gave the following account of them: "The awful noises of which Rev. Mr. Hosmer gave an account, continue to the present time. The effects they produce are various, as the intermediate degrees between the roar of a cannon and the noise of a pistol. The shock they give to a dwelling is the same as the falling of logs upon the floor. . . . By recurring to the newspapers you will find that an earthquake was noticed in May, 1791. It was perceived as far distant as New York and Boston. A few minutes after there was another shock, which was perceptible at the distance of seventy miles. Consternation and dread filled every house. It was a night much to be remembered. There were during the night shocks to the number of twenty, perhaps thirty. The next day stones of several tons' weight were found removed from their places, and apertures in the earth, and fissures in immovable rocks. . . . Since that time the noises and shocks have been less frequent than before, though not a year passes over us but some of them are perceptible."—*Trumbull's History of Connecticut.*

"The bigotry of Puritanism in vogue in Connecticut in early times, differed from the established bigotries of England, not so much in degree as in kind. Both the great parties that divided that country were, so far as I can discover, equally intolerant, but their intolerance aimed at different things. The adherents

Ancestral Sketches.

of one abhorred a conventicle as if it had been a pestilence ; those of the other fled from the sight of the surplice as if it had been a mask of leprosy. One party, in seeking to discard the forms that it regarded as the relics of idolatry, came at last to shudder at the sight of the Cross, and in mockery quartered troops of soldiers in sacred chapels, and fed the horses of the dragoons from the altars of venerable churches ; the other, with a holy horror, sacrificed human victims to appease God's wrath. The narrow-mindedness of the one party drove it to spurn the elegancies of classical learning, and to turn away from Shakespeare with loathing ; while that of the other looked askance at the greatest epic in the whole treasury of letters, because it had been bequeathed to the world by a Puritan."—*Hollister's History of Connecticut.*

" The Puritans had left England with a main design to enjoy their own religious tenets. With this view, they had bought their wild lands ; with this view, they established a peculiar form of government. They looked with extreme jealousy upon the encroaching power of popery, and many of them regarded Episcopacy as only a modified form of Catholicism. They determined, too, that if it were possible, the very festivals as well as the modes of worship that were associated in their minds with oppression and arbitrary power should be suppressed, and that other public days should be substituted.

Governor Thomas Fitch.

Their public days were two—viz., *Fast* and *Thanksgiving Days*. Care was always taken not to have the former on Good Friday. On Fast Day no food was cooked in their houses, nor did the more exemplary members eat any regular meal until the sun went down. It was ordered in 1644 that there should be a day of fasting and humiliation observed throughout the plantations *every month*. The regular annual fast was not appointed until after the Revolution. But the grand festival of the people, and the one in which all took the liveliest interest, was *Thanksgiving*. The early part of the day was spent in attendance upon public worship, where the old members sat more erect than they were wont, and could not with all their humility refrain from dividing their attention between the discourse and the long rows of boys who, in spite of the strictness of Puritan discipline, waited impatiently for the ‘Amen’ that was to set them free. On their return from the meeting-house, dinner awaited them. It may be presumed that there was not a single dyspeptic in the whole group, and that they did justice to the viands. In the evening the family gathered around the blazing hickory fire, and each recounted in turn the incidents that had given variety to the year. Indian wars; the depredations of the Dutch; the plot of that wretch, Peter Stuyvesant, to exterminate the whole English population (perhaps the Regicides); the wolf and bear hunts; and, I must admit, sometimes still more mar-

Ancestral Sketches.

velous manifestations from the spiritual world—apparitions, ghosts, visitations from the Devil, etc. ; the execution of Goodwife Knapp, and the *dreadful scorn* with which she looked upon her accusers. Such interesting themes served to while away the time.

“As the evening deepened, and the little flock of accumulated children began to nod on their benches in the chimney-corner, the old family Bible was brought out, and, after a portion of it had been read, the voice of the grandsire, tremulous with emotion rather than age, was heard returning thanks for many mercies, and supplications for the continuance of the blessings that had been accorded them, and wound up the evening. Such was old *Thanksgiving*, a time-honored, venerable custom that has gradually extended itself into the most distant part of our great Republic.”—*Hollister's History of Connecticut*.

“I have intimated that balls were among the amusements of the past in this colony. This, it is presumed, was ordinarily confined to the young people, and did not meet always with the concurrence of the more sedate part of the community. It was long the custom for the young men and women of a parish to celebrate the occasion of the settlement of a new minister by a ball. This was called the ‘*Ordination Ball*,’ and was conducted with such propriety and decorum that church-members, and even the new pastor, would sometimes honor the ball with their presence. They ultimately came to be regarded as a

Governor Thomas Fitch.

scandal, and were suppressed." Morris, in his "History of Litchfield," speaks of a dance in that town in 1748 where a violin was used for the first time in the place, and adds: "The whole expense of the amusement, although the young people generally attended, did not exceed one dollar, out of which the fiddler was paid. Yet the parents and old people declared they 'should be ruined by the extravagances of the youth.'" Verily "old things are passed away."

I will copy the inscription from the tombstone of Governor Fitch, which stands in as good order as it was placed, in 1774, and has latterly been inclosed by a handsome iron railing, placed there by John Fitch, a descendant:

"The Honorable Thomas Fitch. Eminent and distinguished among mortals for great abilities, large acquirements, and a virtuous character; a clear, strong, sedate mind, and an accurate, extensive acquaintance with law and civil government; a happy talent of presiding, close application, and strict fidelity in the discharge of important trusts, no less than for his employments by the voice of the people in the chief offices of State and at the head of the Colony. Having served his generation by the will of God, fell asleep July 18th, Anno Domini 1774, in the 78th year of his age."

Among the Fitch descendants was John Fitch, of Norwalk, the inventor of the steamboat. Others have claimed his invention—it is so easy to build

Ancestral Sketches.

upon the foundation of another in this age—but to *John Fitch* belongs this great invention. “Fitch belonged to the prominent Connecticut family of that name. He had been inventing and experimenting for a dozen or more years, hoping to succeed in the application of steam-power to navigation. His genius, idiosyncrasies, and ‘*impecuniosity*’ were in perpetual conflict; otherwise he might have achieved the triumph to which he aspired. He was a man of striking figure, six feet two inches in height, erect and full, his head slightly bald, but not gray, although fifty-three years of age, and dignified and distant in his general behavior. The ‘Collect’ (Klock), in New York vicinity, was the scene, in the summer of 1796, of the first trial of a steamboat with a screw propeller. It was the invention of John Fitch. The boat was eighteen feet in length and six feet beam, with square stern, round bows, and seats. The boiler was a ten or twelve gallon iron pot. The little craft passed round the pond several times, and was believed capable of making six miles an hour. The spectacle was watched with critical interest by Chancellor Livingston, Nicholas Roosevelt, John Stevens, and others, who had, in common with philosophers and inventors in England and Europe, been for some time engaged in the speculative study of the steam-engine and its prospective uses. The first steamboat on the Hudson was called the ‘*John Fitch*.’ The belief that steam was destined to submit to the control of the

Governor Thomas Fitch.

human intellect for practical purposes was rapidly gaining strength, although the facile adaptations of its power were yet but visionary possibilities to the intelligence and observation of mankind, and it was by no means confined to any one nation. The ingenuity of almost every civilized country was in exercise over contrivances for the propulsion of boats by steam. John Fitch is thought to have invented the first double-acting condensing engine, transmitting power by means of cranks, ever produced in any country. To experiment for two years, he ran a steamboat on the Delaware. . . . He went to France, hoping to obtain the privilege of building steamboats there, but was disappointed in all his efforts. 'The time will come,' said a colleague, 'when people will travel in stages moved by steam-engines from one city to another, almost as fast as birds can fly—fifteen or twenty miles an hour,' and his associates smiled incredulously. Fitch had made his *last* effort in steam navigation, and the same autumn he removed to Kentucky, where he died (probably of chagrin and disappointment) in 1798."—*Lamb's History of New York*.

"Governor Thomas Fitch was the father of General Thomas Fitch, who commanded the four New England regiments in the French and Indian War; and in derision of these four regiments, that ridiculous 'Yankee Doodle' was composed and sung at the time they were in camp on the banks of the Hudson

Ancestral Sketches.

River at Greenbush, opposite Albany, probably to relieve the tedium of the night-watches. These regiments performed their full share in the attack on Fort Ticonderoga, and suffered a greater loss in proportion to their numbers than the whole British Army."

"Mrs. Rogers, the 'Queen Elizabeth,' daughter of Governor Fitch, returned with her family to the United States, after the Peace. One or two of her sons had been in the Provincial army, at the instance, probably, of their father. The Puritan wife had carried her early tastes into the country of her adoption, and had introduced the biblical names, which had pleased her childhood, into her own family—Moses, Nehemiah, Esther, etc. She made her home with her daughter Esther, who soon married a young Scotch merchant, Archibald Gracie. Oliver Wolcott, who knew him intimately, said of him: 'He was one of the excellent of the earth—actively liberal, intelligent, seeking and rejoicing in occasions to do good.' His wealth at one time was enormous, even after he lost over a million dollars through the Berlin and Milan decrees. Of Archibald Gracie, whose beautiful ships and well-known red and white private signal were familiar in every sea, no more endearing memory exists than that of his intelligent and far-reaching sympathy in the free-school enterprise. His manliness and liberality are recorded in imperishable colors. He left three sons. . . . Mrs. Gracie was a lady of rare excellence, and their

domestic life was of the purest, sweetest, and most charming character. She was Esther Rogers, sister of the distinguished merchant-brothers, Fitch, Henry, Moses, and Nehemiah Rogers, three of whom founded three great mercantile houses in this city. Two of Mrs. Gracie's daughters married Charles and James G. King, sons of Hon. Rufus King, and a third, Hon. William Beach Lawrence."—*Mrs. Lamb's History of New York.*

"*Moses Rogers* was a proud old merchant. He was well known in New York in 1785 as a patron of all that was charitable. His business office was in Queen Street, afterward changed in name to Pearl Street. He married, in 1772, Sarah, daughter of Benjamin Woolsey; her sister having married Rev. Timothy Dwight, the celebrated theologian, and President of Yale College; and her brother, William Walton Woolsey, was a famed New York merchant and philanthropist. . . . In 1770 Moses Rogers became an active member of the 'Marine Society,' and one of the earliest Governors of the New York Hospital, which had been rebuilt, after its destruction by fire before the Revolution. In 1793 he was a member of the 'Society to Relieve Distressed Prisoners.' It is difficult to understand at this time how there should have been a regular society to relieve prisoners in old New York. Yet so there was, and it was a most humane society, that numbered the first merchants of the city among its members. It lasted many years, and the

Ancestral Sketches.

venerable and reverend Dr. John Rogers was President of it. This Society mitigated the hardships of the prisoners, by providing them with food and fuel, etc., etc., the jail allowing them only bread and water, and no fuel. About 150 prisoners were constantly locked up. Two years later, Moses Rogers was one of the jury on the trial of John Young, an actor, who had killed the sheriff's officer in the Park. The latter was going to arrest Mr. Young and take him to the old jail. Young shot at and killed him. He was then arrested in good earnest, tried, and the jury found him guilty. He was hung on the high hill east of where the 'Tombs' now is, the military and citizens turning out to see the sad spectacle. Two years later, Mr. Rogers was one of the most active members of the Society for the 'Manumission of Slaves,' as were his brother-in-law, William Dunlap, the celebrated historian; and his wife's brother, Wm. W. Woolsey, who was the Secretary of this Society. He was a Director of the U. S. Bank and of the Mutual Insurance Co.; Treasurer of the City Dispensary; for twenty-five years a Vestryman of Trinity, and subsequently one of the founders of Grace Church, etc., all of which duties Moses Rogers discharged with the greatest fidelity. At that time he lived at 272 Pearl Street; it was near Beckman Street, a large house, with a hanging garden extending over the yard and stable. Afterward, he removed to 7 State Street, a fine large house he had built, overlooking the Battery.

Governor Thomas Fitch.

It stands to the present day an imposing edifice, with its large garden, etc., extending through to Pearl Street. He died there in 1826."—*Barrett's Old Merchants.*

The children of Moses and Sarah Woolsey Rogers were : Benjamin Woolsey *m.* Susan, daughter of William Bayard ; Archibald *m.* Anna, daughter of Judge Pendleton ; Sarah Elizabeth *m.* Hon. Samuel M. Hopkins ; Julia Anna *m.* Francis B. Winthrop ; Hester died young.

Benjamin Woolsey Rogers, my father, was educated entirely in England, having been sent there when only nine years old. He went to a school on Clapham Common, near London, returning definitely, when nineteen or twenty years of age, when he was sent to his uncle, President Dwight, of Yale College, for a thorough examination in his studies. The requirements there at that period *may* not have been as great as at the present time ; but after his recitations, and six weeks' stay there, he received his degree, and returned home. From his many journals (of great interest to myself) I learn his early character and tastes. He travelled largely and was a keen observer, and for some years seems to have enjoyed himself immensely ; his friends were congenial and himself appreciative. In due time he entered his father's mercantile house and took up his duties. After his marriage he lived at No. 5 State Street, and after his father died he moved to No. 7, and lived there many years. (*That lovely home!*)

Ancestral Sketches.

His was a useful and happy life. He was thirty-eight years a Governor of the New York Hospital, often risking his life there in seasons of malignant and contagious diseases. Until his death, in 1859, he never intermitted his labors, or gave up his interest in his work there, and in his other charities. Such men serve God in their lives and generations as truly as do the self-denying clergymen, missionaries, etc. It was before the introduction of chloroform, and often have I seen my father come home pale and ill, in a way that puzzled me greatly as a child. "My dear, it is *my duty*; I promised to be with so and so during terrible operations; I must accustom myself to this; if I had a similar case in my own family, or if a friend wanted me, I should have to witness it." I remember his words so well! "Do we recognize as we should the gift of anæsthesia to this age? The infidel may sneer, the worldly-wise laugh, but we can not but own in this wonderful discovery the gift of Christ, the Great Physician, to the world." My father was one of the founders of the "Insane Asylum" at Bloomington, the "Society Library," and the "Academy of Fine Arts," now changed in name, and several other, now forgotten, objects of interest. He had married in 1826 the daughter of Thomas Elwyn, of an old, wealthy English family, and the granddaughter of Governor John Langdon, of New Hampshire. For many happy years my grandfather Bayard lived at No. 6 State Street, the next house to my father's.

Governor Thomas Fitch.

No opposite neighbors, only the shady old trees of the Battery, which we used almost as if the lovely walks there had been private grounds, and the sparkling waters of the beautiful bay by day, and the sweet music from Castle Garden (then a spot choice and refined), which we enjoyed from our upper balcony by night, made this an ideal home—" *Tout passe !*" *Yes*, "old things are passed away." "Do not be tragic, madam," sometimes, but not often, sounds in my ears; so now I give my thoughts to the Woolseys, and give a short but thoroughly-examined genealogical list of that Anglo-American family. I wish I could give a fuller sketch.

WOOLSEY GENEALOGY.

Thomas Woolsey.—Born in England, 1520.

Benjamin Woolsey.—Born in England, 1565.

George Woolsey.—Came to America from Holland.

Born at Yarmouth, 1610. With his father, arrived in New York, 1623, when a mere boy. His name is mentioned in New York Colonial History.

George (2d) Woolsey.—Born October, 1640. Was one of the original settlers, and purchased a plantation at Flushing. Died at Jamaica, L. I., 1698.

George (3d) Woolsey.—Born October 10, 1682.

Rev. Benjamin Woolsey.—Born at Jamaica, L. I. Died 1757. Entered Yale College, 1709. He married Mary, daughter of John Taylor, and, with unusual *sentiment* in that prosaic age, gave the name of “Dosoris” (meaning a wife’s portion) to that beautiful spot, in acknowledgment of her father’s liberality. “He was a good and learned Presbyterian clergyman.”

Benjamin Woolsey (his son).—Graduated at Yale College, 1744. His daughter Mary married

Woolsey Genealogy.

George Muirson ; and Esther, Capt. Palmer, British Army.

Benjamin Muirson Woolsey.—Was an officer of cavalry in the Queen's "Orange Rangers," afterward a major, and settled in New Brunswick, Canada, until the peace.

Benjamin Woolsey, Jr.—Married Esther De Ralph Isaacs.

Their children, George Muirson Woolsey, William Walton Woolsey ; Mary, who married Rev. Timothy Dwight, the celebrated theologian and President of Yale College ; Sarah, who married Moses Rogers ; and Elizabeth, who married William Dunlap, the historian and painter.

In our immediate branch there have been many distinguished D.D.'s and learned Professors, culminating in the late President of Yale College, Theodore D. Woolsey, and the present Dean of the Law School in New York, Dr. Theodore W. Dwight ; and the patriot, scholar, author, Maj. Theodore Winthrop, 7th N. Y. Regt., who in his youth and promise was killed in the war with the South.

"HOW THEODORE WINTHROP FELL.—Our attention has been called to an event that occurred very early in the history of the great civil war. The first blood shed in that long and sanguinary struggle (if we except the affair at Fairfax Court-house) flowed on the plains of Bethel, in this State, a few miles above

Ancestral Sketches.

Hampton. Those who remember the circumstances of that fight between Southern troops commanded by D. H. Hill, and the Federal forces commanded, but not led, by Ben. Butler, will call to mind the brave conduct and sad fate of a young Federal officer, who, it was said, when his troops faltered and fell back, mounted a fence, gallantly waved his sword, and urged them to the combat. The account given at the time was, that he wore a red sash, which proved to be a conspicuous target for our sharpshooters, and was soon bathed with the blood of the brave young hero, who fought his first and last battle on that fateful day."—*Lynchburg Virginian*, June 3, 1882.

Volumes of all the great and good families of past generations abound so much at present, that it is impossible to keep pace with them, even with those in whom we feel the greatest interest. Some few years hence they will be invaluable, but home details are too recent and sacred to be brought forward yet. I love the past and all that is connected with my family; and the careers of those, whom I have studied well, have interested me intensely, and it is with a feeling almost of sadness that I close my records. Adieu, ye noble ancestors—Huguenots, Covenanters, Puritans, "Tories." Again I repeat what I wrote at the commencement of these sketches—there is *not one* who while he lived did not receive honor and reverence, and who did not die lamented.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

LE CHATEAU DE BAYARD.

“ Le château de Bayard se trouve au fond de la vallée de Grésivaudan, à six lieues de Grenoble, et environ 1500 mètres de la station de Pontcharra. En 1855, cette demeure historique était bien tombée, comme le montre cet extrait d'un journal de Grenoble de 1855, reproduit par M. de Terrebasse : ‘ Vient-on savoir ce qu'est devenue le manoir du Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche ? Un placard apposé à la porte du tribunal civil de Grenoble nous l'apprend en ces termes :

“ ‘ *Bâtiment* situé au lieu dit Château-Bayart, commune de Pontcharra, ayant servi d'habitation et actuellement d'entrepôt . . . , composé d'une cave, d'un rez-de-chaussée, et d'un premier étage dont on distingue difficilement le nombre de pièces . . . ; il figure sur le plan cadastral au No. 172.

“ ‘ *Masure* située au même lieu, . . . où il reste encore quelques murs du château du Chevalier Bayart.

“ ‘ *Deux tours rondes* situées au même lieu, reliées par la couverture en pierre en pierre du portail qui formait l'entrée du château ; on y entre par un portail délabré, entre deux espèces de pavillons : l'un, qui fut une chapelle, est au jour d'hui une étable, l'autre sert de

Appendix.

demeure au métayer de la propriété. Le corps de logis principal avait trois étages; il n'en reste plus que le premier. On y montre encore le cabinet de Bayart, et la chambre où il naquit; les écuries, la cave, et la cuisine seules, ont été conservées.' Peu avant sa mort, le duc de Berry avait, dit-on, formé le projet de racheter ce château, et d'en faire une demeure princière; mais en 1860 le conseil général émit le vœu que 'en face des prétentions exorbitantes du propriétaire, un obélisque commémoratif fut élevé sur un emplacement quelconque dans le territoire de la commune de Pontcharra.' Le vœu est resté, comme bien d'autres, à l'état de lettre morte.

" 'Le château demeura, du vivant de Bayart, l'habitation de son frère Georges, qui épousa Claudine d'Arvillars. Celle-ci, devenue veuve de Georges, prêta hommage, l'an 1541, pour la Seigneurie de Bayart, ses appartenances et dépendances.'

" Bien que notre héros signe Bayart dans les rares autographes connus, nous écrirons Bayard avec un *d* final, pour quatre raisons: 1° Si le Loyal Serviteur écrit le nom Bayart, Champier l'écrit Bayard. Or, Champier connut le bon Chevalier; il écrivit son histoire aussitôt après sa mort; il était lettré; 2° Or, Bayard lui-même, s'appelle en réalité *du Terrail*. Le nom de Bayard n'était que le nom de la terre patrimoniale. 3° Bayard est un nom qu'on trouve ainsi écrit dans trois départements. 4° Le *d* final convient à la forme latine du mot, qui est toujours à considérer en pareil cas. Notre héros, outre ses trois frères, eut quatre sœurs: deux entrèrent au couvent, la cadette épousa Antoine de Theys; et la troisième, Marie, fut mère du capitaine Pierre du Pont, dit

Appendix.

Pierrepont, dont Bayard fit son Lieutenant, et qui justifia toujours sa confiance, comme le prouve cette histoire, où il est souvent nommé.”—*Histoire du gentil Seigneur de Bayard composée par le Loyal Serviteur.*

[EXTRACTS FROM THE “LOYAL SERVITEUR.”]

“Pierre du Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard, was born in 1476, at the château de Bayard, in the valley of Graisivarden, near Chambéry, a few leagues from Grénoble, the principal city of Dauphiné. For more than thirty years he served in the armies of France. For valor and skill as a leader he was unsurpassed in an age when chivalry was still honored. At that time none but the princes of the blood or court minions and favorites were permitted to command the armies of France, but Bayard often directed the movements of her armies, and dictated the order of battle, when others were in command who had the chief credit of success. He was brave, prudent, and sagacious as a soldier ; a Christian of unaffected piety, an extremely courteous and generous gentleman, whose honor and virtue were proverbial in a wicked age. No vice, no act of cruelty or meanness ever sullied his fame. He was honored by his friends and foes alike, and loved as much as respected by all. . . . When in Piedmont, in the last charge upon the Swiss, a strange adventure happened to Bayard, in which he marvelously escaped losing his life. He was mounted on a spirited horse (‘Le Carineau’), who, feeling himself wounded with many pikes, slipped his bridle, and, not feeling the bit, took his

Appendix.

course through the Swiss ranks, and would have carried his rider into another troop, which would have given him no quarter. By good fortune the horse became entangled in some vine-stocks hanging from one tree to another, according to the Italian custom, and then he was obliged to stop. If Bayard was ever in fear of his life it was then; however, he persevered, and retained his customary presence of mind. He managed to slide from his horse to the ground, left all his armor behind him, and, creeping on his hands and feet so as to escape observation, turned to the direction whence he heard cries of '*France!*' '*La France!*' and arrived in safety at the King's camp, thanking God with all his heart for his deliverance from so great a danger. The first man he met was the Duc de Lorraine, by whom he was particularly beloved and esteemed. The Duc was much astonished to see him unarmed and in such a plight. Bayard related his adventure to him, and the Prince immediately gave him a splendid horse, which had formerly been presented to him by Bayard himself, who had won him at the taking of Brescia. The brave knight, being once more mounted, was grieved at being without his helmet, not only because he was so much heated with walking, but he did not consider the battle over yet. At this moment he saw near him a gentleman who had his helmet carried by his page; he borrowed it, and returned it after the battle, which did not end until midday. The Swiss afterward attacked the French, but at length were defeated, and left 12,000 of their men on the field.

" In the evening, during supper, the King (François 1st) talked a great deal of this battle, and of those

Appendix.

who had distinguished themselves in it. All voices united to give the palm to the brave Knight Bayard, who, as he always did, had performed deeds of great valor, and who received from the King the most glorious reward that a subject has ever received from his prince. The King insisted upon receiving the order of knighthood from Bayard's hands. He excused himself with his ordinary modesty, saying that such honor belonged not to him, but to the princes of the blood only; but Francis was determined, and ordered him to do his bidding in these words: 'Before bestowing the honor of knighthood on those who have distinguished themselves in battle, I must receive that honor from one who is a knight; for which reason, Bayard, my friend, I wish to be knighted by your hand, because he who has fought on foot and on horseback better than all others to-day is reputed the most worthy knight. It is thus with you, who have fought in many battles with many nations. So, Bayard, make haste, and quote neither laws nor canons. Do my will and command, if you wish to be among the number of my good servants.'

" 'I can only obey,' replied Bayard, and taking his sword, he said: 'In good truth, you are the first Prince that ever was made a Knight. God grant that in battle you may never fly.' Then having kissed his sword, and holding it in his right hand, he said: 'Glorious sword, that to-day hast had the honor of knighting the noblest King in the world, I will only employ thee in future against the enemies of the Christian name. In truth, my good sword, thou shalt be kept as a sacred relic, and honored above all others.' He then replaced it in its scabbard. . . . As winter

Appendix.

approached, Francis went to Paris, and Bayard accompanied him. The public praises were renewed on his arrival; the French Parliament sent him a deputation of Presidents and Councilors to compliment him upon the many services he had rendered to the King and the whole kingdom. . . . After some stay in Paris, he went to pass the winter at Grénoble, when it would be superfluous to tell of the reception that awaited him, and the *fêtes* that were made for him, for besides his quality as Lieutenant-General of the Province, he belonged to the highest nobility of Dauphiné, and this nobility felt it an honor to partake of his laurels." "On his return in the spring to Grénoble from Italy, he found that the plague had broken out there. He had opportunity then to exercise his two favorite virtues, watchfulness and charity. He provided for all, nourished at his own expense the poor sick, and assisted them with donations of all kinds, surgeons and medicine, extending his cares and benefits to the monasteries and convents. In short, Bayard was, no doubt, the cause of the speedy cessation of the terrible scourge."—*Champier, De Berzville, Robertson.*

In 1524 Francis was endeavoring to hold his Milanese possessions in Italy. Opposed to him was the Spanish Marquis de Pescara, and Charles Duc de Bourbon, both allies of Italy. The command of the French army was given to Bayard. "Francis had aspired to be elected Emperor; and that Charles V. should have been preferred to him was one cause of the life-long struggle between these two ambitious monarchs." ("The Marquis de Pescara was a noble man, and although the opponent of Bayard, he admired him profoundly. He was the husband of the

Appendix.

celebrated Vittoria Colonna, who was the first poet of Italy to tune her lyre to sacred subjects, and it may not be too much to say that, with the exception of Michael Angelo, she is the only one. In making this assertion we almost prove her Protestantism.") "During the campaign in Lombardy, in 1524, an incident occurred, which is graphically described by all historians, showing the knightly conduct of the noble Francesco di Pescara to the celebrated Chevalier Bayard, who fell wounded in the battle of the Sessia, a small river near Milan. When he had arrived on the Sessia, and was about to cross that river, Pescara and Bourbon attacked him with great fury. The conduct of the rear was committed to Bayard, whose command sustained the shock of the enemy and gained time for the rest of the French to make good their retreat; but in this service he received a wound which he at once knew to be mortal." The "Loyal Servant" who wrote his life thus describes his death: "The artillery and flags were thrown forward and in safety, when about ten o'clock in the morning an arquebuse was fired, the stone of which fractured his spine. When he felt the blow his first words were: 'Jesu! O God! I am slain,' and he exclaimed, 'Miserere mei, Deus, secundum magnum misericordiam tuam.' Then he waxed quite pale as one swooning, and nearly fell, but had still strength to grasp his bow, and remained in this position till a young gentleman, his steward, helped him to dismount. He kissed the cross-hilt of his sword, using it as a crucifix. 'It is all over,' he said; 'I am a dead man, but do not wish in my last moments to turn my back to the enemy for the first time in my life.' He was placed at the

Appendix.

foot of a tree, 'so that I may have my face toward them.' All were bathed in tears. To Jacques Jeoffre, a gentleman from Dauphiné, he said : ' Jacques mon ami, laisse ton deuil. C'est le vouloir de Dieu de m'ôter de ce monde ; j'y ai, par sa grâce, longuement demeuré, et j'ai reçu des biens et des honneurs plus que je mérite.' . . . 'Je supplie mon Créateur d'avoir pitié de ma pauvre âme. Je te prie, Jacques mon ami, qu'ou ne m'enlève pas de ce lieu ; car, quand je me remue, je sens toutes les douleurs qu'il est possible de sentir, hors la mort, laquelle me prendra bientôt.' Soon the Spanish General, the Marquis de Pescara, arrived near him, and, with tears in his eyes, said to him : 'Would to God, Lord Bayard, that I might have given all the blood I could lose without dying, to have taken you prisoner in good health ! You shall know how much I have always esteemed your person, your bravery, and all the virtues that you possess, and that since I have held arms I have never known your like.' The Lord of Pescara had his own tent and bed brought immediately, had it spread close by the dying man, and himself helped him to lie upon it, kissing his hands the while. He gave him a guard so that he should neither be crowded nor pressed upon, and himself brought a priest, to whom Bayard confessed with perfect consciousness and edifying piety. Being left alone, Bayard thought only of his approaching death ; he recited devoutly the '*Miserere*,' after which he prayed aloud. Death soon interrupted his words. His first cry, when he felt himself mortally wounded, was the name of Jesus, and it was while invoking His adorable name that Bayard gave up his soul to his Creator on the 30th April, 1524, aged forty-eight years."

Appendix.

The Spaniards showed as sincere regret at the death of their noble enemy as did the French. The guard that the Marquis of Pescara had given him, bore him, according to that nobleman's orders, into the nearest church, where services were said over him for two days, after which they gave his body to his gentlemen and servants, with passports to transport it to France. When the King (Francis I.) heard of his death, he was sorely afflicted for many days, and paid this tribute to him : " We have lost a great Captain, whose name alone made his arms feared and honored. Truly, he deserved more benefits and higher charges than those he had." The body was taken to France, into the province of his birth, to be placed there according to his last wishes, near his ancestors, in the Church of Crésinou. The procession passed through Piedmont and Savoy ; and everywhere the Duke of Savoy gave orders that it should be received with the same honors that would have been paid to a prince of the blood, that services should be performed for him in all the churches on the route, and that his body should rest there at night. When they arrived at Dauphiné, the nobility and peasantry of Grénoble went before the *cortège* and conducted it into the Cathedral Church, where a service was performed, not in a ducal, but in a kingly manner—" non ducali modo sed regio apratu." As he had ordered, his body was taken, not to Crésinou, but to a convent near, founded by his uncle, Laurent Alleman, Bishop of Grénoble. There he rests under a large stone, under the foot of the steps of the chancel. On the right-hand side is his bust in white marble, wearing the collar of his order, and on a white marble slab beneath, an inscription in Latin of the " Good Knight Bayard."

Appendix.

Bayard was tall, upright, and not too stout ; his face was fair with a fresh color, and his eyes were black and full of fire. He was extremely merry, always even-tempered, and his own conversation, even on the most serious occasions, was spiced by witty remarks.

The sword of Bayard, which was long sought for, is said to be in possession of Sir John Boileau, Bart. On it were two inscriptions, "Soli Deo Gloria" and "Vincere aut mors." A shield, given by the Knight to Henry VIII., at the "field of the Cloth of Gold," is in the guard's chamber at Windsor Castle.

"Le monument de Bayard était depuis plusieurs années dans l'église Saint-André, lorsqu'un préfet du département, se chargea du soin de réunir à ce monument les cendres du guerrier, dont il rappelait le souvenir. Le dépôt de ces restes dans le caveau de Saint-André fut fait aussi en présence de l'évêque de Grenoble qui les attendait à la porte de l'église ; on a inscrit sur la pierre qui recouvre le cercueil :

Ci-Git Bayard.

"Les restes, retrouvés dans l'église des Minimes de la Plaine, et authentiquement reconnus, ont été recueillis et déposés sous cette pierre, le 24 août 1822."

II.

REV. NICHOLAS BAYARD, a French Protestant clergyman, took refuge in the Netherlands after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day. His signature ap-

Appendix.

pears attached to the Articles of the Walloon Synod in 1580. Tradition reports that he had been a Professor of Theology in Paris, and connects him with the family represented by the famous Knight, "sans peur et sans reproche."

In the next generation (1608) Lazare Bayard, perhaps a son of Nicholas, was enrolled among the Walloon clergy of Holland.

About the year 1620, in the reign of Louis XIII., the Rev. Balthazar Bayard went from France to Holland, to escape religious persecution, which culminated later in the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," taking with him his daughter Judith and his son Samuel, the former soon marrying Petrus Stuyvesant, the newly-appointed Governor of New Amsterdam in America, and the latter Anna, the Governor's sister. From the similarity of names it is probable that the family is the same as that of Bayard, 'sans peur et sans reproche.' "Cette seigneurie passa en 1581, dans la maison de Simiane, par le mariage d'Anne d'Avançon, avec *Balthazar* de Simiane, Marquis de Gordes. Plusieurs de leurs descendants ne dédaignent point de joindre à leur nom celui de '*Seigneur*,' et de '*Comte de Bayard*.'" *Nicholas* is also a name handed down from early date.—*From a history in preparation by Rev. Charles W. Baird.*

III.

HENRY HAVARD, in "The Dead Cities of the Zuyder-Zee," and in his recently published book, "The Heart of Holland," presents the depressing accounts of the

Appendix.

swallowing up of the many cities of this doomed country. "It is melancholy to think that their greatness has departed. The land around it is all affected by that subtle disease, the '*Ial*'; the word is derived from the word '*Fallen*,' to sink, and is used in technical language to express the sudden destruction by water, whose ravages are so terrible. In 1530 twenty villages disappeared totally in one night, with the island on which they stood, and they remain forever under the waters. The place which they occupied is now the great arm of the sea, with its little shimmering waves glittering in the sun! That ceaseless strife in which the unexpected is always turning up, and man is pitted against the elements, has not abated for a single moment. The green fields, the meadows, the cities, the villages, and the rustic dwellings are built all upon a bottomless gulf, an abyss, which some day or other will yawn and close up again, after it has swallowed trees and houses, peasants and cattle, and substitute blank desolation for these fortunate-seeming isles. That terrible '*Ial*,' which eats away the life of this country like a mysterious canker, is awful to think of. One day the traveller may pass by a green expanse with a thriving farm-house; horses are neighing, children are playing, the trees are bending beneath the weight of fruit, and the sweet-smelling hay has been made into large round stacks. On the following day everything will have disappeared without leaving a trace. The soil has sunk away, the sea-green water gurgles tranquilly in its place. In vain do we look for a stone or fragment. Only nothingness is there. What has become of this little portion of the human family in one night, this particle of the

Appendix.

soil, this atom of the country? No one knows, and science itself, reduced to conjecture, can suggest no remedy for an evil of which it can only register the facts, but can not divine the cause."

Guiccardini, who sailed on these waters, and coasted these green isles, has written as follows: "It would be unnecessary to describe them one after the other, all the more that the greater part of them have been transposed by tempests and inundations of the sea, and have changed their beds, this one becoming larger, and that diminishing in size; this one being swallowed up by the waters, and that being laid bare by them; for the country of Zealand gaining on the one side, is on the other ravaged by the sea. The land was for some time without fear of peril, but now the waters are beginning to eat into it, and the old story of three centuries ago is true of to-day." "In 1873 the Polder of Borselen, 31 English acres in extent, sank into the waters. Each year the terrible *Vul* devours some space or other, carrying away the land in strips. That little dike before us dates no further back than 1835, but it was originally of much greater size. This dread disease has already eaten up one-third of it."

The old city of Kampen, to which Kamperven owes, not only its name, but its existence, and which figures with its boundaries, its houses, and its streets, upon an old manuscript map of the fifteenth century, which is still to be seen at the Dutch war office, disappeared suddenly in the abyss of waters. Of *Alphen* (the city our ancestors are said to come from), I can find no trace.

Appendix.

IV.

FRIESLAND, THE HOME OF GOVERNOR STUUVESANT.

"MALHEUREUSEMENT c'est du côté de la mer que vient le plus souvent la menace. Quand les vents d'ouest, ou du Nord soufflent avec leur indomptable furie, La Frise commence à trembler, et les vieux Frisons, se rappellent avec anxiété les sombres récits que leur a transmis l'histoire." " Lorsque la tempête se déchaîne écrivait il ya trois siècles, le croniquer Cornelius Kempius, les flots se précipitent avec une telle fureur, que les clochers des églises, les maisons les plus hautes et les plus solides, sont ébranlées, et souvent même jetées bas. Les arbres déracinés, et les plus pesant navires, enlevés par la force des éléments, sont portés dans l'intérieur des terres. Pendant le mois de Février, 1825, plus d'un tiers de la province fut submergé par la mer et par les rivières, qui, subitement grossies, s'ouvrirent un passage à travers les digues qui réglaient leur cours. Ajoutez à cela qu'une pluie torrentielle, les éclairs et la foudre se joignirent aux flots pour livrer à l'homme un des plus rudes assauts qu'il ait jamais eu à supporter. L'eau commença à se retirer le troisième jour, et alors seulement on se peut rendre compte des ravages qu'elle avait commis et des morts qu'elle avait causées."— *Henri Havard.*

" La Frise Bénie !" doit son nom à la gigantesque inondation de 1230, qui charria sur son sol de telles quantités de terrains d'alluvion, qu'elle transforma en grandes prairies, des landes demeurées jusqu'alors désertes."— *La Hollande à Vol d'Oiseau.*

Appendix.

V.

THE Honorable William Smith, late Chief-Justice of Lower Canada, in his History of New York, says : " If Leisler had delivered the garrison to Colonel Sloughter, as he ought to have done, upon his first landing, besides extinguishing in a great degree the animosities then subsisting, he would doubtless have attracted the favorable notice both of the Governor and the Crown. But being a weak man, he was so intoxicated with the love of power that, though he had been well informed of Sloughter's appointment to the government, he not only shut himself up in the fort with Bayard and Nicolls, whom he had before this time imprisoned, but refused to deliver them up or to surrender the garrison. From this moment he lost all credit with the Governor, who joined the other party against him. On the second demand of the fort, Milbourne and De La Noy came out, under pretence of conferring with his Excellency, but in reality to discover his designs. Sloughter, who considered them as 'rebels,' threw them both into jail. Leisler, upon this event, thought proper to abandon the fort, which Governor Sloughter immediately entered.

" Bayard and Nicolls were immediately released from their confinement, and at once sworn of the Privy Council.

" Leisler, having thus ruined his cause, was apprehended, with many of his adherents, and a commission of Oyer and Terminer issued to Sir Thomas

Appendix.

Robinson, Colonel Smith, and others, for their trial. In vain did they plead their great zeal for King William, whose Governor they had so lately opposed. Leisler, in particular, endeavored to justify his conduct, insisting that Lord Nottingham's letter entitled him to act in the quality of Lieutenant-Governor. Whether it was through ignorance or sycophancy, I know not ; but the judges, instead of pronouncing their own sentiments upon this part of the prisoner's defence, referred it to the Governor and Council, praying their opinion, whether that letter, 'or any other letter or papers in the packet from White-Hall, can be understood, or interpreted, to be and contain any power or direction to Captain Leisler, to take the government of this province upon himself, or that the administration thereupon be holden good in law.' The answer was, as might have been expected, in the negative ; and Leisler and his son-in-law were condemned to death for '*high treason.*'"

VI.

EBENEZAR VETCH AND WIFE.

THE father of Governor Vetch died the day after his wife, in 1722. William, his brother, died as stated.

Rev. Ebenezar, another brother, died young. He married a young lady of very great personal attractions, but died soon after. Calling his wife to his bedside, he told her he would give her his parting

Appendix.

kiss, and recommended her to *his* God, who, he said, "has been all in all to me," and when she asked him whether he would not desire to live with her and serve God in the Church below, he answered in the negative. Then calling out to some of the ministers who were in the room with him, said, "Ye passengers for glory, how near, think you, am I to the New Jerusalem?" One of them answered, "Not far, sir." He rejoined, "I'll wait and climb until I be up among that innumerable company of angels and the spirits of the just men made perfect." They removed his wife out of the room; but, when he was just expiring, she rushed in to the bedside. Waving his hand, he said, "No more converse with the creature; I never, never will look back again," and immediately breathed out his spirit into the hands of his redeeming God.

"This lady was afterward married to Mr. Robert Wodrow, minister of Eastwood, the celebrated indefatigable historian of the sufferings of the Church of Scotland. The marriage rings presented to the lady by both her first and second husband are still preserved as family relics. The identical ring presented by Mr. Ebenezer Vetch is a plain gold one, with small ivory beads around its outer edge, and within is this Latin inscription, which we have some difficulty in translating intelligibly. We give it, *verbatim et literatim*, as we see it, and leave our readers to make out what they can: '*Ebenazar, et Jehovah, Feitch.*' The sense which we conjecture is not very luminously conveyed, but it seems to savor of the eminent piety of its author. The other wedding ring, presented by the historian Wodrow to the same

Appendix.

lady is now before me, and its *moral* is more intelligible. The device is a flaming heart in the centre, with a hand on one side giving and on the other receiving, and this plain English motto: 'I give you mine, and grasp at yours.' From these specimens we see that the clerical gentlemen of our olden times, while they were not destitute of learning, were not devoid of the tender affections."

VII.

LADY GRISELL BAILLIE.

A FEW of the statements recording the sufferings of the Covenanters are given, to show the trials and miseries to which all classes were exposed who unhappily fell into the hands of those "fiends in human shape," the staunchest men and the most gentle women alike sharing those tortures, actuated by the will and determination of their Scotch natures, never flinched or wavered through all those years of misery, until those evil days were overpast, and Prelacy was overthrown by the accession of William and Mary, the Protestant King and Queen of England.

"Lady Grisell Baillie, of Jerviswood, began her life during the troubles of the persecution. She was the daughter of Sir Patrick Hume, and her father was one of the most distinguished patriots and statesmen of the day, and suffered not a little for his zeal in the cause of religion and liberty. Having remonstrated against oppression, he was imprisoned as 'being a

Appendix.

facious person,' and sent to Stirling Castle, where he remained a close prisoner for many months. At the time of her father's liberation Lady Grisell was little more than ten years of age, and soon after those romantic incidents occur in her young life which have given her an historical celebrity. Her parents, even at this early age, often sent her on confidential missions, which she executed with singular fidelity and success. In the summer of that same year, when Sir Robert Baillie, of Jerviswood, was imprisoned by a wicked persecutor, she was sent by her father from his country-home to Edinburgh, a long way distant, to try if, from her age, she could get admittance into the prison unsuspected, and slip a letter of information and advice into his hand, and bring back from him what intelligence she could. Proceeding on her journey to the capital, she succeeded in her object. The authoress of 'Legends of Exalted Characters' has imagined the manner in which the little messenger got into the cell occupied by Baillie. She describes him, while sitting in his dark dungeon, sad and lonely, as hearing something moving softly toward him, and, seeing the child, exclaiming,

" ' Such sense in eyes, so simply mild !

Is it a woman, or a child ?

Who art thou, damsel sweet ? are not my eyes beguiled ? '

" To which the little visitant answers :

" ' No—from the Redbraes' Tower I come,

My father is Sir Patrick Hume ;

And he has sent me for thy good,

His dearly honored Jerviswood.

Long have I round these walls been straying,

As if with other children playing ;

Appendix.

Long near the gate have kept my watch,
The sentry's changing-time to catch.
With stealthy steps I gained the shade
By the close-winding staircase made,
But when the surly turnkey entered,
Into this dark cell I softly ventured.'

"But in whatever way young Grisell got access to Baillie, and whatever were the circumstances of their interview, she accomplished successfully the object of her mission. Her father was soon made prisoner and sent to Dumbarton Castle, where he was kept nearly a year. During the time of his imprisonment his young daughter made repeated journeys to the place of his confinement to carry to him intelligence or minister to his comfort, her tender age enabling her to be less suspected than an older messenger. When, a year later, her father was implicated in some patriotic measures for preventing a Popish succession to the British throne, he was allowed to remain undisturbed in his own house till the month of September, when orders were issued for his apprehension, and on two occasions parties of troops had searched his house to apprehend him. He found it necessary to keep himself in concealment until he got an opportunity of going over to the Continent.

"The spot to which he betook himself for shelter was the family burying-place, a vault underground, at his church at Polwarth, at the distance of a mile from his house. Where he was no person knew but Lady Hume, Lady Grisell, and one man, whom they deemed trustworthy, and in whose fidelity they were not disappointed. They got a bed and clothing carried there during the night and deposited them in his hiding-place, and there he was concealed for a month.

Appendix.

While he abode in this receptacle for the dead, Grisell, then seventeen years or so old, administered to his temporal wants and comforts. Regularly at midnight, when all were sunk in sleep, she went alone to this dreary vault, carrying to him a supply of food and drink; and to bear him company she stayed as long as she could, taking care to get home before day. She had a great deal of humor in telling a story, and during her stay she took a delight in telling him such incidents of her home life as had amused her, and these were often the cause of much mirth and laughter to them both. At first she had a great terror of a churchyard, but her affectionate concern for her father made her soon stumble over the graves alone, fearless of everything but soldiers in search of him. The manse of the minister of the parish was near the church, and the first night she went on her errand, his dogs continued to bark with such incessant violence as to put her into the utmost dread of discovery. In this emergency, necessity suggested it to her mother that the most likely means of getting quit of this cause of annoyance was to endeavor, if possible, to make the minister believe that his dogs were mad, and that, therefore, it was dangerous to retain them. She therefore sent for him the next day, and, succeeding in producing on his mind the intended conviction, got him to hang them all. There was also at times great difficulty in getting food to carry to her father without exciting suspicion, and the only way in which she got it was by sliding off her plate into her lap at dinner and concealing it until she could escape observation. Many an amusing story she was wont to tell, after the days of persecution had closed, about this

Appendix.

and other things of the like nature. Her father liked sheep's-head, and one day while the children were eating their broth, she had succeeded in conveying by stealth the most part of one into her lap. When her little brother Alexander had disposed of his broth, he looked up in the hope of getting something more to eat, and perceiving with astonishment the empty dish, exclaimed: 'Mother, will you look at Grisell; while we have been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's-head.' This occasioned much mirth among them all, and when Grisell told her father the story, he was greatly amused, but desired that 'Sandy might have the whole share the next time.' During all this time Sir Patrick Hume, having a natural happy temperament of mind, showed the same constant composure, which he possessed to the end of his life. He had no light to read by, but could commit to memory Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms. This version he retained in his memory to his dying day, nor did he ever miss a word in repeating it. After sundry alarms, and fears of discovery, and the reports of the executions of many of his dearest friends, among them Sir Robert Baillie, of Jarviswood, preparations were made for him for a departure to a foreign land, which, after many narrow escapes, he succeeded in reaching. He went to Holland, that place of refuge for all the worn and oppressed servants of the Gospel in those days. He had not been long in Holland when the news of the death of Charles II. reached him. After the death of Sir Robert Baillie, his son had also sought retreat in Holland with many exiles. He had met Lady Grisell in his father's cell in Edinburgh, and in his exile his affection for her increased,

Appendix.

and was reciprocated, though, as neither of them had a shilling, they deemed it unwise to make the circumstance known to the parents, and long they kept silence; but having, after the Revolution, been put in possession of his father's estate, which had been gifted to the Duke of Gordon, Baillie made known to her parents the engagement between them, and he and Lady Grisell were married at Redbraes Castle in 1692. At the same time Sir Patrick Hume (his political and personal troubles being now over) was in high favor with King William, and enjoyed in security that wealth and honor to which his sufferings in the cause of religion and liberty so well entitled him."—*Ladies of the Covenant*.

All classes suffered alike, rich and poor, honored and unknown. Well was it for poor, down-trodden, though undaunted Scotland, that she had such heroines as the following well-known legend shows :

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

BY NATHANIEL W. CONKLING, D.D.

ABOUT two hundred years ago,
On Scotland's western shore,
A strange, sad sight was witnessed :
Strange e'en for days of yore.
And stranger still for Scotland,
Land of the free and leal,
Where conscience owns no master
Save God's own sovereign will.

The land where Chalmers thundered,
Where Knox braved Pope and Queen,
Where holy men unnumbered,
Loyal to Christ, were seen

Appendix.

Departing from hearths and homes,
 Whilst the deep-dyed flag of blue
Proclaimed full well to powers and thrones,
 “To God the Scots are true.”

Yet on a bright May morning,
 Three hundred years ago,
Down to the sands of Blednock
 A procession moves on slow.
The tide is out that morning,
 The sands spread wide and fair,
And overhead the sun shines,
 And softly breathes the air.

And why this great procession,
 This marching through the streets,
The town of Wigton all astir,
 While loud the drummer beats?
The Laird of Lagg rides foremost,
 The soldiers likewise ride,
And all are marching onward
 Down to the ocean side.

Sad sight!—two helpless women
 Are guarded either side:
The one, with gray hair streaming,
 The other, fair as bonnie bride;
One bowed with years and sorrows,
 To be pitied and upborne;
The other lithe, young, lovely
 As the opening of the morn.

They are bringing these two women,
 This matron and this maid,
From out the loathsome prison,
 And e'en to death, 'tis said:
For the Council they have ordered
 That on this day of May

Appendix.

This matron and this maiden
Must die in Wigton bay.

For these two hapless women
Have refused to take the oath,
The oath of objurati^on,
Demanded of them both;
Have rejected the "Conformity"—
Which were denial of their Lord;
And, though death the fearful penalty,
They swerve not from their word.

In the tideway of the ocean,
Both far off from the shore,
Are seen two stakes deep driven
Where soon the waves will roar;
And look! the elder of the two
Is led along the sands,
And to that stake the matron
Is tied with strongest bands.

Then to the other station
The other is quickly led—
There have but eighteen summers
Passed o'er that fair young head;
Yet in this opening morning
Of her life, as of the Spring,
This gentle maid is doomed to die
For Christ's sake, her true King.

And now the tide is waxing—
Advancing sure and slow,
And she who faces death the first,
Meets the crested ocean's flow;
And as she sinks beneath it
In mortal agony,
"What see you yonder?" ask the crowd
Of the one who yet is free.

Appendix.

Oh answer full of Heaven-born faith !
 " I see," the maid replied,
" The Saviour Christ now suffering
 In one for whom He died."
And as they tied her to the stake,
 There floated out a song,
Which told how Christ doth ever make
 The soul that trusts Him, strong.

She sang a Psalm of David—
 " O God, my Heavenly King,
To Thee I lift my soul this day
 Of my sore suffering ;
I trust in Thee, my Saviour,
 I trust alone in Thee ;
Now pardon, bless, and help me, Lord,
 And take me unto Thee."

Full soon the roaring billows
 Drown the music of her Psalm ;
Her head rests on no pillow
 Within her chamber calm,
While loved ones whisper to her,
 In words of hope and prayer,
The promises of Jesus,
 So gracious and so near.

Yet, ere the waters whelm her,
 One rushes through the wave,
His mighty love impelling
 His chosen bride to save ;
He lifts her in his strong arms,
 And with beseeching prayer
Entreats the one he loves so well,
 For him e'en now to care :

" Oh, Maggie, my own darling,
 This is an awful thing ;

Appendix.

To save thy precious life, dear,
Just say, 'God save the King.'
Aye, save him, an' He will ;
I wish no other thing ;
I pray with all my heart, love,
May God save Scotland's King."

"She has said it ! she has said it !
Now let the lassie free."
But, as he spake, a soldier
Came splashing through the sea ;
He lifts his sword above her,
He swears that she shall die,
Unless she takes the oath that makes
The Covenant a lie.

"That impious oath I will not take,
And thus deny my Lord ;
He loved me, even unto death,
I'll be faithful to His word ;
I hear His voice ! He calls me
To the regions of the blest.
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

THE LIFE AND SERVICES
OF
STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.
BY DANIEL D. BARNARD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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Hon. DANIEL D. BARNARD.

DEAR SIR,

At a meeting of the Albany Institute, held April 15, 1839, it was unanimously Resolved, that the thanks of the Institute be presented to the Hon. Daniel D. Barnard, for his able and interesting Discourse on the Life and Services of Stephen Van Rensselaer, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

As Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, I have been instructed to make this communication.

I remain, with sentiments of high respect and esteem,

Yours truly,

T. ROMEYN BECK.

April 16, 1839.

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ALBANY, April 17, 1839.

DEAR SIR,

My Discourse on the Life and Services of our late President, Stephen Van Rensselaer, having been prepared and delivered at the request of the Institute, the Manuscript will be placed at the disposal of that Body.

With great respect and regard,

• I am, dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

D. D. BARNARD.

Dr. T. ROMEYN BECK.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOSE who did the Author the honor to attend the delivery of this Discourse, will find in it some passages and paragraphs which were then omitted for the sake of brevity.

The Historical Sketch contained in the Appendix was read before the Institute at one of its regular meetings ; and has been thought of sufficient public interest to be worth preserving. It was prepared chiefly from a personal examination of the Manuscript Records in the Office of the Secretary of State at Albany. It is presented, by request, in connection with the Discourse delivered before the Institute, as belonging not inappropriately to the subject and the occasion ; indeed, it will be seen that it formed originally a part of the Discourse itself, from which it was necessarily severed on account of its length—its place being supplied in the body of that paper by a brief reference to some of the leading facts contained in the Sketch.

THE LIFE AND SERVICES
OF
STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.*

THE Albany Institute,† embracing in its objects a wide field for observation and study, is made up of three principal Departments, each having its President, Vice-President, and other appropriate Officers. It was formed originally by the union of two Societies previously existing under separate charters. At the organization of the Institute, on the 5th of May, 1824, STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, then at Washington as the Representative in Congress from this District, was unanimously selected to preside over its deliberations. He filled, at the time, the Presidency of the Albany Lyceum of Natural History, henceforth to be merged in the Institute; and there was every thing in his position and standing, as well as in his direct connection in many ways with the objects of the new Society, to make the compliment of the selection deserved and proper; yet it was found that his own regards, with characteristic modesty, had been directed towards another worthy and eminent

* A Discourse on the Life, Services, and Character of Stephen Van Rensselaer, delivered before the Albany Institute, April 15, 1839, by Daniel D. Barnard.

† Changed in name to "Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute."

The Life and Services of

citizen, as fittest to occupy the Chair ; and it was only after much hesitation and reluctance that he communicated to a friend on the spot his permission and request to decide the question of acceptance or refusal for him. It hardly need be added that the office was promptly accepted in his behalf. By the Charter of the Institute, this office is made elective annually ; and every year, since the same agreeable act was first performed, and with the same unanimity, have the Members of this Society offered the same grateful testimonial of their respect and affection for their beloved President. Alas ! my Friends and Fellow-Members, that offering of ours has been made for the last time. We are now called, in common with the whole country, to mourn his loss. He departed this life on Saturday, the TWENTY-SIXTH DAY OF JANUARY last. It was at FOUR o'clock in the afternoon, of a day which had dawned upon him with as fair a promise of closing on him in life, as any, perhaps, which he had seen for the last two years, that in a small Cabinet of his ample mansion, which his infirmities had made his chief asylum and sanctuary for many months, sitting in his chair, with just warning enough to convey the intimation to his own mind that his hour had come, without enough of previous change seriously to alarm the fears of anxious, watchful, and trembling hearts around him, the venerable man bowed his head, and died.

In the affecting ceremonies of his funeral, the Members of the Institute had their humble part. It had been resolved, in special session, that they would attend the funeral of their President in a body. This, however, was not all their duty. It was thought to belong appropriately to them to gather up the memorials of his life and services, and cause them to be arranged and presented before the

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

Society in a regular Discourse. It has pleased those whose charge it was to make the selection, to assign the duty of preparing and presenting this tribute to me. They might have found many to perform the service more acceptably; not one, since the time had come when the duty must be discharged by some body, to whom it could have been a more grateful office.

In entering on the execution of this trust, I should have been glad, if time had permitted, to have claimed the indulgence of my audience, first of all, to carry them back to a period in history somewhat remote from the times to which the distinguished subject of this Memoir more immediately belonged. Some of the acts of his individual career, and the traits of his beautiful character, when we should reach them in the progress of our narrative, would, I think, have developed themselves much the more strongly for the light which might thus have been thrown on them from the past. They would have been found, some of them at least, to have been linked backward, by unbroken chains, to the times and events of other and even distant generations. Men's virtues, any more than their vices, are not all their own. To some extent they are inheritors of virtues, and to some extent they are moulded by circumstances. They may be trained in schools of which the masters are dead long and long before, and of which nothing remains but the transmitted lessons that were taught without intending to teach them. In his personal history, MR. VAN RENSSELAER was subjected to the strong influence of great events—events powerfully affecting property, and rights, and ideas, and character. He was born the subject of a King, and he was born to a Chartered Inheritance, which gave him the right to a considerable share of Feudal honors and

The Life and Services of

Feudal power; at twenty-one, however, he had become, through a forcible and bloody Revolution, a citizen of a free Republic, with only his own share, as such, with all his fellow-citizens, in the popular sovereignty of the country. He was the proprietary of a remarkable landed interest—remarkable for any country—connecting him and his affairs directly with an ancestry, and through that ancestry with a people, in a portion of whose doings and history are bound up some interesting and valuable materials for the proper illustration of events and characters in later and even present times, in this part of our country. As such proprietary, looking to the earlier periods of his life, he represented, in his own person, a state of things in regard to property and its incidents, and the structure of social and political institutions, which in his own time and in his own hands passed away forever—not, however, without leaving behind them their strongly-marked and indelible traces; and, looking at him from the days of his manhood onward, he was, in his character and in his relations, a living witness and illustration of some important contributions which a former age had made to the present, and by which the features of the latter, as stamped by a new order of things, were not a little modified. Undoubtedly we change with the times; yet no age can choose but wear, more or less strongly, the lineaments of its parent age—the complexion, even a very great way off, will shew a tinge from the blood that was in the original fountain. He, the subject of our present reflections, stood, in one sense, between the present and the past; between two distinct and even opposite orders of things, and he belonged in a manner to both. His life reached forward well into the heart of the Republican system—and the whole country did not contain a

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

more thorough Republican than he was—while his days ran back to a period when a feudal Aristocracy, of which he was himself a part, had a legalized and legitimate growth in the soil of this our native land. He was a thorough Republican, in a Republican State, and yet he bore to his death, by common courtesy and consent—never claimed, but always conceded—the hereditary title which had anciently attached to the inheritance to which he had been born.

The title, as is well known to you, by which he was usually addressed and spoken of amongst us was that of Patroon. This title was derived, evidently, from the Civil Law, and the Institutions of Rome. In the time of the Roman Republic, the Latin *Patronus* was used to denote a Patrician, who had certain of the people under his immediate protection, and for whose interests he provided by his authority and influence. At a later period, and after the power of Rome had been greatly extended by her conquests, individuals and families of the noble order became Patrons of whole Cities and Provinces, and this protective authority, with large and extensive legal and political rights and powers, in some instances descended by inheritance. The family of the Claudii was vested with this patronage over the Lacedemonians; and that of the Marcelli over the Syracusans. It was partly from this source, it may well be supposed, that the Dutch, who had adopted the Civil Law, derived the idea of governing a remote territory, not easily to be reached by the Central Authorities, by committing it to the ample Jurisdiction of a Patroon.* This title was

* I have seen the "*Jus Patronatus*" of the Roman Law expressly referred to, in an Official MS. of the Dutch Authorities themselves, as the foundation of the powers and jurisdiction committed to the Patroons of New Netherlands.

The Life and Services of

not applied in Holland, so far as I know, to any order in the State there, nor was it employed in, or by, any other of the Countries of Europe. It was not a title of personal nobility, as that term is understood in Europe since the time when Monarchs assumed the right of conferring these distinctions by creation or patent. It belonged exclusively to the Proprietors of large Estates in lands, occupied by a Tenantry; and like the title of Seigneur, which the French bestowed with the Seigniories, or large territorial estates and jurisdictions in Lower Canada, on the first colonization of that country, it was deemed especially proper for Transatlantic use. Yet it had attached to it, in connection with proprietorship, the usual incidents and privileges of the old feudal Lordships, in direct imitation of which, both title and estate, with their jurisdictions, were instituted. It may be added as worth remarking, that, in the case before us, this title has run on, and been regularly transmitted, with the blood of the first Patroon, down to our day, though it is now a Century and three Quarters since the Inheritance ceased to be a Dutch Colony, to which alone the title properly attached, and became, by Royal authority, after a foreign conquest, an English Manorial possession; and though, in later time, a Revolution has intervened by which the Estate was fully shorn of its Manorial character and attributes, leaving to the proprietor, now for the last fifty years, to hold his property merely by the same simple tenure and ownership, with which every frecholder in the country is invested.

MR. VAN RENSSELAER was the fifth only in the direct line of descent from the original proprietor and Patroon of the Colony of Rensselaerwyck. This personage, the founder of the Colony, was a man of substance and character. He

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

was a merchant of Amsterdam, in Holland, wealthy, and of high consideration in his class, at a time when the Merchants of Holland had become, in effect, like those of Italy, the princes of the land. He was that Killian Van Rensselaer referred to in our recent Histories as having had a principal share in the first attempts made by the Dutch towards colonization in America.

I think this occasion would have been held to justify a more particular reference to the part which this Ancestor of the late MR. VAN RENSSELAER had in American Colonization, and especially at the important point where we are now assembled; and that it would not have been out of place, to have introduced the personal memoirs of the latter, by a portion at least of that curious and hitherto neglected history which attaches to the Colony and Manor of Rensselaerwyck—that identical landed estate and inheritance, which, nearly in its original integrity, though stript of its accessories, we have seen held and enjoyed, in our time, by a lineal descendant of the first Proprietor. But the unavoidable length to which the briefest outline of that History runs—though fully prepared, after the labor of considerable research—has compelled me, reluctantly I confess, to lay it entirely aside. I must needs content myself now with some very general facts and observations in this connection.

Killian Van Rensselaer—to whom I just now referred—was a large proprietor, and a Director in the Amsterdam Branch of the Dutch West India Company. This Company was incorporated in 1621, and was composed of an associate band of merchant-warriors and chiefs, with a chartered domain and jurisdiction as well for conquests, as for trade and colonization, extending in Africa from Cancer to the Cape, and in America from the extreme South to the frozen re-

The Life and Services of

gions of the North, and with the right to visit and to fight in every sea where their own or a national enemy could be found. Ample powers of government also attended them everywhere. After they had obtained a footing in this country, a College of Nine Commissioners was instituted to take the superior direction and charge of the affairs of New Netherland. Killian Van Rensselaer was a member of this College. This was in 1629. The same year a liberal Charter of Privileges to Patroons and others was obtained from the Company. Colonization by the Dutch had its origin and foundation in this extraordinary Instrument. The same Instrument provided also for founding a landed and Baronial Aristocracy for the Provinces of the Dutch in the New World. Early in the next year, with the design of establishing his Colony under the Charter, Van Rensselaer sent out an Agency, when his first purchase of land was made of the Indian Owners, and sanctioned by the Authorities of the Company at New Amsterdam. Other purchases were made for him in subsequent years, until 1637, when, his full complement of territory having been made up—nearly identical with the Manor of our day, and forming, as subsequently defined, a tract of about twenty-four miles in breadth by forty-eight in length—Killian Van Rensselaer himself came to take charge of his Colony. Many of his colonists were already here, and others were sent out to him—all at his own cost. The full complement for his Colony, required by the Charter, was one hundred and fifty adult souls, to be planted within four years from the completion of his purchases.

The power of the Patroon of that day was analogous to that of the old feudal Barons; acknowledging the Government at New Amsterdam, and the States General, as his

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

Superiors. He maintained a high military and judicial authority within his territorial limits. He had his own fortresses planted with his own cannon, manned with his own soldiers, with his own flag waving over them. The Courts of the Colony were his own Courts, where the gravest questions and the highest crimes were cognizable; but with appeals in the more important cases. Justice was administered in his own name. The Colonists were his immediate subjects, and took the oath of fealty and allegiance to him.

The position of the Colony was one of extreme delicacy and danger. It was situated in the midst of warlike and conquering Tribes of Savages, which, once angered and aroused, were likely to give the Proprietors as much to do in the way of defence, and in the conduct of hostile forays, as were used to fall to the lot of those bold Barons of the Middle Ages, whose castles and domains were perpetually surrounded and besieged by their hereditary and plundering enemies. Happily, however, the Patroons of the period, and their Directors, or Governors of the Colony, by a strict observance of the laws of justice, and by maintaining a cautious and guarded conduct in all things toward their immediate neighbors, escaped—but not without occasions of great excitement and alarm—those desolating wars and conflicts which were so common elsewhere among the infant Colonies of the country.

While, however, they maintained, for the most part, peaceable relations with the Indian Tribes around them, they were almost constantly in collision, on one subject or another, with the authorities at New Amsterdam, and those in Holland. The boundaries of rights and privileges between them and their feudal Superiors were illy defined,

The Life and Services of

and subjects of disagreement and dispute were perpetually arising. Here, at this point, was the chief mart of trade, at the time, in the Province; and this trade fell naturally into the hands of the Proprietors of the Colony. Not a little heart-burning and jealousy, on the part of the Company, was excited on this account, especially when the Director of the Colony was found to have set up his claim to "staple-right," amounting to a demand of sovereign control over the proper trade of the Colony against all the world, the Company alone excepted, and had made formidable preparations to enforce his right by the establishment of an Island Fortress, planted with cannon, and frowning over the channel and highway of the river. The little village of Beverwyck, too, clustering under the guns of Fort Orange—the germ of the City of Albany—became debatable ground. The soil belonged to the Colony, and was occupied with the proper colonists and subjects of the Patroon. The Company thought fit to assert a claim to as much ground as would be covered by the sweep of their guns at the Fort. This was of course resisted on one side, and attempted to be enforced on the other; and so sharp did this controversy become, and so important was it deemed, that Governor Stuyvesant, on one occasion, sent up from Fort Amsterdam an armed expedition to invade the disputed territory, and aid the military force at Fort Orange in supporting the pretensions of the Company—an expedition wholly unsuccessful at the time, and happily, too, as bloodless as it was bootless. But I can not pursue this singular history in this place.

In 1664 the English Conquest of the Province took place. The Colony of Rensselaerwyck fell with it. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, the second son of Killian, was then in posses-

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

sion. He died in possession in 1674. The line of the eldest son of Killian, the original proprietor, became extinct; and in 1704, a Charter from Queen Anne confirmed the estate to Killian, the eldest son of Jeremias Van Rensselaer. The subject of our present Memoir was the third only in the direct line of descent, in the order of primogeniture, through the second son of this Killian Van Rensselaer, the eldest son having died without issue. The Estate came to him by inheritance, according to the canons of descent established by the law of England. It never passed, at any time, from one proprietor to another by will, nor was it ever entailed.

By a Royal Charter of 1685, the Dutch Colony of Rensselaerwyck had been converted and created into a regular Lordship, or Manor, with all the privileges and incidents belonging to an English estate and Jurisdiction of the Manorial kind. To the Lord of the Manor was expressly given authority to administer justice within his domain in both kinds, in his own Court-leet and Court-baron, to be held by himself or by his appointed Steward. Other large privileges were conferred on him; and he had the right, with the freeholders and inhabitants of the Manor, to a separate representation in the Colonial Assembly. All these rights continued unimpaired down to the Revolution.

For eighty-four years immediately preceding the Revolution, the Manor was never without its Representative in the Assembly of the Province—always either the Proprietor himself, or some member, or near relative, or friend of the family. Nearly the whole of this entire period was filled up with a series of hot political controversies between the Assemblies and the Royal Governors. I have looked into the records of these contests, and I have not found an instance from the earliest time in which the Proprietor or Represen-

The Life and Services of

tative of the Manor was not found on the side of popular liberty. The last of the Representatives was that stern patriot and Whig, General Abraham Ten Broeck. He was the uncle of the late MR. VAN RENSSELAER, the last of the Manorial Proprietors, and his Guardian in his non-age, and had a right, therefore, to speak and act in the name of his Ward. His official efforts, though often in a minority in the Assembly, were untiring to bring the Province of New York into a hearty co-operation with her sister Colonies in their movements towards Revolution.

This brief reference to the connection of the Manor, and of the family whose possession and estate it was, with the political history of the period preceding the Revolution, may serve not only to do justice to the parties concerned, and thence incidentally to vindicate, if there were need of it, the conduct of the Dutch inhabitants of this Province with reference to the progress of free principles, but also to shew that great as the change certainly was in the personal fortunes and prospects of the late MR. VAN RENSSELAER, between his birth and his majority, yet, in truth, that change was neither sudden nor violent ; that it was altogether easy and natural ; that the way had already been prepared ; and that, though born as he was to hereditary honors and aristocratic rank, he yet, while still a youth, was carried, by the strong current of the times, over the boundary—to him, at the period, but little more than an imaginary line—between two very opposite political systems ; and found himself, at his prime of manhood, and when called to take his own part in the active scenes of life, not only a contented, but a glad and rejoicing subject and citizen of a free Republic. With the history of the past before him ; in possession of an estate which connected him nearly with feudal times and a

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

feudal ancestry, and which constituted himself, in his boyhood, a Baronial Proprietor, instead of what he now was—the mere fee-simple owner of acres, with just such political rights and privileges as belonged to his own freehold tenantry, and no other—it would not, perhaps, have been very strange if he had, sometimes, turned his regards backwards, to contemplate the fancied charms of a life, sweetened with the use of inherited power, and gilded with Baronial honors. Nothing, however, I feel warranted in saying, was ever farther from his contemplations. He had no regrets for the past. He was satisfied with his own position, and though the Revolution, in giving his country independence, had stript him of power and personal advantages, yet as it had raised a whole nation of men to the condition and dignity of freemen, and so to a political equality with himself, it was an event which, to a mind attuned as his always was to a liberal and enlightened philanthropy, was only to be thought of with the strongest approbation and pleasure.

But I come now to recount—which I propose to do in the plainest and simplest manner, as best according with the modesty of his own pretensions and character—those events in the life of MR. VAN RENSSELAER which constitute his personal history.

He was born on the first day of November, 1764, in the city of New York. His father was Stephen Van Rensselaer, the Proprietor of Rensselaerwyck. His mother was Catharine, daughter of Philip Livingston, Esquire, of the family of that name to which belonged the Manor of Livingston. Mr. Livingston was conspicuous among those lofty and disinterested spirits brought out by the American Revolution in devotion to human liberty. He was one of the Signers of that undying instrument—the Declaration

The Life and Services of

of Independence. At the period of the birth of his grandchild, which took place in his own house, he was a member of the General Assembly, and at that time, more than ten years in advance of the Revolution, in an Answer to the Speech of Lt. Gov. Colden, which was reported by him, he put forth and insisted, in explicit terms, on that great doctrine of "taxation only with consent," the denial of which by Great Britain finally brought on the conflict of arms.

The present Manor House of Rensselaerwyck was completed in 1765, when the subject of our Memoir was a year old. It took the place of a structure, the site of which was near by, and which had answered, in its day, the uses of a fortress, as well as a dwelling. To this, the new Manor House, his father directly resorted. His occupation of it, however, was short. He died in 1769, of a pulmonary disease, leaving his son, his eldest born, a few days less than five years old, and transmitting to him a constitutional weakness of the chest, which shewed itself in very alarming symptoms in his minority, but happily afterwards disappeared. His father left two other children, a son and daughter. The latter still survives.

On the death of his father, the care of that great landed and feudal estate, which fell exclusively to him, by the rule of primogeniture, was committed to his uncle, Gen. Ten Broeck, by whom it was faithfully managed—as far as the disturbed state of the times would allow—during the minority of his Ward. For a while he remained under the control and supervision of his excellent and pious mother—long enough no doubt to receive those deep impressions of the value of religious faith and the beauty of holy things, which were finally wrought firmly into the texture of his character.

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

His first experience in school was under the labors of Mr. John Waters, a professional Schoolmaster, at a period when a Schoolmaster was what he always should be, a man of consideration. It was before the days of Webster and printed Spelling-books, and when the letters and elements were studied and taught from a horn-book. And thus was he initiated into these mysteries. The school-house, with its sharp roof and gable to the front, still holds its ground in North Market-street, nearly opposite the stuccoed church of the Colonie, in this city. And the blood of John Waters—the professional Schoolmaster—is still with us, and running in the veins of some of our most worthy and respectable citizens.

But the education of the young Proprietor was to be provided for in a way which required his early removal from the side and hearth of his mother. This care devolved on his grand-father; and he was first placed by Mr. Livingston at a school in Elizabeth Town, in New Jersey. When the stirring and troublous times of the Revolution came on, Mr. Livingston was driven with his family from the city of New York, and took refuge at Kingston. Here, fortunately, was established a Classical School, or Academy, which attained no small celebrity under the direction of Mr. John Addison. Addison was a Scotchman, possessing the thorough scholarship of an educated man of his nation, and without any lack of the shrewdness and strong sense so apt to be found among his countrymen. He became a man of consideration in the State, and filled the office of State Senator about the beginning of the present century. Mr. Livingston, much absent from home himself on public affairs, caused his young charge to be domesticated in his own family, for the convenience of his attendance on the

The Life and Services of

instruction of Addison. He acquired the elements of a classical education at the Kingston Academy. The late venerable Abraham Van Vechten—one of the noblest specimens of humanity which it has pleased God ever to create—was his fellow-student at this school; and here was formed between the two a close and confidential intimacy and friendship which death alone was able to interrupt.

But the time soon came when it was necessary to supply the growing student with more ample advantages. The celebrated Dr. Witherspoon—scholar, divine, patriot, and statesman—had arrived in this country a few years before the Revolution, and, taking charge of the College of New Jersey at Princeton as President, had raised the reputation of that Institution to a very high pitch. The Revolution dispersed the students and broke up the College, and the learned and ardent Witherspoon, driven from Academic shades, plunged into the business of the War. He, too, was a Signer of the Declaration. He was still in Congress in 1779; but he had determined to retire at the close of that year, and resuscitate his beloved College. In the summer of that year Congress instituted a Commission, the members of which were to proceed northward to investigate, on the spot, the troubles to which the country was then subjected by the inhabitants of the New Hampshire Grants. The Doctor was in the North on this Commission, and on his return, took, by arrangement, young VAN RENSSELAER with him, to make one of the few who should be gathered, in the autumn, under the wing of the re-animated College. Gen. Washington's Head Quarters were then in the Highlands, at New Windsor. Stony Point had just fallen into the hands of the enemy, who had also a footing in New Jersey. The worthy Commissioner and his charge

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

received from the General the protection which the times required. Our student passed on his way to his first essay in College life under a military escort. He was placed in the family of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Smith, the son-in-law of Dr. Witherspoon, and Vice-President of the College, to whom the immediate care of conducting the instruction of the Institution was now committed. But New Jersey was not yet safe from the incursions of the enemy; Princeton was still too near the seat of war; and the next year it was thought advisable to remove the young Collegian to the University at Cambridge, then, as now, a distinguished and leading school of the higher kind in the United States. Here, in 1782, in the nineteenth year of his age, with respectable attainments in the classical and other learning of the time, he took his first degree in letters as a Bachelor of Arts. It may be added, in this connection, that in 1825, he received from Yale College a Diploma conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

The war of the Revolution was ended in 1782, though peace was not proclaimed till the next year. MR. VAN RENSSELAER was now at home, still two years under age, too late escaped from the University to put on armor for his country, without any motive to apply himself to the acquisition of professional learning of any sort, his estate yet under guardianship and properly cared for; and what was he to do? The natural refuge of a young man thus situated, and no doubt as safe as any which he would be likely to take, was in matrimony. He was married, before he was twenty, at Saratoga, to Margaret, the third daughter of Gen. Philip Schuyler; and thus was he connected, by a near relationship, and one, as it proved, of great confidence and affection, with another of those extraordinary men

The Life and Services of

whose names so crowd and illumine the pages of our Revolutionary history.

His excellent mother, a discreet and exemplary christian, had, in 1775, united herself in marriage with the Rev. Dr. Eilardus Westerlo, an original Dutchman, a fine scholar, an eminent divine, and, at the time, and long before and long after, the installed pastor of the Dutch Church in this city, where he preached in the Dutch language for the first fifteen or twenty years of his ministry. The mother of MR. VAN RENSSELAER still resided with her husband at the Manor House, at the time of his marriage; but the ample Parsonage of the good Dominie, in North Market-street, was then unoccupied, and there he bestowed his bride, to await the period when, having attained his legal majority, he should take possession of his inheritance. When that time came, the proper exchange of domiciles took place between him and his mother.

The occasion of his reaching the important age of twenty-one was celebrated with much of that kind of rousing observance, which, without being inappropriate, would have fitted more perfectly, perhaps, his relations as a Landlord, if the event had transpired ten years earlier. But as it was, and changed as the political relations between him and his tenants had become within that time, they were not to be restrained from offering, on this event, the testimony of their joy, and their affection for his person, as if he was still, instead of being simply a contracting party with them in regard to their lands, as much their Patroon and feudal Superior, as his ancestor was of their fathers in the time of Petrus Stuyvesandt. The Tenantry were certainly not as numerous, by any means, as they have since become; but such as they were, they poured in upon him from the ex-

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

tremes of the broad territory, nor did they leave him till they had done ample justice to the liberal cheer which he had provided for their entertainment.

This event fairly disposed of, MR. VAN RENSSELAER found it necessary to look somewhat critically after his interests in the Manor. He was in possession of a very large landed interest, but one which could not be managed without great expense, and from which he found the returns not only moderate, but small. The interests of the country too, as well as his own, required that these lands should be cultivated. Comparatively few of them had yet been converted into farms. The Revolution had just closed, and left the country poor. Speculators would buy lands—as they always will—but farmers, the laborious tillers of the soil, were unable, or unwilling, to contract for the fee. By offering Leases in fee, or for long terms, at a very moderate rent—sometimes hardly more than nominal—MR. VAN RENSSELAER succeeded readily, in bringing a large proportion of his lands, comprising the greater part of the present counties of Albany and Rensselaer, into cultivation; and thus securing to himself a valuable and competent income. This policy once adopted by him, was never changed. Nor did he ever after attempt, as he might easily have done, greatly to increase his current means derived from this source. The net returns from his lands, never exceeded, probably, two, if they did one, per cent upon them, considered as a capital at a very moderate valuation. But finding himself in the receipt of a current income, large enough for his simple and unostentatious habits, and those of his family, with something liberal to spare for his charities, he was not only not desirous of adding to his wealth by enhancing his receipts, but he was positively and strenuously

The Life and Services of

averse to such a course. He had none of that morbid appetite for wealth which grows ravenous by what it feeds on. And this it was, I have no doubt—the strong disinclination to cumber himself with useless accumulations—which led him to neglect improvements, suggested often by the interest of others, and on account of which, because he could not bring himself to feel and indulge that passion for profit and gain which consumed those around him, he was sometimes subjected to heavy censures.

MR. VAN RENSSELAER received his first military Commission, as a Major of Infantry, in 1786; then at the age of twenty-two; and he was promoted to the Command of a Regiment two years afterwards. In 1801, Gov. Jay directed the Cavalry of the State to be formed into a separate Corps, divided from the Infantry to which the Horse had before been attached. The Cavalry formed a single Division, with two Brigades, and the command of the whole was conferred on MR. VAN RENSSELAER. This Commission of Major General of Cavalry he bore to his death.

In presenting, as nearly as may be in the order of time, the events of this good man's life, I must not omit to mention one in this place, certainly of no inconsiderable importance, if only considered as affecting our right judgment of his character. It was in the spring of 1787, when he was short of twenty-three years of age, in the vigor of manhood, just on the threshold of mature life, which sparkled brightly before him, with large possessions, and wealth enough to lay the world under contribution for whatever it can afford to pamper appetite and passion, and supply the means of wanton and luxurious indulgence; it was then, and under such circumstances, that he deliberately chose, by a formal profession of religious faith, and a personal

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

vow of religious obedience, according to the doctrines and discipline of the Christian Church as adopted by the Dutch Reformers, to pledge himself to a life of temperance, simplicity, truth and purity. How well he kept his vow, is known to all who had occasion to observe him; and how eminently he was blest in keeping it, was seen in all those quarters, where, I think, the Christian is wont to look for the promise of *the life that now is*—in the calm and quiet of a peaceful existence, in domestic relations of the most tender, harmonious and beautiful character, and in a resigned, appropriate and happy death.

Towards the close of the year 1787, the Convention which sat at Philadelphia to frame the Federal Constitution, terminated its labors, and submitted its work to the judgment of the people. All over the country a desperate conflict arose, and, no doubt, the fate of the Republic was suspended on the issue. MR. VAN RENSSELAER took ground promptly and decidedly in favor of the Constitution. In the Spring of 1788, Delegates to the State Convention, which was to pass sentence of condemnation, or approval, on the Constitution, in the name of New York, were to be chosen from the county of Albany. The anti-federal party, strong throughout the State, was particularly formidable here. This was the residence of YATES and LANSING, both popular and influential, and both of whom, having acted as Delegates, had left the Convention at Philadelphia before its labors were finished, and published a joint letter to the Governor, setting forth their reasons for refusing to put their names to the Constitution. That their counsels, and the counsels of those with whom they were associated politically, would prevail in this quarter of the State, on this important trial of the strength of parties, was hardly to be

The Life and Services of

doubted. Yet were the friends of the Constitution bound to make the effort, and, in so doing, to leave no part of their moral force out of the controversy. With this object, MR. VAN RENSSELAER was solicited, and consented, to stand as a Candidate for the Assembly, at the same election. The sway of anti-federal opinions and feelings at the period, may be estimated from the fact that, with all his personal popularity and influence—already very great in the district—he was beaten by an overwhelming majority. But popular majorities, even where the right of voting is restricted as it then was, are not always remarkable for their stability; and happy they should not be—certainly when they chance to be in the wrong.

The Constitution having been adopted after a fearful struggle, the government was to be organized and put in full operation under it. Ground enough of difference in regard to it, was still left—barely enough—for parties to stand on; but the popular mind began to sway strongly over to the side of the Constitution. In the Spring of the very next year, 1789, MR. VAN RENSSELAER was again a candidate for the Assembly, and was now carried into office by a majority nearly as great as that by which he had been before defeated. And now, having once got right, never was a constituency more steadfast to a faithful public servant. In the course of the next forty years after, he had occasion often to try the strength of their attachment to him; and on no occasion did the county of Albany, whether comprising more or less territory, and whether the elective privilege was less or more extended, ever desert him.

The first Session of the Legislature, to which MR. VAN RENSSELAER was now elected, was held in the summer, under the Proclamation of the Governor, for the special

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

purpose of electing, for the first time, Senators in Congress. The same question which has since, and more than once, been agitated, respecting the mode of election, divided the councils of the State at that period. The federal party, and those who desired to clothe the Federal Government with all necessary strength and stability, insisted on a mode of election which should give the Senate, equally with the popular branch of the Legislature, a separate and independent action. MR. VAN RENSSELAER was of this number. The anti-federal party preferred a mode of election, by joint ballot or otherwise, which should subject Senators in Congress more certainly to the popular will of the State, as it should be currently expressed in the annual elections to the Assembly. The question to be sure was one growing out of the language of the Federal Constitution, and, therefore, a question of constitutional law; but men of different parties at that day, as well as at this, were wont to read the Constitution through an atmosphere of their own, usually too much clouded to allow the light from any objects to pass through it in straight lines; hence of course they read it differently, and not unfrequently both sides read it wrong. The Legislature on this occasion separated without settling on any mode of electing Senators—except for itself; Senators were elected by the Joint Resolution of the two Houses.

MR. VAN RENSSELAER was now fairly embarked in political life. The next spring—1790—he was elected to the Senate of the State, from the *Western* Senatorial District. When we look over this State, and see what the West now is, we hardly know how to credit the fact that, within so few years, the county of Albany, on the North River, was one of the Western Counties of the State. In the spring

The Life and Services of

of 1794, the same Senator from the same Western District was re-elected. He was a member of the Senate from his first election down to 1795. In the whole of this Legislative period he was a faithful, vigilant, highly influential and useful member. There were few standing Committees at that period ; but he was from the first, and always, a member of one or more of these, and always of the most important.

In the second year of his senatorial services, 1792, parties were thrown into a prodigious ferment by certain proceedings of the State Canvassers, in regard to a portion of the votes taken at the Gubernatorial election of that year. Mr. Jay and Mr. Clinton had been the opposing candidates. The popular voice had declared itself, by a moderate majority, in favor of Mr. Jay ; but the Canvassers found some informalities, and legal difficulties, which induced them, by a party vote, to reject the returns from three counties, by which Mr. Jay's majority was lost, and Mr. Clinton was declared elected. When the Legislature met in the autumn, petitions were poured in upon it from the people, and a legislative investigation was had. It appeared in testimony, that the rejected ballots had at first been regularly deposited in appropriate boxes in the record-room of the Office of the Secretary of State ; and that afterwards, without consent obtained at the office, Mr. Thomas Tillotson, a State Senator, and one of the Canvassers, in the presence however of several of his fellows, took from their place of deposit among the archives of the State, the boxes containing the rejected ballots, and committed them to the flames. However pure the motives for an act of this sort, the act itself was not one which was likely to meet the approbation of the pure and single-minded VAN RENSSELAER. His

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

scornful reprobation of the part enacted by Mr. Tillotson, uttered in no equivocal terms, brought him into a personal collision with that gentleman, which was likely to put his life, or his reputation, or both, into imminent hazard. But those who attempted to deal with him had quite mistaken the temper of the man. Though one of the mildest of men in his ordinary demeanor, he was yet one of the firmest. He was the last person on earth to be moved by intimidations. Being in the right, or thinking himself so, he would allow nothing to be wrung from him which would abate, by a feather's weight, the full moral force of the language he had used. Happily, this admirable firmness, with the steadiness and quiet which distinguished his manner, when most pressed upon by difficulties and danger, saved him from an abyss into which, no doubt, the least wavering or trepidation would have plunged him.

When the next election for Governor approached, in 1795, Mr. Jay was again placed in nomination, and, with him, MR. VAN RENSSELAER was nominated for Lt. Governor. The circumstances under which Mr. Clinton had served, as Governor, during the current term, were deemed, by his party, such as to render unwise his renomination at the present time. Mr. Yates and Mr. Floyd were the opposing candidates. Mr. Jay and MR. VAN RENSSELAER were elected by handsome majorities. In 1798, both were re-nominated, and both re-elected, to the same offices. On this occasion, Chancellor Livingston was Mr. Jay's opponent—only very lately his strong friend, political as well as personal. The Lt. Governor had no opposing candidate. He was named universally throughout the State, by the anti-federalists, on their ticket with Chancellor Livingston. The design was to detach him, if possible, after the example of the

The Life and Services of

Chancellor, from the federal party, and from the support of Gov. Jay. No doubt it was in his power to have given to the Chancellor and his friends a complete triumph. It is probable that no one individual in the State, at the period, carried with him a greater personal influence and sway. So desirable was it deemed to secure him, or at least to make the people believe he was secured—that the Chancellor's party did not hesitate to employ the fact before the electors, though without the least warrant, as if it had been true. Of course, he took the most prompt and effectual measures to disabuse the public mind on a point of so much importance.

I will not hesitate, on an occasion like this, and when dealing with matters of great historical interest, to say what I think. I think, then, that New York has never seen so pure an administration of its government, as that which was conducted by Mr. Jay. I think this is already the settled verdict of an enlightened public sentiment. He could not have had, during the six years of his administration, a purer, or more worthy coadjutor than Lt. Governor VAN RENSSELAER. Never could there have been, or could there be, a moral spectacle of higher beauty, than was seen in the lofty and universal harmonies of thought and intent, of feelings, character and purposes—the perfect blending of harmonious colors, till nothing was visible but the white light of truth and integrity—when the honest and true-hearted Huguenot and the honest and true-hearted Dutchman united to administer the government of a free people.

It is not surprising then, when the community—such of them as were attached to the administration and principles of Gov. Jay—came to look after a fit person to be his successor, that all eyes should have rested on the Lt. Governor.

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

In January, 1801, a large body of the most respectable freeholders, from various and distant parts of the State, assembled at the Tontine Coffee House in Albany, and unanimously named MR. VAN RENSSELAER as their candidate for Governor at the ensuing election. How he received this mark of public approbation and esteem, and with what difficulty his acceptance was finally obtained, appears from the publications of the time. His opponents, for lack of better matter, took serious exceptions, if not to him, to his party, because he had given to the invitation, more than once, a positive refusal. His nomination was enthusiastically seconded in the City of New York, and in public meetings held in every quarter of the State. His election was advocated everywhere by his friends, on grounds which shewed that his character—young as he was—was already developed, and was thoroughly understood and appreciated. His competent acquaintance with the interests and business of the State; his tried and reliable judgment; his unconquerable firmness; his decision and energy in emergencies; his purity; his many virtues; his retiring and domestic habits; his humility; his urbane and gentle manners—these were the qualities attributed to him by his friends, and in no case denied by his opponents. The rage of party politics was becoming extreme, and, in their rancor, poisoned the blood of friends and families, and seemed ready, vulture-like, to tear the vitals of the Republic. He was the man—so at least his friends thought—above any other man of the period—the man of peace—fitted to soften the asperities, to reconcile the enmities and calm the turbulent agitations of the time. If his opponents thought differently, they scarcely ventured to say so. They thought he was rich, and that those with whom he had business relations would be likely

The Life and Services of

to vote for him, and hence they thought the genuineness of his republican principles was fairly to be doubted—this they thought, and this they ventured to say. But I should do a great wrong to the party opposed to him, if I should leave it to be inferred that he was defeated on such grounds—or that I supposed so. Mr. Clinton, after having been laid aside for six years, was now brought forward as his opposing candidate. Mr. Clinton was popular, and there was much in his character and history to make him deservedly so. But besides this, the Republican party—in which the anti-federalists were now merged—had acquired prodigious strength from the serious apprehensions which were felt in the country on account of some of the measures, and the apparent tendencies of the Federal Government, in the course of the last four years. In the midst of the campaign in this State, the election of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency was announced; the fate of parties in this State was decided, and decided for a long time to come. MR. VAN RENSSELAER was defeated, by a majority of a little less than four thousand votes.

With this defeat, MR. VAN RENSSELAER's official service in the civil departments of the Government—with a single exception, to which I shall advert directly—was ended for several years. I feel certain that, on his own account, he was very far from regretting this discomfiture. It left him, as it chanced, the very leisure and quiet which he needed. It was in the month of March of this year, and while the election canvass was going on most actively and virulently, that he was called to part with the companion and wife of his youth. How sensibly he was affected by it, I have reason to know, when nearly thirty years afterwards, he referred to this event in a very touching manner, and, with

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

many tears, poured his generous sympathy into the bosom of a friend under similar bereavement. By his first marriage, he had three children, one of whom only—his eldest son—survives.

In October, 1801, a State Convention met at Albany to consider and revise the Constitution, in regard to two specified subjects. One of these subjects was the proper construction to be given to the twenty-third Article of the Constitution, which established the old Council of Appointment. A violent party controversy had arisen in Mr. Jay's time, concerning the right of nomination. It was claimed by the Governor, from precedent and otherwise, to belong exclusively to him; the members of the Council challenged an equal right to make nominations. The Convention was called mainly to determine this question, and, having a strong party character, was regarded as having been instructed to reverse the doctrine and decision of the Governor. The subject of our Memoir was a member of this body, and was opposed to the majority. Col. Burr was the President, but MR. VAN RENSSELAER presided during much the greater part of the deliberations, as Chairman of the Committee of the Whole.

In May, 1802, MR. VAN RENSSELAER formed an appropriate, and highly fortunate and happy matrimonial union with Cornelia, only daughter of the late William Patterson, a distinguished citizen of New Jersey, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. This excellent lady, and nine children of the marriage, survive the husband and father. Delicacy would forbid my saying more of the living than concerns the just memory of the dead. These children are all of an age to have developed already their individual characters; and to those who, like

The Life and Services of

myself, believe that the characters of children, as a general thing, are just what they are educated to be at the domestic board, they afford the most satisfactory and gratifying proof that the example, instruction and influence of the parents have been worthy of all approbation.

In 1807 the subject of our notice was elected to the Assembly, and with him, as a colleague, his early and tried friend, Abraham Van Vechten. They were elected and served together in the Assembly for three successive years.

In 1810 he was called to a new and distinguished service. In March of that year a Commission was instituted by the Legislature for exploring a route for a Western Canal; and then was laid the foundation of that great system of Internal Improvements by which New York has so much signalized herself. Seven persons composed the Commission—though all, I think, did not act. MR. VAN RENSSELAER's was the second name; the first was that of Gouverneur Morris; Mr. Clinton was one of the number. In the summer of this year, these gentlemen, accompanied by a surveyor, personally inspected and explored the route of a Canal from the Hudson to Erie. They travelled for the most part on horseback; not always without serious difficulty and much deprivation, from the uncultivated state of the country; sometimes they made the Canopy their covering and shelter for the night. They made their Report in February, 1811. MR. VAN RENSSELAER was in the Assembly when the project of this Commission was first agitated, and, startling as the idea was to most men at that day, he entered warmly and heartily into the measure, and contributed materially to its success by his exertions and influence. From the earliest period, he was the unwavering and efficient friend of the Erie Canal.

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

The favorable Report made by the Commissioners on this occasion, drawn by Mr. Morris, with consummate ability, and yet not without great defects, gave an impulse to the Canal project which it never wholly lost, though it shortly after suffered interruption by the intervention of the war. In April, 1811, the Legislature again acted on the project, by raising a Commission to consider "of all matters relating to inland navigation." MR. VAN RENSSELAER was still one of the Commissioners. It was proposed by this Commission to enlist Congress, and as far as possible the States individually, to contribute their aid and support to the work—a scheme which, most happily, completely failed. In March, 1812, the Commissioners reported, and appealed strongly and eloquently to the pride of New York, to construct the Canal, from her own resources, and on her own account. The appeal was so far effectual, that the Legislature, in June, authorized them to borrow five millions of dollars, on the credit of the State, for the prosecution of the enterprise. The war occurring just then, the project slept for nearly four years.

The War with Great Britain was declared in June, 1812. This occurrence brought with it the great crisis in the public life of our worthy and distinguished fellow-citizen. The country was without any adequate preparation for the conflict; a state of things which, from the necessity of our political condition and the frame of our institutions, must always exist, I apprehend, whenever, and as often as we may be driven to make our appeal to arms. Such, at any rate, was the case now. Gen. Dearborn had been assigned to the command of the Northern frontier, with some undigested designs upon Canada. He established his Head Quarters at Greenbush, as being on the open and natural

The Life and Services of

military route to the enemy's territory, by way of Lake Champlain. But there was a great deficiency of troops for any offensive operations. A regular army, of much magnitude, is not to be recruited and disciplined for service, in such a country as ours, without time. And hence the necessity in all such cases of a resort to the Militia. The first reliance for defence, at least, if not for conquest, must be upon citizen soldiers. A requisition was made on Gov. Tompkins, to order into immediate service a considerable body of New York Militia. The patriot Governor promptly obeyed the requisition, and selected Major-General STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER for the Command.

The public relations between these two individuals were peculiar, and deserve to be stated. They were already regarded as rival candidates for the Chief Magistracy of the State at the next Spring's election—the friends of the General having already named him for that office in their own circles. The lines of party, too, were now very distinctly drawn, and it was the war that was made to divide them. The federalists were charged by their opponents, not only with being hostile to the war as having been both premature and unnecessary, but also with dispositions and designs averse to its vigorous or successful prosecution. Gen. VAN RENSSELAER was a federalist, and about to become the candidate of the federal party for the office of Governor, and to him, therefore, without any express declaration to the contrary, might, perhaps, with an equal show of justice, be attributed the same unpatriotic and odious sentiments which were imputed to the great body of his friends. Without any desire, or attempt, to penetrate the motives which led to the selection of the General for command under such circumstances, and admitting that they might

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

have been good and even generous, it is easy to see that, personally, the General was placed in a position of extreme embarrassment and hazard, and that results of great political importance might flow from any determination he might make. If he should decline the command, the proof of a culpable defection, against both him and his party, would be complete. On the other hand, considering his own inexperience in the trade and business of war, the impracticable materials he had to deal with, and the very extraordinary extent of exposed and defenceless territory committed to his immediate military care and keeping—being no less than the entire “Northern and Western frontiers of the State between St. Regis and Pennsylvania” *—considering these things, and considering, too, how often misfortune alone, in warlike operations, though accompanied with unexceptionable conduct, brings with it the most thorough disgrace, we can not help seeing that his acceptance of this command must subject him, personally, to a fiery ordeal, from which he might escape unharmed, and possibly with a burnished and brighter fame, but where the chances were fearfully prevalent that he would be utterly consumed.

But the noble-minded man did not for an instant hesitate, when the question was between a probable sacrifice of himself, and a possible service of great value rendered to his country within the line of his admitted duty. Whatever might be the views of other federalists, his own were sound and thoroughly patriotic. It was his country that called him to the field, and that was a voice which he could never disobey. Nor was he a loiterer, or a laggard. In an incredibly short time, after receiving the order, he had formed, with excellent and ready judgment, his military family,

* General Orders of the Commander-in-Chief—July 13, 1812.

The Life and Services of

thrown off the citizen and put on the soldier, and having taken hasty leave of the domestic circle at the Manor House—from which he parted under circumstances of the most delicate and tender interest—he took up his line of march for the Frontier. In ten days only from the date of his orders, we find him at Ogdensburgh, having visited and inspected the post at Sackett's Harbor, on his way. On the 13th of August, he was in the camp at Lewiston—just one month from the date of the call that had been made upon him; and just two months from that day—on the 13th of October—in one of the most gallant and brilliant affairs of the whole war, he carried his victorious arms into the enemy's territory, and planted the American flag triumphantly on the Heights of Queenstown. Unhappily, it was a triumph of brief duration. He gained a complete and glorious victory; sufficient, if maintained, as it might have been, to have secured the Peninsula of the Upper Province of Canada for the winter, as a conquest to the American arms; but a victory lost as soon as won, by the shameful cowardice and defection of his troops.

I can not, in this place, enter into a history of this campaign, or of the brilliant, but finally disastrous affair with which it closed. The abundant materials are already before his countrymen, from which their judgment, and that of posterity, will be made up. There, I think, with perfect security, may his friends rest his claims as a military commander. His merits in this respect will brighten, as the current of time runs on, and wears away the error, the envy and the prejudice of the day. It is the soldier's hard task to conquer difficulties, as well as enemies. He did it. It would not be easy to find another instance in which an army has been gathered—created I may say—and formed

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

into a well-trained and well-disciplined corps, fit for active and efficient service, in so brief a space of time, with such wretched materials, under such adverse and discouraging circumstances, and where there was such an utter destitution of appropriate and necessary means. The plan, too, which he projected, for bringing the brief campaign to a brilliant close, the moment that he found himself possessed of an army—by which he proposed to conquer and possess himself of an extensive border territory of the enemy; cut off the forces of the enemy in the upper country, just flushed with victory, from all communication with the lower country; wipe out the disgrace with which the American arms had been already tarnished in that quarter; procure winter lodgings for his soldiers in the comfortable dwellings of a British town, easily and safely accessible with all kinds of supplies; and be ready, in the Spring, to begin a new campaign, with superior and eminent advantages already secured—a plan perfectly practicable, with reliable troops—not only justifiable at the time he formed it, but positively justified by everything that subsequently transpired—this plan must forever commend itself to the approval and admiration of his countrymen, as having been formed with the discretion, the judgment, and the skill of a master in the trade of war. I allude, here, to his enterprise originally planned, by which Fort George would have been stormed by the regular troops, while he should have carried the Heights, and by which, at one blow, the conquest of the Peninsula would have been complete—an enterprise which certainly failed only for want of co-operation, where co-operation was due by every consideration of patriotism and honor.

In regard to the enterprise, which he actually attempted,

The Life and Services of

and which formed only a part of the original design, there is little hazard, at this time of day, in saying, that it was perfectly feasible, well devised, and skillfully executed. It was, moreover, as an enterprise, completely successful. With a mere handful of men, the Heights were carried early in the morning, under the direction of his Aid, the brave Col. Solomon Van Rensselaer; and they remained in his possession till late in the afternoon of that day. The position was one that was easily defensible, and he had within trumpet-call men enough, twice or thrice over, to have maintained it, and put at defiance any force with which the enemy might or could have assailed him. And yet, after all this, he must see his victory turned into defeat and his triumph into disaster, by the shameful refusal of his yeoman soldiery, under the plea of constitutional scruples, to march into the safe camp that had already been won for them on the other side of the lines!

The official account of this affair, furnished by the Commanding General the next day after its occurrence, was strongly characteristic of the man. It was a simple and unvarnished relation of facts and events; the truth was plainly told; but no complaint was made, no reproaches were uttered. His own duty had been done, and fearlessly and faithfully done; and with perfect equanimity and confidence he submitted himself to the judgment of his Country. He expressed regrets on her account, but he intimated none whatever on his own.

In the sequel of this severe and sanguinary conflict, the General found occasion for the exercise of that sympathizing and generous kindness by which he was so much distinguished; and he seems to have met in the British General Sheaffe a correspondent temper. On one side, Gen. Brock

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

had fallen ; on the other, Col. Van Rensselaer was desperately wounded ; and there were other brave spirits on both sides, who had shared the fate of one or the other of these. A cessation of all hostile demonstrations was agreed upon. For six days the throat of brazen war was closed, while, with the tender of mutual services, the parties on either side proceeded to discharge the offices of humanity due to the living, and pay to the dead the appropriate tribute and ceremonies of respect. Gen. Sheaffe offered everything his camp could afford to promote the comfort of the wounded Col. Van Rensselaer. Gen. VAN RENSSELAER informed his antagonist that he should order a salute to be fired at his camp, and also at Fort Niagara, on the occasion of the funeral solemnities of the brave and lamented Brock. " I feel too strongly," said the stern but afflicted Gen. Sheaffe, " the generous tribute which you propose to pay to my departed friend and chief, to be able to express the sense I entertain of it. Noble-minded as he was, so would he have done himself."

With the campaign just referred to, closed the services of Gen. VAN RENSSELAER in the field. The next Spring, 1813, the Gubernatorial election was to come on, when the contest for power in the State between him and Gov. Tompkins, or rather between their respective parties, was to be decided. The General's friends shewed that, in his brief military career, he had lost none of the high consideration and confidence with which they had been used to regard him, by placing him promptly, and with great unanimity, in open nomination as their candidate for the Chair of State ; and when the time came, they gave him a hearty support. But his party was found to be, as it had long been, in a minority. He was defeated, but with a majority against him of only

The Life and Services of

3,600, out of eighty-three thousand votes which had been cast in the canvass.

With no disquieting ambition for political distinction, and a candidate for high office at any time, only by a reluctant submission to the will and judgment of his friends, Gen. VAN RENSSELAER was not a man to feel any regrets on his own account for defeat at an election canvass. In his own affairs, in his own family, and in the secret opportunities which he was always seeking for the practice of benevolence, he had resources enough for the agreeable and useful occupation of all his time.

During all the period of the war, it should be remembered that the Commission which had been instituted for the promotion of Internal Improvement, by a great Canal, and of which he was a member, continued in existence. The war was no sooner ended than measures were taken to revive the subject, and the interest which had been felt in it. A Memorial on the subject, of great ability, drawn by Mr. Clinton, was presented to the Legislature of 1816, and in March of the same year, the Commissioners, with MR. VAN RENSSELAER at their head and acting as Chairman, presented their Report, setting forth the difficulties which had been interposed to prevent the execution of the trusts confided to them four years before, and urging the Legislature to renew the authority, to adopt immediate measures for the prosecution of the enterprise. In April, 1816, the law was passed by the Legislature, which authorized and directed this great work to be entered upon; and the management and execution of it were committed to a Board of Canal Commissioners, of whom—as usual—Gen. VAN RENSSELAER was one. From that period down to his death, he was a member of that body, and he was the President of the

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

Board for nearly fifteen years—from April, 1824, when the name of his friend, the great Clinton, was struck from the roll of Commissioners. In the Spring of 1816, he was again, and for the last time, elected to the Assembly of the State; and his presence and influence in that body in the Session of 1817, were especially useful as affecting those immense interests—as yet but little understood, much abused and contemned, and most violently opposed—which belonged to the Canals, and the system of Internal Improvements, then in the extremest weakness of their infancy.

I shall have occasion directly to advert more particularly to the important services rendered by Gen. VAN RENSSELAER to the cause of Learning and Education; and I will simply refer, therefore, in this place, as being in the proper order of time, to the official connection which he had with our State system of Public Instruction. In March, 1819, he was elected by the Legislature a Regent of the State University, and at the time of his death he was the Chancellor, having been elevated to that station, on the decease of the late venerable Simeon De Witt, in 1835.

In 1821 the present Constitution of this State was formed. In the progress of time, since the old Constitution was framed, ideas were found to have advanced also. Changes were deemed necessary, as well to meet a condition of things in some respects new, as to satisfy the demands of a generation which thought itself—and should have been, if it was not—wiser than that which had preceded it. But wherever the spirit of reform is abroad and active, and speculations and theories in matters of government are broached freely, and Councils are to be held with a view to giving body and effect to the conceptions of ardent minds, it is not unimportant to secure the presence and assistance of a few

The Life and Services of

men of conservative tempers and habits, in order to make sure, if possible, that the deep foundations of things shall not be wholly broken up, nor the moral elements of society utterly dissipated and destroyed. In the Convention of 1821, a few spirits of this sort were gathered, and of these, by no means the least valuable among them, was STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER. He brought with him there his character—one of uncommon purity ; his experience—not now inconsiderable ; his steadfastness of principle ; his notions of men and things—descended from old schools, but fashioned and modernized in the new ; his excellent strong sense, and his judgment of almost intuitive accuracy and soundness ; and with such qualifications, without being accustomed either to write much or debate much, it would be hard to say if there was another member of the Convention, among all the great and good names that belonged to it, who was more valuable, or more indispensable than himself, if the business of that body was to be brought to a safe and happy conclusion.

In considering the doings of that Convention, it is evident that nothing, in all the various business undertaken by it, was equal in magnitude of interest to the single question in regard to the Right of Suffrage. Here the firm foundations both of Government and of Freedom were to be laid ; while the danger was that, at this very point, if not sufficiently guarded, a flood might be let in to sweep both Government and Freedom away in ruins. MR. VAN RENSSELAER was one of the Committee appointed to consider and report on this momentous subject. He dissented from the Report made to the Convention by a majority of the Committee, and he submitted to the Convention a Proposition of his own, as a substitute for the Report, which he

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

accompanied with some remarks, briefly explanatory of his views and apprehensions on this great question.

It must be remembered, that up to this period, none but freeholders had been allowed to vote for the higher officers of government. Not only had a property qualification been adopted, but retaining the old notions, evidently of feudal origin, respecting the superior value and sacredness of landed possessions, the former Constitution of the State had thrown the higher and most important branches of the government exclusively into the hands of the landed interest. MR. VAN RENSSELAER was the largest landed proprietor in the State, and he had inherited his interest in the soil originally from a feudal source, and held it by a feudal title ; but he was an enlightened and patriotic citizen of a free State, and, as such, he was ready to take his chance with others under the protection of a government essentially popular and free. He had no difficulty whatever in agreeing to the propriety of at once abolishing the old distinctions between landed and personal property as affecting the higher rights of citizenship, and making the qualification of electors for all the officers of government equal and uniform. And he was equally ready to abandon the notion of a property qualification of any sort for electors. He agreed perfectly to the principle—which was the one professedly adopted by his colleagues of the Committee—that those who really contribute to the support and the defence of the government, should make the government. So far he was willing and anxious to go ; but here he would stop. He insisted upon guarding the principle strictly, by limiting the privilege to such as should seem to have something of the character of fixedness and stability in their residence, and their attachment to the State, and he was entirely unwilling

The Life and Services of

to extend this privilege—to use his own expression—to “a wandering population, men who are nowhere to be found when the enemy or the tax gatherer comes.” Believing that, in pushing a theory into details, the Committee would violate the maxims of a sound and practical policy, by some of their propositions, he felt himself bound to dissent from the conclusions of their Report. He conducted his opposition, before the Convention, as he had done in Committee, in his own direct and manly way; and presenting a distinct Amendment of his own, he exerted himself to induce the Convention to place the Right of Suffrage on a ground, at once, according to his opinions, of great liberality and of perfect safety. But his opinions were not the opinions of the majority of the Convention, and his efforts, and the efforts of those with whom he was more immediately associated, though not without their strong and salutary influence, were in the main unsuccessful. After a long and laborious Session, the new Constitution was adopted by the Convention. There had been other subjects of disagreement, of great magnitude and importance, among the members; and MR. VAN RENSSELAER, with twenty-two others, declined to give their assent and sanction to the Instrument by putting their names to it.

In 1819, the Legislature of this State was induced, through the exertions of a number of disinterested and patriotic gentlemen, among whom was MR. VAN RENSSELAER, to pass an Act for the encouragement and improvement of Agriculture. A sum of money was appropriated, to be divided rateably among the several Counties of the State; County Societies were to be formed with the proper officers; and the Presidents of these Societies, or Delegates instead of the Presidents from such of them as should choose to

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

elect them, were to form a Central Board of Agriculture. Such was the outline of the proposed organization. In January, 1820, the Presidents, or Delegates, from twenty-six County Societies, already organized, met at the Capitol in Albany, and elected STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER President of the Board. The life of this Board of Agriculture was made a very brief one by law, and when the legal limit was out, it was suffered to expire. It lasted long enough, however, to demonstrate the inappreciable value of legislative aid and encouragement to the Agricultural interest; and it raised to itself an enduring and noble monument, by the publication of three very valuable volumes of Transactions and Mémoires.

Each of the first two volumes of the Board contains, amongst other things, a very curious and remarkable Paper. These Papers present a complete view of the Geological and Agricultural features of the Counties of Albany and Rensselaer, as gathered from accurate and minute surveys, and from actual and extensive analyses. They are the Reports of distinguished scientific gentlemen, employed, exclusively at the expense of the President of the Board of Agriculture, to make the examinations and surveys, the results of which are here embodied. It was believed then, and it is believed now, that these were the first attempts made in this country, "to collect and arrange Geological facts, with a direct view to the improvement of Agriculture." The time, perhaps, has not even yet come, when the incalculable advantages of such a labor are generally appreciated; but I express only my humble and sober conviction, when I say, that in the example of these attempts, and their success—followed up as they will be in time, to swell the profits and increase the business and the benefits

The Life and Services of

of Agriculture, and withal to connect this employment with better knowledge, and a competent degree of scientific attainment, in the cultivators of the soil—he has rendered a higher service to his country, than if he had been the man to win twenty hard-fought battles for her in a just and necessary war.

The laws for the encouragement of Agriculture expired, as I have said, by their own limitation; and all attempts to revive them from that day to this—strange that it should be so—have proved utterly unavailing. But MR. VAN RENSSELAER, though without any convenient Society, or Board of Agriculture, under cover of whose name he might pursue his plans for the benefit of the State, had only just now entered on a series of extraordinary efforts and experiments for the advancement of science, of education, and the public prosperity, which he afterwards prosecuted with equal perseverance and effect. After the surveys of the counties of Albany and Rensselaer had been completed, under his direction, presenting, besides a view of their Geological formations, a thorough analysis of their soils, in all their principal varieties—on a plan new at the time, and since extensively approved and employed—and accompanied, particularly in the survey of Rensselaer county, with a view of the proper Methods of Culture adapted to the various soils; and after he had caused the Surveys to be published, at his own cost, in a separate and convenient form, for extensive and gratuitous distribution; he next turned his attention to a more extended scientific survey, to be carried through the entire length of the State on the line of the Erie Canal. This was commenced and prosecuted, under his orders, in the fall of 1822, by Professor Amos Eaton, aided by two competent Assistants. The next year,

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

by the direction of his Patron, the work was resumed, and the survey greatly extended. The truth seems to be, that, although the surveys of Albany and Rensselaer Counties were made, at the time, with an avowed and more immediate reference to the interests of Agriculture, yet, they were not, even then, unconnected with a plan which had been formed for offering a large and generous contribution to the science of Geology. This plan embraced a particular examination of the strata and formation of American rocks, by the survey of a transverse section, running across the great primitive ranges of New England, and the transition and secondary ranges of Eastern and Western New York. With the experience obtained in the local examinations already referred to, and a partial review of the Erie Canal line, Professor Eaton completed, in 1823, his grand Survey. His section extended from Boston to Lake Erie, a distance of about five hundred and fifty miles, stretching across nine degrees of longitude, and embracing a belt about fifty miles wide. At the same time, Prof. Hitchcock was employed to make a similar survey of a section across New England, a few miles North of that taken by Prof. Eaton. In 1824, a Publication was made, containing the results of these surveys, with maps exhibiting a profile view of the rocks in each of the sections. It is not, I believe, to be doubted, that this work presents a connected view of mineral masses, with their nature and order, taken from actual inspection and survey, of greater extent than had ever before been offered to Geology. Discoveries were made, and a mass of facts was gathered, which could not fail, as they did not, to arouse and quicken enquiry and investigation, and contribute essentially and largely to advance Geological Science. Attention was strongly attracted, both in this country

The Life and Services of

and in Europe, to the very creditable and faithful labors of Prof. Eaton, prosecuted under the direction of his munificent Patron; and this example it was, unquestionably, which has led, at last, to the adoption in several of the States, and this among the number, of plans for exploring their territories at the public expense, in search of scientific facts, and of the mineral riches, and other substances of economical value, to be found upon or beneath the surface of their respective portions of the earth.

But the crowning effort of this good man's life—whom we have now followed on, in his career, to his three score years—remains to be noticed. It was an effort in behalf of the dearest interest of his country, and of mankind; it was an effort to advance the cause of Education, and human improvement. He had satisfied himself that there were great defects in the ordinary and prevalent systems of Instruction; at any rate he saw that some of the most useful subjects of human knowledge were scarcely communicated at all, in quarters where they seemed most needed for the practical purposes of life; and he determined that the proper remedy, if possible, should be applied.

His first movement was to employ Prof. Eaton, with a competent number of Assistants, to traverse the State, on or near the route of the Erie Canal, with sufficient apparatus, specimens and the like, and deliver, in all the principal villages and towns where an audience of business men, or others, could be gathered, familiar Lectures, accompanied with experiments and illustrations, on Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, and some or all of the branches of Natural History. This scientific and educational progress through the State was made in the summer of 1824, at the Patron's cost; inconsiderable contributions only having

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

been made in the villages where Lectures were delivered. The experiment was entirely successful; a prodigious interest in behalf of natural science had been excited; and the Patron was encouraged to prosecute a plan of operations which he had meditated for a considerable time.

He had long been accustomed to send the schoolmaster abroad among the poorer portions of his numerous tenantry; and he had been led to observe, as the result of these experiments—having been obliged to employ persons, for this service, of very slender qualifications, for want of better—that the improvement of the masters, as a general thing, was much more considerable than that of their pupils. It was from this hint, that he was led to consider, and finally to digest, a plan for a school, the leading feature of which should be, that the learner should himself take the place, and perform the regular duties, of teacher or instructor, in all the business and exercises of the school. Securing, in this way, as he believed he should, the most ready and thorough improvement of the students, he proposed that the chief business of the School should be to furnish instruction “in the application of Science to the common purposes of life.” He declared one of his principal objects to be “to qualify teachers for instructing the sons and daughters of Mechanics, in the application of Experimental Chemistry, Philosophy, and Natural History, to Agriculture, Domestic Economy, and the Arts and Manufactures.”

On the 5th of November, 1824, having provided a suitable building at Troy, and employed an Agent to procure the necessary Apparatus and Library, he enclosed to the Rev. Dr. Blatchford a set of Orders for the government of the School, and requested him to proceed to its organization, and act himself as President of a Board of Trustees,

The Life and Services of

whom he named. He named, at the same time, a Senior and a Junior Professor, whom he endowed with liberal salaries. The Senior Professor was Mr. Eaton, who had already been engaged to take the charge of instruction in the Institution. The School was soon after organized, and put into successful operation. In 1826, it was incorporated, and is now known as the Rensselaer Institute. Its success, under the care of the veteran Eaton, has been complete—but with a very heavy and continued outlay on the part of its generous Patron. Instruction in the Sciences is wholly experimental and demonstrative, and is always, therefore, practical and thorough.

In 1828, the Patron, after having, at his own cost, established and liberally endowed this School, and while he was, then as since, bearing from his own purse, not less than one half of its current expenses, caused an invitation to be given to each County in the State, to furnish a student, selected by the Clerk of the County, for gratuitous instruction at the Institute.* The invitation was accepted in nearly all the Counties, and that large number of persons, within less than three years, was sent forth from the Institute, with a complete practical education, obtained without the cost of a dollar to them for tuition. Other instances of instruction there, wholly gratuitous, have not been wanting.

The Patron first proposed to himself to sustain this School, as an experiment, for three years, with a reasonable expectation certainly, that at the end of that time, if successful at all, public attention would be sufficiently attracted towards

* The Patron, however, imposed on these Students a condition—the benefits of which would of course go to the Community—that they should instruct in their own Counties for one year, on the experimental and demonstrative method.

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

this novel method, to enable him to hand it over to the community, with a confident reliance on the patronage of the public to support and perpetuate it. But all observation shews that no improvements are so slow in gaining adoption and support at the hands of the community as improvements in the methods of Education. In this case, almost of course, while the Patron saw at the end of three years, that the advantages secured by his methods and course of instruction were great, beyond all his original expectations, he yet saw that the public must continue to enjoy them, if at all, for years to come, chiefly at his cost. He submitted to the sacrifice, and thus has this invaluable institution been continued for upwards of fourteen years.

The course of instruction in this Institution has been considerably enlarged since its organization, by the direction of the Patron. It may be described as a School for thorough and complete instruction in the circle of the natural Sciences, applicable, in any way, to the economy or the business of life, in all its civil departments—not, however, including those usually denominated professional. The peculiarity in the mode of instruction, originally introduced, has been adhered to; and the distinguishing and eminent advantage gained by this peculiarity of method has been, not only that the students themselves have been thoroughly taught, and are ready, at all times, professionally or otherwise, to make a practical and highly useful application of their knowledge, for their own benefit or the benefit of others, but that, whether such is their occupation and business, or not, they go out to the world as an army of Teachers, so familiar with the various subjects of their knowledge, and so fitted and accustomed, from long habit, to impart it, that they become involuntarily the schoolmasters and in-

The Life and Services of

structors of every circle into which they enter. They are lights and luminaries to the prevalent darkness that may surround them, gentle and mild, but radiant and steady, in whatever orbit they may chance to move.

It is impossible to compute, or perhaps to give any rational conjecture, about the amount of good which has already been effected through this munificent and skillfully-devised charity—much more impossible is it to compass, in thought, the benefits which coming generations must reap from that system and plan of Education, of which the example was first set, and the eminent utility satisfactorily tested, in the Rensselaer Institute. Schools have been set up on the Rensselaer method, in various and distant parts of our country; and it has been stated to me as a fact, from calculations actually made, that the Institute has itself furnished to the community, more experimental Teachers and Professors, State Geologists, Principal and Assistant Engineers on Public Works, and practical Chemists and Naturalists, than have been furnished, in the same time, by all the Colleges in the Union. If the half of this statement be true, the result, in this single particular, is a proud one for the memory of the Patron, through whose almost unknown munificence it has been effected.

But I pass to one or two other particulars, which must be noticed, before I close the history of the personal career of the subject of this Memoir. He was connected with the institution of Masonry, having been initiated as a Mason in 1786, when he was twenty-two. In this Association, as elsewhere, he was very early placed in official station. He first held the post of Junior Warden, as I find it called; then of Senior Warden; and then of Master. In 1793, he declined any further election in the Master's Lodge. In 1825, an

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

imposing Masonic ceremony was performed in this city, when he was installed in the office of Grand Master, the highest office in Masonry. The ceremony of installation was performed by Gov. Clinton, who was his predecessor in the same high office. Both the Past and the Elect Grand Master delivered Addresses; that of the former of great length, and full of power, beauty and brilliancy; that of the latter, in reply, was shorter, full of simplicity, mingled with sterling good sense, and characterized by his usual kindness, benevolence and fraternal affection. In 1826, he was re-elected to the same office; but he declined any further official connection with Masonry the next year. It is supposed that whatever there was, or is, in Masonry, worth knowing, he knew; and that he had been initiated into some mysteries connected with it, which, since the death of Baron Steuben, by whom they were communicated, were known to a very few others only, in this country. It is well known, that no abuses committed in the name of this Fraternity, ever received the least sanction from him; and certainly no man in our community thought, or spoke, with more unaffected abhorrence of the outrage, which, in 1826, was offered by Masons to an American citizen in the Western part of this State, than he did. He regarded this Institution as formed for practical and benevolent uses, and whatever connection he had with it, down to the last, was continued principally, as a convenient means of practising those secret acts of charity and kindness in which he so much delighted.

In December, 1823, Gen. VAN RENSSELAER took his seat, for the first time, in Congress, as a Representative from the City and County of Albany. He was continued in his place by re-election for three successive terms, and retired

The Life and Services of

on the fourth of March, 1829. During his whole Congressional service of six years, he held the station of Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture. In March, 1824, he made a valuable Report to the House, in answer to a Resolution of enquiry touching the effect of the Tariff Laws on the interests of Agriculture. In February, 1825, the imposing ceremony of an election to the Presidency took place in the House of Representatives. His vote determined that of the Delegation from this State in favor of Mr. Adams, and, as it resulted, produced the election of that gentleman on the first ballot. Gen. VAN RENSSELAER never mingled in the conflict of debate; but he was not, for that reason, the less valuable or influential member. His faithfulness, his integrity, his eminent honesty, his kindness of manner, his ready perception of the true and the right in all questions presented for the action of the House, and his freedom from the prejudices and trammels of party, gave him a standing and influence in the House, far beyond what ever belongs, in such a body, to the mere ability, however distinguished, to conduct a skillful argument, or pronounce an eloquent harangue. The great moral sway which character alone, commanding general admiration and respect, bears in a deliberative Assembly, was never more conspicuous, than in the case of STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER in the American House of Representatives.

Our review of this eminent man's life is drawing to a conclusion: and it will occur no doubt to many, probably as strange, that as yet no distinct notice has been taken of certain particulars, by which he was more known and distinguished in the popular estimation, than by any thing else—namely—first, his connection with various Societies, foreign and domestic, particularly with those whose objects were

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

benevolent ; and, finally, his private charities. These have not been forgotten, but they can not be enumerated in this Discourse. I may mention, in general terms, that he was an honorary member of many and various learned Associations, at home and abroad ; some pursuing particular branches of science, of arts or learning, and others more comprehensive and general in their objects. He was the President of several local Societies designed for charitable or religious uses ; while of the great Institutions of the day, so general as to be designated American, and employed to aggregate immense numbers, and combine their united strength for the prosecution of great Christian enterprises, there was scarcely one, perhaps not one, with which he was not, or had not been, connected by membership, and frequently by the highest, always by high official station.

In regard to his private charities, there are two difficulties in the way of any attempt to particularize them ; one is, that they *were* private, and they are, therefore, to a great extent unknown ; and the other is, that, so far as known, they are numberless. It would be tedious and difficult to enumerate the cases alone in which he gave by hundreds and by thousands. Two of our American Colleges received from him, in one subscription, five thousand dollars each. It is computed that he expended, through a single agent, in prosecuting scientific researches, and for the advancement of his educational methods and plans, and for gratuitous instruction, not less than thirty thousand dollars. And, taking the cause of learning in its various branches, the support and spread of Christianity, and the plans of benevolence and mercy, as found, each of them, in the hands of voluntary Associations, and dependent on individ-

The Life and Services of

ual munificence—taking these objects together, I suppose it can hardly be doubted that he was the largest contributor to them, of pecuniary means, during his life time, in the Union. In respect to his minor benevolencies, nobody can number or compute them. They flowed from him in streams which were perpetual—never dry, and never scanty. It was impossible they should fail, so long as objects could be found to call them forth—and these never fail. There is not, probably, a profession, and hardly a department of active life amongst us, in which some could not be found—few or many—who owe the advantages of their position to him; while it is nearly certain that he fed more that were hungry, warmed more that were cold, clothed more that were naked, covered more shelterless heads, dried up more bitter tears, and comforted more despairing hearts, than any other man living among us in his time.

But I pass from these particulars, to the conclusion of this imperfect notice and tribute. The last year or two of the life of this eminent citizen was marked by disease and severe suffering. For several years, indeed, he had been subject to attacks which indicated that a cruel malady was fastening itself upon him, and that his sun was destined to set in a troubled sky. His disorder finally showed itself fully about eighteen months ago, and created, at the time, considerable alarm, lest its termination should be speedily fatal. During the whole of the winter before the last, he was regarded as scarcely ever free from danger. Considerable abatement took place in the Spring, and he was able to leave home, for a short time. When winter returned, he was again wholly confined to his house, and much to his own apartment, enduring more than can be told, with only brief intervals of relief, till the day of his departure came—

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

when his candle went out, suddenly indeed, but not without circumstances of mitigation and mercy. As his faithful and honored friend and biographer, I must not omit to record that he died, as he had lived, a Christian; exhibiting a patience and resoluteness in his sufferings, and a calmness and fearlessness with the Angel of Death in his presence, which—however much others might have supposed there was of reliable stuff for such scenes in his natural courage and firmness—he himself referred and attributed wholly to the efficacy and sufficiency of his Christian faith and his Christian principles.

His own desire had been frequently expressed, that when the time came, his body should be borne to the common Tomb of his Fathers, with simple ceremonies only, and with an entire absence of ostentatious parade. This injunction was obeyed by his family, as far as the public, and public bodies, would consent it should be. It was arranged that the religious solemnities of his funeral should be celebrated at the North Dutch Church in this city—his own place of public worship—and in the presence of that fellowship of Christians belonging there, with which he had been connected, as a member in Communion, for more than half a century. From thence to the family vault, near his late residence, a procession was formed. The Body, in its simple and unadorned Coffin, was borne on men's shoulders—the bearers frequently relieving each other—the pall supported by those who had known him long and loved him well. No hearse was permitted to receive the burden. The mourners followed; after them, the Municipal Authorities of the City; several public Societies; the Chief Magistrate and other Executive Officers of the State; and the Legislature in order; and then came citizens and strangers, falling

The Life and Services of

in by two and two, until the procession was extended to a most unusual and imposing length. All were on foot. No carriages were used. The Military were in citizen's dress. All badges of office had been laid aside. No plumes nodded; no helmets glistened; no music murmured; solemn, slow, and silent the procession moved on, through thick and thronging, but orderly and respectful ranks, crowding the streets, and lining the casements of every dwelling on either side. And thus were the remains of the good man carried, and deposited in their resting-place; and thus were they attended. None ever had a more simple funeral; none were ever followed by a larger train of sincere and sorrowing mourners.

Here, then, we part with him. The man dies, but his memory and virtues live. I shall not attempt to give a separate and extended sketch of his character. It is found in the sentiments, the acts, and the practices of his life, as already detailed. His mind was of that order which combines quickly, and reaches conclusions so readily, and with such intuitive accuracy, that laborious investigation, as the need of it is not soon felt, finally becomes irksome, and is seldom or never used. It reposes on itself with a confidence which experience only confirms, while the processes by which it comes to results, are seldom stated to itself, and never to others. His heart was not unlike his mind in its impulsive and intuitive habits; it made him a man of mercy and of clarity, without the necessity of any elaborate discipline, or any long training. It was his nature to be kind and humane. He was tenderly attached to his family, where his affections, without making an uncommon case of it, might have rested and terminated; yet he saw a friend or a brother in every worthy man he met. His benevolence was

Stephen Van Rensselaer.

of that large kind which loves an expansive range, and is offended at limitations and restraints. And his humanity was not satisfied with stopping short of cruelty, or with relieving misery, but was itself distressed, if, by the most unconscious act, pain were inflicted on another, or his sensibility wounded. He had the tenderness of a very woman, laid side by side in his temperament with a manly courage, and an unconcernedness which made him, if occasion demanded, laugh and mock at fear or danger. There was that in him, too, which made his spirit always self-poised and conservative. He was temperate in all things; in his personal indulgences; in his personal predilections or prejudices; in his party attachments or aversions; in his new opinions or feelings, whenever he acquired them; in his love of the world; and in his religious faith and practice. And, to sum up all, there was in him, with a reasonable facility for changing with the times, a steadfastness of character and purpose—but no unimpressibility—derived, perhaps, by inheritance from his nation, but so mingled in him with other elements, as to belong essentially and individually to himself. But I forbear.

The best part of a good man's life is his example. Him we may meet no more; but this we may meet at every turn. This is immortal, and can not die. It lives in memory; lives in tradition; lives in history. It is present with us, and will be present with those who come after us—to teach, to instruct, to influence, and to guide. It is a light which never goes out, and never grows dim. And, for my part, I know not what we, or the world, ought to thank God for devoutly, if not that a good man has lived, and, dying, has left us the legacy of his example and his virtues.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.*

AT the period when the settlement of the North American Colonies was begun, the Dutch were, by far, the most Commercial people in Europe. The Republic of Holland boasted of twenty thousand vessels, and more than two hundred thousand mariners. A bloody war, waged for National Independence, through a long series of years, seemed to have had no other effect than to multiply their numbers, and turn rivers of wealth to flow into the lap of the Nation. Liberty, too, was a great gainer; and Civilization marched forward by rapid strides, and with manly vigor, under the lead of Commerce. The City of Amsterdam took the lead of all others in the Netherlands. In population, in wealth, and in political power, she was pre-eminent. The affairs of the Nation were conducted, and wars were prosecuted, expressly in a manner to favor and promote the operations of trade; and much of the political authority, directly or indirectly, was in the hands of the Municipalities where the Merchants bore sway.

In the first years of the Seventeenth Century, the Merchants of Holland, like those of every other country in Europe, still worshipped with their regards turned towards the East. In 1602, the Dutch East India Company was established—one of those extraordinary organizations of the period, embracing half a world in its exclusive commercial grasp, and clothed, at the same time, with unlimited and

* An Historical Sketch of the Colony and Manor of Rensselaerwyck, read before the Albany Institute, April 25, 1839, by Daniel D. Barnard.

Historical Sketch.

independent powers for conquest and for government. It was while engaged in the service of this Company that Hudson, after another unsuccessful attempt to find his way to Southern Asia, through the ice-bound Seas of the North, ran down the American Coast, and, finally, entered and explored our own noble River, which still bears his name. This was in 1609. The Dutch claimed no other territorial rights, in new countries, as the consequence of Discovery, than such as they might secure by actual possession, taken in reasonable time. For several successive years after the Discovery, the country on the Hudson was visited by the trading ships of various Merchants of Amsterdam. In 1614, the States General passed an Edict, which excluded, for four years, from the trade on this River, all competition with those under whom the Discovery had been made, from such time as the latter might see fit to enter upon and monopolize it. It was under this Edict that an unincorporated Trading Company, made up, probably, in whole or in part, from Members of the East India Company, sent out a trading adventure, which found a position for itself, in the fall of that year, on the upper part of Castle Island, the first below this city, and known to us as Van Rensselaer's, or the Patroon's Island, and where a rude fortification was then erected.*

This establishment was purely Commercial, looking almost solely to the trade in peltries, with so much of military power incorporated with it as might serve for protection, in its out-cast lodgment in the deep of a savage wilderness. Its presence here, as the pioneer of Colonization, was fortunate and salutary. From the first, it conciliated the favor and friendship of the Mohawks, and with them the warlike and conquering Confederacy of Indians, known as the Five Nations; and, within three years, its managers succeeded in concluding a solemn and formal Treaty of Friendship and Alliance with the Confederacy, which stood the parties concerned,

* Mr. Bancroft, in his admirable History of the United States, insists that this trading settlement was not made until 1615; and he claims, in his Notes, that this fact is proved by the Albany Records. I think he is mistaken. The proof to which he refers is too indefinite and uncertain to control the direct testimony in the case. 1 Banc. Hist., 272-3

Historical Sketch.

and their successors, for long years to come, in much better stead, than their fortification, "with two brass pieces, eleven stone guns, and a dozen soldiers," would have been likely to do under other circumstances. This Treaty was concluded at the Fort of the Traders, which was situated on the banks of the Norman's Kill, a short distance south of the position originally assumed, and from which they had been driven by the floods.*

But as yet, it will be observed, there was no Dutch Colony here. There were only the Commercial Agents of a Trading Association. Not a family, or a female, had yet emigrated.† There had been no formal appropriation of any portion of the soil, except for present or temporary use; no purchase of land had been made; and the public Authorities at home had, as yet, advanced no claim to the Territory. But the way to Colonization was about to be opened. With objects on the part of the Government, having little to do, immediately, with the settlement and reclaiming of a new and savage world, a great National Society was instituted by the States General, under the name of the Dutch West India Company, which possessed the most extraordinary privileges, and was clothed with the most extraordinary powers. This was in 1621. It was invested with the exclusive right "to traffic and plant Colonies on the Coast of Africa, from the Tropic of Cancer to the Cape of Good Hope; and on the Coast of America, from the Straits of Magellan to the remotest North." It was to be an armed Association from the start, and especially it was expected to set out with a powerful Marine. The enemies of the Republic were to be its enemies. And whenever it should go to war on its own account, as it had the prerogative of doing, its enemies were to be also the enemies of the Republic. The States General were to be its allies. With more than half a hemisphere of land and water for its operations, it was to carry its arms and its merchandise—to traffic and to conquer—wherever it might be found profitable and practicable to do so. Where-

* *Vide* Moulton's "Hist. N. Y.," Part ii., p. 346.

† The first child of European parentage, born in New Netherland, had its birth in 1625. Moul., Part ii., p. 371.

Historical Sketch.

ever its standard might be planted, there the absolute right of government in the Company attached, with only this condition, that everything must be done to the satisfaction of the high Authorities from which its power was derived. The central power of the Company was divided, for the more efficient exercise, among five Branches, established in the different cities of the Netherlands. Of these, that at Amsterdam was the chief, and had charge of the affairs of New Netherland. The general supervision and government of the affairs of the Company, however, was lodged in a College, or Congress, of Nineteen Delegates. These Deputies, and the Managers of the Five Chambers, were styled the Lords Directors, and they wielded a commercial and political authority of the first magnitude. The home of their power was to be both on the water and on the land. They commenced their operations in 1623, and at once they swept the Ocean with their fleets, and made their descent on the shores of two Continents, wherever they could spoil or annoy an enemy, or secure profits to themselves. Spain, the ancient enemy and oppressor of their country, was made to feel the weight of the right arm of their power; and Piracy, which, at this juncture, was well nigh having the common command of the Ocean, was met everywhere, and beaten into submission and good behavior.

With objects like these to occupy the attention of the Directors, it is not surprising that the Colonization of a new country—the planting of a Christian population in a heathen and wilderness land, with a view to making it, in time, the abode of civilization and refinement—should not at first have given them much concern. They did indeed prepare, at once, to take possession of the country on the North River; for in the very first year of their full organization—in 1623—they set up the ensigns of their authority here in two fortifications. Fort New Amsterdam occupied a position near the confluence of the North and East Rivers; and Fort Orange was planted near the head of navigation, on the alluvial ground now occupied by the business part of the City of Albany.* But even yet, and for some years after, these were

* The site was that on which stands the building lately known as the Fort Orange Hotel—formerly the mansion of the late Simeon De Witt.

Historical Sketch.

the mere trading stations of the Company. Fort Orange was a walled and armed Custom House, into which was made to flow a commerce in peltries, drawn from a country extending to Quebec, and bounded thence by the course of the waters inland to Niagara and the Lake above it; while New Amsterdam was the Head Quarters of the local government, vested in an Upper and an Under Merchant, or Commissary,* and the place of rendezvous for the ships and coasters of the Company.

I have entered into this little detail of history, in order to shew the more clearly how, and under what auspices, Colonization was in fact commenced, and where the credit of it ought to attach. De Heer Killian Van Rensselaer, as he was called, and who became the first Patroon of Rensselaerwyck, was a Director of the Dutch West India Company at Amsterdam, and, as described in some old Manuscripts, a chief partner. In 1625 De Laet, also a Director, and afterwards associated with Van Rensselaer in efforts to plant a Colony, published a book on the New World, which had distinctly for its object to recommend Colonization to the attention of his countrymen. Attention was aroused, but no movement was effected for four years. In 1629, a change was produced in the Constitution of the Central Government, so far as to allow the appointment of Nine Commissioners at Amsterdam, for the government of the affairs of New Netherland. Of this Commission, Van Rensselaer was one; and it is fair to infer, from his position and wealth, as well as from subsequent events, that he had already conceived strongly the idea and intention of planting a Colony in America, and hence that he had a principal share, by his influence and exertions, in bringing about that event which first, and shortly after, led to Colonization in this quarter, under the Company. This was the adoption, in the same year—1629—by the College of XIX, of a liberal Charter of Privileges for Patroons planting Colonies in New Netherland.† Van Rensselaer lost no time in preparing to avail himself of the terms of this Charter. The very first purchase of land made by the

* *Oppeer Koopman* and *Onder Koopman*—or *Commis*.

† *Vide* Charter at length, in Moulton's "New York," Part ii., p. 380.

Historical Sketch.

Dutch, *for a regular Colony*, within this State, so far as I have been able to discover, was made for Killian Van Rensselaer. The land lay near Fort Orange, but below it, and, having its extent on the River defined, was to run "two days' journey in landwards"; and the purchase was made, on the 8th day of April, 1630, of four Indian owners, or Chiefs, at Fort Orange, in the presence and by the agency of Gov. Minuit himself, then holding the chief authority,* and with payments in merchandize to the full satisfaction of the native lords of the soil.† Other purchases, from various owners, were soon after made for the same proprietor—one the same year, and the last in 1637—which, all together, made up the full complement of Territory, constituting finally, the Colony of Rensselaerwyck. These acquisitions were confirmed to the purchaser shortly after they were severally made, by the public authorities at Fort Amsterdam.

The way was now prepared, and Van Rensselaer, very promptly, after the first purchases had been made for him, in 1630, sent out his Colonists to occupy the ground. The condition of the Charter to Patroons required that every Colony of a Patroon, within four years, should consist of fifty persons, and none under fifteen years of age, and that one fourth part of these should be planted within the first year. There can be little doubt that this requisition was complied with in Rensselaerwyck. Nor did this satisfy the Proprietor. He was shrewd and careful enough to take advantage of a clause in the Charter—inserted there, as would seem from subsequent events, with scarcely a belief that the provision could possibly be available to any body—which offered to any Patroon who would settle a larger number of persons than fifty in his Colony, liberty to extend his purchases and

* Wouter Van Twiller, afterwards Governor, was then here, sent out under the orders of the Nine Commissioners of Amsterdam, probably with a view to further the design of some of them in regard to Colonization, but not yet, it would seem, in command, since it is certain that he bore no supersedeas to Minuit. Van Twiller returned to Holland, and came back again in an armed ship, and with some state, to take possession of the Government in 1633. Moulst. Hist., Part ii., p. 419—also *vide* *Ib.*, p. 400.

† Book of Patents Translated—Sec. of State's Office—p. 6.

Historical Sketch.

possessions proportionably beyond the limits originally prescribed in the Charter.* These prescribed limits were a stretch of eight English miles on a Navigable River, with land running back into the country on either side.† The Patroon of Rensselaerwyck provided himself with a Territory for his Colony, extending twenty-four miles on the River, and embracing the land on either shore, and obliging himself, therefore, according to the terms of the Charter, to begin his little Empire in the West, with a subject population of one hundred and fifty adult souls, besides the usual complement of children.

The Colony of Rensselaerwyck, planted under the direction and at the sole expense of the Patroon, was the first *successful* Colony, planted expressly as such by the Dutch, in America. The first settlement of this State by a body of emigrants from the Netherlands, forming a regular Colonial establishment, under the provisions of the Company's Charter, was at Albany. But this was not the only effort to promote and effect Colonization in America made by the enterprising and sagacious Van Rensselaer. One of his associates in the Direction of the West India Company, and a fellow Commissioner, had caused a tract to be secured to him, by purchase from the Indian Owners, lying on the Delaware, then within the ample boundaries of New Netherland. It would seem that Godyn, the purchaser, felt himself alone unequal to the burthen of planting a Colony there; and an Association was formed for the purpose, consisting of several Directors, of whom Killian Van Rensselaer was one. In the fall of 1630, they fitted out an expedition, under De Vries, a skilful conductor, and set

* The heavy expense of planting a Colony, at that time, may be judged of, in some measure perhaps, by a single example. I have found the record of an account presented by Gov. Van Twiller to *St* Killian Van Rensselaer (as Van Derkemp has it,) in August, 1638, for the fare and transportation of *two* families only, in the Company's ships, the whole of which account amounted to £1,413 12. Currency! I cannot help suspecting that there must have been something besides fare in this account.—1 Alb. Records—Trans.

† Or sixteen miles on such River, with land on one side of the River only.

Historical Sketch.

down on the Delaware a Colony of thirty souls. This Colony was unfortunate. Within two years every soul had perished by the weapons of the Savages, in revenge of an unprovoked and wanton injury. But calamitous as the result was to the settlers, the attempt was not without its value, and it led to important consequences. This was the first settlement in Delaware, and was earlier than any in Pennsylvania or New Jersey; and it is due to Killian Van Rensselaer and his associates in fitting out this Colonizing expedition that Delaware exists, at this day, as an Independent State.*

Colonization was now fairly commenced at and around Fort Orange, on the shores of the noble Hudson; and about 1637, the Patroon of this Colony appeared in person to take charge of his Estate and his People. The full history of the Colony of Rensselaerwyck would not only be interesting, but would contribute, not a little, towards pouring a full and steady light on the condition and circumstances of the Province of New York, in the period of its birth and early years. On this occasion, however, I can only recall its prominent features.

The United Provinces of Holland, it must be remembered, never themselves undertook Colonization any where. They encouraged it, but they would not put their own hand to the work; and the mode in which encouragement was given in the case before us, shewed clearly the intention of transferring to America the feudal and aristocratical institutions of the Father land. The old Aristocracy, however, content

* About a quarter of a century after the first purchase had been made for Van Rensselaer, at Fort Orange, a claim was set up by Godyn, De Laet and others, or their descendants, to a partnership interest in the Colony of Rensselaerwyck. The claim was presented by Petition, before the Lords Directors of the Company at Amsterdam, and, by them, was referred to the Director General and Council at New Amsterdam. The demand was not allowed. It rested in written Articles of Agreement, which were produced, and bore date Oct. 16, 1630. They had reference, no doubt, to the Delaware Colony; and the attempt to make them apply to the Colony of Rensselaerwyck probably grew, honestly enough, out of the vagueness of ideas with which every thing belonging to territorial matters in the New World was viewed at this period.

Historical Sketch.

with the power and the consideration it enjoyed at home, was not to be transplanted ; but the New World was to have a new Aristocracy, formed out of the best materials that could be spared from the old. The Prince would not come here, and, as a general thing, the old nobles would not come ; but out of that new and enterprising class which Commerce had formed, and by the forming of which liberty had been greatly a gainer, a feudal and landed Aristocracy was to be created for the uses of the rising world of New Netherland.

In the Charter of the West India Company it was made the duty of the Lords Directors to provide, in some form, for the settlement, in time, of the Countries of which they should possess themselves ; while yet the Stations of the Company every where were to be governed by their own high officers, with military and brief authority, and Commerce, and the spoil of the national enemy, were evidently the chief consideration. When, however, the College of XIX came to look after the subject of Colonization, they adopted, very naturally, a system in perfect harmony with the political complexion of the Government at home. In the Charter of Privileges framed by them, they held out inducements to Particular Persons and Masters, as they were there called, as well as to Patroons. But, though Holland was a Republic, and fit, therefore, to be the Mother of a Republic ; though by her Federal Union of Provinces she was about to offer to America a most valuable precedent for the guaranty of National Liberty ; though by her toleration and her steady good sense, her soil was now the Asylum of the oppressed for religious opinions, of all nations ; and though, on the whole, Freedom in the Netherlands, instructed in long wars for Independence, was greatly superior to any thing of the sort among her neighbors ; yet popular liberty was, as yet, but little advanced in Holland. Citizens and artisans had begun to look up, for personal wealth and personal worth were beginning to be appreciated ; and Municipal office, and even the Aristocratic station of Burgomaster, were not wholly beyond their line of vision. But, then, the tillers of the soil—the boors of the farms and the fields

Historical Sketch.

—knew little of Freedom—they had hardly yet heard so much as a note from her trumpet. They knew what protection was, and what kindness was ; but they had none of that consciousness of being free, and feeling power, which alone could prompt them to desire a change of place as likely to lead to the bettering of their condition and prospects. Voluntary emigration, therefore, was not to be expected from them. They had no religious persecution to fly from, as other American Colonists had, and indeed few, if any, persecutions of any sort, and they had not begun yet to hanker after a share in politics. It is evident enough, therefore, that the hopes of Colonizing their possessions in America rested, almost wholly, on the Patroons, and to them they offered the inducements proper to make them contemplate with favor the idea of changing their country. The feudal Lordships of Europe—those Baronial possessions and establishments which abounded on the Continent and in England, and which were not unknown in Holland—enjoying more or less independence, and having more or less of the prerogatives of sovereignty—these offered the example of establishments for the North American Province of the Dutch. The model was proposed, and we have seen that Killian Van Rensselaer was prompt to act upon the suggestion.

What, then, was the political Constitution of the Colony of Rensselaerwyck ? And what was the power and authority of the Lord of this Colony ? Doubtless some modification took place, from the originals, to suit the circumstances of its condition in a distant and barbarous country. Holland had thrown off the oppressions of bigotry and absolutism ; and liberty there consisted in preserving the Commercial Aristocracy of the Municipalities, and the feudal immunities of the landed interest, against any tendencies to Executive encroachments on the part of their own chosen Stadtholder. This was the sort of liberty to be planted here ; the same general system was to prevail here, as soon as time and events should ripen the country for it ; with this difference of course, that besides the fealty due from the Cities, and the Colonies of Patroons, to the Central Authorities in the Province, all, and the Province itself, were to owe a general

Historical Sketch.

allegiance and subjection to the States General in Holland. Colonies of Patroons were an important feature in this system ; and of these Colonies, that of Rensselaerwyck was the most notable and important.

The Colony, of course, had its foundation in the Charter of Privileges ; but the full powers of the Patroon can only be understood by reference to the analogous powers of feudal dignitaries. The design was to give him, or rather to leave him, as much authority as would enable him to protect and govern his people, and protect and defend himself and his possessions, as well against foreign aggression, as against domestic revolt. His position, in the midst of a wilderness, pressed closely on every side by rude, warlike and powerful tribes, was not altogether unlike that of the feudal Lord in his solitary castle, hemmed in with hereditary and revengeful foes ; and we have abundant evidence to shew that, in construing their own authority, the Patroons of this Colony, and those who acted for them, regarded their powers for military defences and operations as fully equal to the exigencies of their condition and times. At first, indeed, and in the feebleness of his young Colony, the Patroon borrowed a principal means of defence against violence from without, from the Military Station still held by the West India Company, in the midst of his possessions. His first Trading, or Custom House, with some other tenancies, were placed, for this purpose, under cover of the stone guns and other pieces which defended the walls of Fort Orange.* The first residence of the Patroon himself—which was on the upper end of the Patroon's Island†—was not too far off, perhaps, to have been within the range of protection afforded by the Company's cannon. But this means of defence was not long, if it ever was, exclusively relied upon. We find the Patroon himself possessed of the munitions of war, and having Forts of his own, planted with cannon. We find him at an early period fortifying an Island in the River, and claiming so much of the regal power, which seems to belong to the independent possession of such warlike instruments

* 7 Alb. Records, p. 197.

† This appears from an ancient Map in the possession of the family.

Historical Sketch.

and defences, that his Commander there does not hesitate to fire into a Dutch vessel which presumes to pass without lowering her colors as an act of homage to Rensselaerstein. We find him receiving, at various times, large quantities of powder and ball : his own dwelling is pallisaded, fortified, and manned ; and, finally, he is able to lend three of his own cannon to the Company's Commander at Fort Orange, and three more he causes to be mounted on the walls of the Church, and he constructs and garrisons an independent Fortress as an outpost in the woods. Happily, this Colony, by a prudent and humane policy from the beginning, escaped the calamities which befel so many others in the country, by the hostile incursions of the Indians. They had no known and public enemy among the Savages near them, except those residing at Esopus ; and no occasion arose for actual hostilities. These Esopus Indians, however, were warlike and implacable ; and threw the Colony often times into great alarm. They contrived, at one time, by stratagem, to carry off several prisoners, and among them the fair daughter of the Company's Chief Officer at Fort Orange ; and it was not until a few months before the surrender of the Province to the English that they succeeded in concluding a firm peace with these troublesome neighbors. But the right which the Patroons claimed to engage, for the sake of defence, in warlike operations, if need should be, and the state of warlike preparation which they found it convenient to provide and display, all together created, at times—certainly without any sufficient foundation—a feeling of distrust and uneasiness on the part of the Central Government of the Province, and of the Authorities at home, lest the Colony of Rensselaerwyck should some day yield to temptation, and, setting up for itself, should be wholly lost to the parent country. The Chamber of Directors at Amsterdam made formal complaints against the Patroon and the Directors of his Colony for the time being, amongst other things, that their territorial limits had been quite too much extended ; that they had manifested a design to monopolize the whole trade of the North River—a design, indeed, openly avowed, as they alleged, by the Gov. Wouter Van Twiller ; who, since he

Historical Sketch.

had been recalled from the Government of the Province, had become the Guardian of the Patroon of the time, in his non-age, and, though in Holland, was the principal agent and director of the affairs of the Colony—that they had actually set up a claim to “staple-right,” and were prepared to enforce it by a fortification at Rensselaerstein*—and, finally, that the oath of fealty and allegiance, exacted of the Colonists, to the Patroons, savored of independence, and even sedition, inasmuch as no notice whatever was taken in the oath, of their High Mightinesses, the States General, as the ultimate Superiors of the Colony and its Patroons. They deprecated the occurrence of a war between the Dutch and the English Colonists in America—a serious difference having already set in—lest, by some means, in the progress of the war, Rensselaerwyck should be separated from their dominions.

In all this, it is evident, I think, from a cursory view of the records of the controversy almost constantly going on between the Directors of the Colony and those of New Netherland, that the Corporation took council chiefly of its fears. There was, undoubtedly, a disposition at times, if not to enlarge the jurisdiction and powers of the Colony, at least to use all that belonged to it; but the truth really is, that the Company, having early discovered that the legitimate advantages and importance of the Colony, under the efficient direction and energy of Killian Van Rensselaer, were greater than was quite consistent with all the monopoly and profits, all the while intended to have been secured to the Corporation, sought every favorable occasion afterwards to interpose, and interfere injuriously with its unquestionable rights and interests. We shall see abundant proofs of this as our narrative proceeds.

But the power of the Patroons for the defence of their Colony by military array, was not more remarkable than

* “Staple-right” is defined to be a privilege granted by the Sovereign to the inhabitants of a certain place to compel Masters of Vessels, trading along their Coasts, to discharge their cargo there for sale, or on failure thereof, to pay certain duties.—Van der Linden's *Institutes of the Laws of Holland*—p. 588.

Historical Sketch.

that which they possessed in regard to its police and government. The Charter, so often referred to, expressly clothed them with the High and Low Jurisdiction of the Feudal Law. This gave to the Patroons the original and absolute right to administer, in person, or by functionaries of their own appointment, the whole justice of the Colony, in both branches of Jurisprudence. The decision of all causes, civil and criminal, belonged in the first instance to them, in the Courts of the Colony. They had the right of trying crimes of every kind, even the highest, and those punishable by the loss of life or limb, as well as those inferior and petty offences which, on conviction, were followed by fine and imprisonment. Originally, where feudal Jurisprudence prevailed, the sentences of the Baronial Courts were final, and no appeal lay to any Superior Court. But, before the time we speak of, the efforts of Sovereigns everywhere had been directed to the correction of this dangerous concession to the Barons, and appeals, at least in cases affecting limb or life, were generally allowed. It is supposed, that to that extent, and strictly to that extent only, could appeals be taken to the decisions and judgments pronounced in the criminal courts of the Patroons. Indeed, in these cases, if any such occurred, a review of the proceedings was probably a matter of course, before execution of the sentence could be had, and whether the party implicated chose to enter an appeal or not. In regard to the lesser offences and misdemeanors, the Jurisdiction of the Patroons seems to have been complete and final. And so it would have been in all civil suits, according to the feudal law; but the Charter provided expressly for an appeal to the Company's Commander and Council in New Netherland, from all judgments, by the Courts of the Patroons, for upwards of fifty guilders—a little less than twenty-one Dollars.*

Such was the Jurisdiction of the Patroons of this Colony. Justice, in both branches, was administered in their name, and by their authority. They appointed all the officers of Justice in the Colony—as well as their Commercial officials, and their Military Commanders. The Sheriff and the Secre-

* Just §20, 83½.

Historical Sketch.

tary of the Colony—Officers having more to do with the prosecution of suits and complaints and the trial of causes, than those titles in our system would indicate—were put in Commission by them.* They did not, so far as I have discovered, delegate the Judicial power which belonged to them, or to the Chief Director of the Colony for the time, any farther than that power was committed to the Sheriff and Secretary. In imitation of the policy and practice of the old Barons, of Princes of inferior rank, and even of the highest Sovereigns in the early part of the Middle Ages, they presided in their own tribunals, in cases of importance or delicacy, and dispensed the justice of the Colony in person. Regularly, the due administration of justice would have required the Patroons to have their Colonial prison, for the incarceration of such offenders as should be condemned to that punishment. But a separate prison of their own was not indispensable. A Jail was constructed in Fort Orange—probably by arrangement between the Colony and the Company; certain it is, it was used for their mutual accommodation. To it the Sheriff of Rensselaerwyck committed his prisoners. In the Courts of the Colony, all causes and disputes between the freeholders and inhabitants of the Territory were triable—all questions about titles to lands, about possessions or boundaries, about contracts, and about injuries to property, persons or character. And here, also, the Patroons brought suits, or might have done so, against the tenants and freeholders of the Colony, for the quit-rents and other demands due to them—a jurisdiction and right certainly calling for great moderation and forbearance on the part of the Patroons and their Officials, to prevent the abuses and oppressions to which so partial a tribunal would be likely to tend.

The brief view now taken of the Constitution and polity

* Shortly before the Surrender to the English, the Directors at Amsterdam set up a claim to create a Sheriff for Rensselaerwyck; and they instructed Gov. Stuyvesant—not to appoint a new Sheriff—but to re-appoint Sheriff Swart, already in Commission under the Patroon, and induce him to consent to receive a Commission from the Company!—Letter of 25th April, 1659, 4 Alb. Records, p. 301.

Historical Sketch.

of the Colony, may be enough to give us a general impression, and not perhaps an unjust one, of the political condition of the Colonists under the power and government of the Patroons. The relations between the two did not certainly leave to the Colonists that freedom, and give them that security, which men enjoy under popular institutions. But it must not be inferred that their condition was one in which they suffered oppression or injustice. It is true, that they were vassals—not, however, in the sense in which that word is often understood. They were bound, by a solemn oath, to bear true faith and fealty to the Lord and Governor of the Colony. They were his immediate subjects, and bound to a lawful obedience. But their Superior was himself a vassal—to those high Authorities from whom he derived his right and his power; he was himself a subject, and his people were not only his subjects, but they were the subjects also of the same Sovereign to whom his own allegiance was due. There appears to have been, from the papers I have examined, and I have no doubt there was, as a general thing, a relation of kindness and mutual attachment subsisting between them and him. He was what his title indicated he would be, their Patron—their protector and friend. He promulgated to them just laws enough, and exercised just authority enough, to compel them, wherever they might be otherwise disposed, to be orderly and peaceable, and observe the obligations of honesty and right, towards him, and towards one another. For the rest, his government was paternal. It was exercised in composing disputes and differences, in bestowing friendly counsel, and, through the natural influence of his position and character, reconciling enmities and healing feuds. The care of their defence and protection, in their exposed situation, rested with him. He had the means of such defence, which they had not; and, having both their gratitude and their confidence, they were proud to be his soldiers, as well as his subjects, and were ready, at any time, to fight with him, or to fight for him, as he should direct and command. They enjoyed, it must be remembered, feudal liberty—a liberty by no means to be despised, at that time of day. It was one of the best forms of liberty, which, at that day, the

Historical Sketch.

world had to offer. The feudal system came originally, as a relief to men from the burthens and oppressions of worse systems which it displaced; and though it was itself made subsequently the instrument of grinding exactions, and of every species of petty tyranny, so that the people were glad to fly to their Sovereigns, and to absolute governments, for protection, yet before the period we speak of, the system, what remained of it, and in its modified forms, had become one which favored freedom, and was not without its guaranties for security and personal independence. There was a single feature in it of no inconsiderable importance and value, and which belonged to it as applied to this Colony as well as elsewhere—whether there was ever occasion to use it or not. The freeholders of the Colony—as many of those holding lands from the Patroons were—were as much, and as essentially, members of the Criminal Courts of the Colony, as was the Patroon himself, whenever trials were to be held for any of the higher class of offences. They were themselves the triers of the offenders, and no man could be convicted for a capital, or high crime, without the verdict of a competent number of his peers.

I have not found, in my researches, nor do I believe, that there was anything seriously to complain of in the conduct of the administration of the Colony—especially while it was in the hands of the Patroons themselves, or of any of the family. During the non-age of a Patroon, which, by the law of Holland, extended, I think, to twenty-five years, I find the Colony in possession and under the Command and Directorship of one Brandt Van Slecktenhoorst, who certainly did seem disposed, in some things, to carry matters with a high hand. He is accused by the Director General and Council at Manhattan, of making his judicial decisions absolute and final in all cases, and compelling the inhabitants to forego the use of their undoubted right of appeal. I have not found, however, any evidence that any such complaint ever emanated from the inhabitants themselves; and it is only sheer justice to the memory of the worthy Commander, to say that in my judgment, his accusers in this case ought not to be his judges. His zeal, no doubt at times intemperate,

Historical Sketch.

for the honor and interests of his Orphan Patroon—as he repeatedly styles him—and for the Colony, and his resolute determination that no rights should be lost for non-user during his administration, led him into sharp collision with the Authorities of the India Company, and, finally, into very serious troubles. But I have seen no evidence to show that he practised, or attempted—as he was accused—any imitation of those Barons of France, of whom history records that they put to death, or mutilated, such persons as presumed to appeal from the sentences of their courts ; nor, indeed, that he ventured on any other, and less atrocious, means of securing such an object.

The truth, I think, is that the India Company, on mature deliberation, were not quite satisfied with the work of their own hands, and they manifested too much disposition to reclaim, or at least to limit and restrain, by unfair proceedings, some of those large powers and privileges which they had at first so freely bestowed.* The Director Van Rensselaer, shrewd, sagacious, and far-seeing, had undoubtedly possessed himself of eminent advantages at Rensselaerwyck. The point where he took his station was, at the beginning, the chief Mart of the Fur trade in the Province, and so it must long continue to be ; and until the purchase and settlement made by the Patroon, this Mart, and the trade there, were in the hands of the Company, and protected by the Armament at Fort Orange. The Company, moreover, in their Charter to Patroons, while they granted to them the free liberty of traffic, with their Coasters, “from Florida to Terra Neuf,” and even a share in the Cod Fishery, had been careful to reserve to themselves an exclusive right, every where, to the trade in peltries—but with this exception, that the Patroons might enjoy that trade also, on certain specified terms, at those points and places where the Company might not maintain a trading establishment. Under this stipula-

* In a Letter from the Directors in Holland to the Governor of the Province, dated March, 1657, manifesting throughout great jealousy of the power of the Patroon, they say, speaking of the Authority exercised in this Colony—“this example makes us averse to permit any one in future such an unlimited Colonization and Jurisdiction.”—4 Alb. Records, p. 50

Historical Sketch.

tion in the Charter, the Fur trade at this important point fell eventually into the hands of the Proprietor of the Colony—for, after a few years, the Company, engrossed I suppose with other matters, ceased to supply their Trading House in Fort Orange with the necessary articles of Merchandize with which to carry on the traffic with the Indians. Not only was the derelict trade promptly seized and engrossed by the Patroon—being then, 1644, the original Killian Van Rensselaer—but measures were immediately taken to secure it, if need be, by force of arms, against all impertinent intermeddling with it. This was the purpose with which Bearen Island was fortified, and a garrison placed there. The Company's own vessels might still have free access to Fort Orange; to them the navigation of the River was open as ever—but not so the vessels of independent traders. These could, of course, find no port to enter or traffic in above Bearen Island, except within the limits of Rensselaerwyck, and every independent trader would learn the terms on which the port of the Colony might be entered, on making a respectful inquiry at the Fortress of Rensselaerstein.

This proceeding was viewed with exceeding jealousy and distrust by the Director General of New Amsterdam; but it was persisted in, in spite of the strongest remonstrances; and when, by the death of the Proprietor, the administration and care of the Colony, in behalf of his Heir, devolved on the Commander Van Slecktenhoorst and Gov. Van Twiller, nothing certainly, within the limits of a legitimate authority, was omitted, to secure to the Colony all its rights, and all its advantages. From this time forward a systematic encroachment on the rights of the Colony was made by the Company. The Company had never purchased, and did not own, a foot of land within the Colony. The soil on which Fort Orange stood was included in the purchase made by the Patroon. Yet not only was the Fort itself maintained, without necessity, if not against right, but a claim was set up to as much land around it as would be swept by the range of its guns. The Trading Factory of the Patroon had been reared, originally, on the very borders of the dry Moat which surrounded the Fortress, and near it the cottages of a village

Historical Sketch.

settlement had already begun to cluster. This was the village of Beverwyck—a neat and promising little Hamlet, the germinating principle of the future City of Albany—and forming beyond all question a part of the Colony of Rensselaerwyck. It was the Patroon's village, planted on his own land, under his leave and auspices, by his own colonists, brought into the country at his own cost. This was a case which had been prospectively provided for in the Charter from the Company, by expressly conceding to the Patroon the right to govern, by officers and magistrates of his own appointment, any town, or city, of which he should be the founder. But the Company early determined not to permit this Colony to become too prosperous, or the Patroons to acquire too much consideration and power. By claiming the territory around the Fort within the sweep of their guns, they brought the entire village of Beverwyck within the grasp of their unwarrantable demands. They first insisted that the Commander Van Slecktenhoorst should erect no more dwellings for his Colonists in that quarter. The worthy Commander protested, and went on as usual. Gov. Stuyvesant sent a military expedition—that is to say, an officer with a handful of soldiers and sailors, who took a fortnight's time for their campaign up the river, and entered the peaceful village of Beverwyck in warlike and hostile array. They even dared to enter the dwelling and castle of the Patroon, with arms in their hands. But great as was this outrage and violence offered to the dignity and rights of an independent Patroon, by an armed invasion of his territory and jurisdiction—so, at least, was it esteemed by Commander Van Slecktenhoorst, who assaulted the proceeding with Proclamations and Protests in unsparing quantity—the expedition was a fruitless one, and Gov. Stuyvesant took nothing by his irregular motion. The act was even disavowed by the authorities in Holland; they affected utterly to disbelieve that the “honorable, valiant, wise and prudent Petrus Stuyvesandt” could ever have offered such an indignity to the honorable and valiant Van Rensselaer of Rensselaerwyck. In the mean time the constructing of houses in the Hamlet proceeded, and the prudent Governor changed his mode of at-

Historical Sketch.

tack. He undertook to give to the inhabitants in the village permanent leases for the soil, and to absolve them from their oath of allegiance to the Patroon. He even appointed magistrates for Beverwyck, and caused Courts to be opened, and justice to be administered there, in the name of the Provincial authorities. All this while the full-blooded Netherlander, Van Slecktenhoorst, was neither dismayed nor idle. He went on with the construction of his houses in Beverwyck; and he gave personal notice to the Company's officer at Fort Orange, who had been directed to put that Fortress in repair, that he must not touch a stone or a stick of timber for that use, within the Colony of Rensselaerwyck. This was awkward for Mr. Commissioner Van Brugge. He held back for instructions, and, as necessity knows no law, he was ordered to take the materials for repairs wherever he could find them, on grounds uncultivated or unenclosed. We may suppose that, with the sturdy Commander of Rensselaerwyck to deal with, he found the execution of his orders neither easy nor pleasant. For several years the controversy went on, and at last the purposes of the Director General and the Company were only consummated by an act of treachery. Van Slecktenhoorst was arrested at Manhattan, thrown into the Keep of Fort Amsterdam, and detained a close prisoner until a new Director for his Master's Colony was appointed. He was then released, but only for the purpose of performing the ceremonial of installing his Successor in his place, which he affirmed could be lawfully done by no one but himself.

With a Director more to the taste of the Governor and the Lords Directors of the Company at Amsterdam, the Colony was treated with more apparent respect, but in reality with no less injustice than before. Gov. Stuyvesant was formally instructed by them to take care that he gave no cause of offence to the inhabitants of the Colony. They offered their congratulations on the peaceable state of affairs between them and the people of Fort Orange; but they did not forget to inform the Governor, at the same time, how important it was, and how much it concerned both "equity and liberty," that the limits between Fort Orange and Rensselaer-

Historical Sketch.

wyck should be definitely settled. Keeping this object steadily in view, the footing which the Company had obtained in Beverwyck was carefully preserved, and their authority there gradually extended. Finally, the Governor ventured to mark out the boundaries of the possession claimed for the Company as the proprietors of Fort Orange. These boundaries modestly embraced a mile in extent on the River, taking in the entire village of Beverwyck, and forming that base line which was afterwards used in the original Charter of the city of Albany, and upon which a territory of sixteen square miles was carved out of the Manor of Rensselaerwyck for the uses of the city. It is worth while to add, in this connection, that it was not at last deemed safe by the English Gov. Dongan to issue his Patent for this territory to the city, until he had first obtained from the Patroon of that day a formal Release of the land to the King. That release was executed two days before the Charter of the city was granted.

I have dwelt on the affairs of this Colony during the rule of the Dutch Authorities in the Province of New York at such considerable length, though still with small justice to a subject of deep interest, that I must now hasten forward, in a very unsatisfactory manner, to the conclusion of the history on which I have entered. The English Conquest of this Province took place in 1664. Jeremias Van Rensselaer, the second son of the original Proprietor, was then in possession of the Colony of Rensselaerwyck. He lost no time in applying to Gov. Nichols to be confirmed in his possession and rights. This was readily granted by the Governor, in accordance with the general stipulation he had given at the surrender; to operate, however, only to give Mr. Van Rensselaer time to obtain a regular Patent of Confirmation from the Duke of York, for whom the Conquest of the Province had been made; and in the mean time it was made his duty to see that his Colonists—heretofore his subjects—should become the proper subjects of King Charles II., by personally swearing allegiance to him. In the confusion of the time, and it is probable also for a particular reason which will be referred to directly, no Patent for this Estate was given for

Historical Sketch.

several years. Meanwhile the possession and right were continued to Van Rensselaer, by the orders of successive Governors and the warrants of the Duke. In this state of things the Province again changed masters. Nine years after the surrender, the Authority of the States General was again established over New Netherland—only, however, to be returned into the hands of the English the next year. But there was work for Van Rensselaer to do in this brief period. He was called before the Lords Commanders and the Honorable Tribune of War at Fort William Henry, to tender, for himself and his people, his oath of Allegiance to the new powers; and he was then sent back to the government of his Colony, but with greatly restricted authority. The right of the inhabitants to a voice in the selection of their own magistrates was distinctly recognized. They were to nominate twice the number required, and he was to appoint from their nominations.

In 1674 the English rule over the Province was restored, and Jeremias Van Rensselaer died the same year. This event—the death of Jeremias, in possession of the Estate, with a claim of right more or less extensive—produced, it would seem, some embarrassment in regard to the succession; and this was apparently increased by doubts about the true law of descent applicable to the case. Jeremias was a second son; the eldest son of the original Proprietor was Johannes Baptista, and was undoubtedly, according to one rule of the Feudal law—this being a feudal estate—sole heir to the Colony and title of his father. But Johannes, who was the person spoken of by the bold and faithful Van Slechtenhoorst as his Orphan Patroon, and who had been early in the Colony, had returned to Holland, while his younger brother, Jeremias, had been placed in possession with all the powers of government and control, and, it is not improbable, with some equitable understanding between the brothers in regard to the succession. At any rate a claim was set up by the son of Jeremias, as his father had occupied with some claim of right, and died in possession. When, however, Johannes died he left an only son, who was, of course, by the rule of primogeniture, the sole heir to

Historical Sketch.

the inheritance. But, then, there were other descendants of the same common ancestor, and they put in a claim—or one was preferred for them—on the ground of the civil law, which had been adopted by the Dutch, and which cast inheritances, in equal portions, on all descendants, male and female, in the same degree of affinity to the ancestor. The civil law of the Dutch could not, however, I think, have been applicable to Estates, like the Colony of Rensselaerwyck, held by a strictly feudal tenure, and where, according to the notion of the times, the personal dignity of the proprietor was to be cared for and preserved.* In this state of things it was proposed, and an order to that effect was given to Gov. Andros, that a Charter should be issued which should, for the present, without determining the rule of succession in the case, recognize the proprietorship of the *right* heirs of the first owner. I think it not uncharitable to say, from the circumstances, that the Duke of York was reluctant to acknowledge a proprietorship in any body, to so considerable a portion of that princely estate—the Province of New York—to which he had just secured a title, and would have been glad if he could have found some plausible grounds, at least for cutting down his Dutch principality to some more moderate dimensions.

It is supposed, not without good reason, that the gratitude of Charles II., on the recollection of hospitalities and favors received at the hands of the representative head of this family, when that accomplished but dissolute Monarch was an exiled and necessitous refugee in Holland, led him to interpose in behalf of the heirs of the old Director Van Rensse-

* The rule of succession, or inheritance, under the feudal law, was different in the different countries of Europe, and seems to have been modified at pleasure to suit the notions and the circumstances of the times in each. The Seigniories in Canada, under the French, were not subject to the law of primogeniture; nor, on the other hand, did they descend, like the peasants' lands, to the children in equal portions. The eldest son represented the father, and was to take such a share as might enable him to maintain his father's rank and station in life, while the younger children were not left without some legal provision.—"View of Canada while subject to France," MS. p. 21.

Historical Sketch.

laer, by means of which that order was obtained from the King's Brother, the Duke of York, to which I have alluded.* As it was, however, no execution of this order took place until 1685, when Gov. Dongan caused a Charter to be issued for that purpose. This Charter was granted to two persons. One of these was Killian Van Rensselaer, only son and heir of Johannes, and the other was Killian Van Rensselaer, the eldest son of Jeremias; and the Charter was, in terms and effect, a grant *in trust* for the *right* heirs of the Original Proprietor of the Colony. It embraced the ancient possessions of the Patroons, nearly entire, and defined their boundaries; and it converted, in express terms, the old Dutch Colony into an English Lordship or Manor, with a broad tract, twenty-four English miles by forty-eight in extent—some comparatively small parcels of land excepted—and with the noble Hudson pouring its flood of navigable waters from North to South, through the centre of the territory. Two years after, one of the Killians, the son of John Baptiste Van Rensselaer, died, and left no issue to succeed to his interest. The other Killian, his cousin german, the son of Jeremias, became now the representative and sole heir, if the rule of primogeniture was to prevail, to the inheritance of his Grandfather, the first Proprietor of Rensselaerwyck. In 1704, by the order of Queen Anne, this rule was definitely settled and adopted in the case, and Killian, the son of Jeremias, received a Charter, granting to him the Manor and Lordship of Rensselaerwyck, in absolute propriety. So far as appears, this was done with the acquiescence of all; and whether all did acquiesce or not, there can be no doubt it was done in strict accordance with legal right. The feudal law, however modified by the Dutch, would have cast the main part of the inheritance, if not the whole, on the eldest son living, in the direct line of descent. But it was, after all, the English law of descents, and not the Dutch, which was applicable, and applied to the case. The English claimed—with how much truth and propriety it is useless now to inquire, since the

* There is now in possession of the Van Rensselaer family, at the Manor House, a snuff-box, with the Miniature of King Charles II. upon it, which was presented by that Prince to their Ancestor on the occasion referred to.

Historical Sketch.

whole matter was in their own hands—that they held the Province of New York, not by right of Conquest, but by right of Discovery ; that the country was theirs all the while ; and that the Dutch, and all others, who had made settlements and acquired property in it, while the estates of owners for the time should not be disturbed or brought into question, must submit to the sway of the English law in the Province, from the moment the English Authorities were in condition to enforce it.* I may here add, that from this first Lord of the Manor, through his second son—the eldest having died without issue—the late STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, was the third only, in the direct line of descent. The Manor had never been disposed of by will ; and it had never been subject to entail ; it took the course of the canons of descent established by the law of England, and came to the late Proprietor by right of primogeniture.

Between a Dutch feudal Colony, with its Patroon and Commanders, its forts and soldiers, its high and low jurisdiction—and an English Manor, with its Lord and Stewards, its Courts-leet and Courts-baron, there was some resemblance, and some difference. There was a strong family likeness, with a marked diversity of features. They were both of feudal origin and character. They were both Estates of dignity and power. But a marked distinction is found between them, when we come to look at the different estimate which was evidently put upon the people belonging to the Estate, in the two cases. We have seen already what was their condition in the Colony—not one certainly of oppression, but not one of freedom. They were regarded as men—with rights and privileges—but as men to be protected, and not men who could, or ought to have, much right or authority to protect themselves. In the Manor—I speak now of the Manor of Rensselaerwyck, as created by express Charter

* On this ground, therefore, the English rule of primogeniture was to prevail in regard to all inhabitants in the Province of New York ; whereas, if the right of England to the Province had been the right of Conquest only, the law of descent, with all other laws, as established among, and by, the Dutch, would have prevailed, until altered and changed by the conqueror.

Historical Sketch.

—the case was somewhat changed. In the first place, it was only in the King's Courts that the tenants could be called to answer for high crimes, and there they must have a Jury of the vicinage to try them. Then, although for misdemeanors, minor offences and nuisances, they were liable to be prosecuted in the Lord's Courts, and also to be impleaded there by each other in their disputes about property, where the amounts involved were not large; and although all controversies about the right to lands in the Manor were to be determined, in the first instance, in the same Courts; yet they were themselves—the tenants who were freeholders—the judges, and, in strictness, the sole judges, of these very Courts; the Stewards were properly the Registers, and not the judges of these tribunals. And, finally, the consideration in which the people of the Manor were held, was manifested in the voice they had in legislation, through their right to elect, with the Lord of the Manor, a Deputy to represent them in the General Assembly. In all this, the condition of the tenantry was improved, and it was so in some other things. They had passed under a new Government—one which had impressed upon it some Saxon notions about liberty and human rights, and of which they were enjoying, in some degree, the benefit.

Still, however, the authority and privileges of the Manorial Chief were not inconsiderable. The writs for the holding of the Baronial Courts were to be issued by him, and it was his right to preside in those Courts, in person, or by his deputed Steward. To him belonged all fines and amercements, imposed on offenders within the Manor, whether by his own Courts, or by the Assizes, the Sessions of the Peace, or the Oyer and Terminer. To him appertained, also, all waifs, estrays, wrecks, deodends, and the like, with the goods forfeited by felons within his Lordship. He had the important right of advowson—the sole right to name and present the ministers to all churches, built and endowed with glebe, on his demesnes; and authority was given him to elect a Representative to the Legislative Assembly—uniting the freeholders and inhabitants with him in the election; the benefit of course resulted almost always to himself. The

Historical Sketch.

choice was quite sure to fall on himself, or on his friend and nominee.

On looking into the Records of our Colonial Legislature, I find the fact of representation from the Manor—which was distinct in this respect from the City and County of Albany—just as I had expected. From the first Provincial Assembly held after the accession of William III. in 1691, down to the last in 1775, when the revolution broke out—a period of eighty-four years—the place of Representative from the Manor was always filled; frequently by the Proprietor himself, and if not by him, by reason of his minority or other disability, then always by some member, or some friend, of the family. The first Deputy from the Manor was Killian, the son of Jeremias Van Rensselaer; after twelve years in the Assembly, he was called to the Provincial Council. The last Deputy was Gen. Abraham Ten Broeck. He was the uncle of the late Patroon, by marriage, and his Guardian during his minority, and had the care of his Estate. He represented the Manor for fifteen years, and as long as there was a Colonial Legislature in which it could be represented.

While, however, the Proprietor, or some family or personal friend of his, uniformly secured the advantage—if advantage it was—of an election to the Assembly, it is only an act of justice to say, that the interests of the Tenants appear to have been, without exception, faithfully represented—however it might be supposed that cases would arise, in which the interests of the Tenants and those of the Proprietor might not be identical. But this is not all, nor the highest praise due to the Representatives of Rensselaerwyck. During almost the entire period of eighty-four years just referred to, the political condition of the Province was unquiet. The tendencies towards popular liberty were constantly manifesting themselves, and bringing the Colonial Assemblies into sharp collision with the Royal Governors. The Governors, as a general thing, went for prerogative and power; while the Assemblies had enough of the blood of the Saxons infused into them, to stand out for popular rights, and some of the guaranties of freedom. I do not think that the Dutch, though brought up in a different school, were, on the whole,

Historical Sketch.

a whit behind their fellows in acquiring those liberal lessons which were studied, recited and enacted in these political Colleges. But how was it with those among the Hollanders, who had themselves, or whose ancestors had, but lately come into the country, expressly with a view to the founding and maintaining in it, in their own persons, and in their children, a high feudal aristocracy ; and whose pretensions, in this regard, had been expressly recognized by the new Powers, with only such modifications as resulted, when an English Monarchy succeeded to the dominion of a Dutch Republic? What was their course and conduct in the political conflicts of the times? Did they struggle to retain their hold on these personal advantages? Did they seek, by a natural sympathy, to strengthen the arm of irresponsible power, and encourage the foot of tyranny to press more strongly on the neck of prostrate humanity, as symptoms of life, and the awakening consciousness of strength, began to exhibit themselves? Quite the contrary, as the records of the period shew. When the Assembly, at its Session in 1691, framed and published its Declaration of Rights—a remarkable act for the period, and the first example of the sort, I think, among the American Colonies—the Proprietor and Representative of Rensselaerwyck assisted in that bold and manly measure. This was the very earliest occasion on which the political bias of his mind could have displayed itself. Ten years afterwards, I find this same individual—a proud feudal dignitary of the land—putting his name, with only four others of the Assembly, to a paper, which insisted so strongly on the rights of the Assembly, in opposition to the encroachments of Authority, that that Body itself felt obliged, in order to charm down the angry elements that had been roused, to pronounce the instrument disloyal, and even to expel its author from the House. In 1747, the Royal Governor, Clinton, committed against the House a gross breach of privilege, and was about to follow an act of injustice with an act of tyranny, and dissolve the Assembly. But the Assembly did not choose to receive this last Message from his Excellency, till they had transacted a little business on their own account. They locked the doors of their Chamber, and

Historical Sketch.

laid the key on the table, and proceeded to charge and prime some strong Resolutions, to be let off with heavy denunciations against the Governor, when the doors should be opened ; they made provision, at the same time, for a Manifesto, to be drawn up and fulminated, after the dispersion of the Members, and which is one of the most elaborate and remarkable papers of our ante-republican history.* In all this proceeding, the Representative of Rensselaerwyck—a brother of the Proprietor—did not hesitate to take his part, on the side of right and liberty. I have already stated, that Abraham Ten Broeck was the last Representative of Rensselaerwyck in the Legislature of the Colony. He was the brother-in-law of the late Mr. Van Rensselaer's father—who died at the early age of twenty-seven—and, as I have stated, the uncle and Guardian of the son ; and he did not misrepresent either in acting the part of a good patriot. It is well known, that in the last brief Session of the Assembly, held early in 1775, a considerable part, sometimes a majority of the House, were found to shrink from any very bold and decided measures. Several Resolutions were rejected, which it was feared might seem to commit the Assembly to the cause of the approaching Revolution. Gen. Ten Broeck had no fears, and voted on these occasions with the country and for the country. And, finally, when the Revolution came, he fearlessly plunged in, with others, to swim with and save his country, or to sink with her. He was a Member, and the President, of the Convention which formed the first Constitution of this State—that Convention which sat, at various times, and in seven different places, as the exigencies of the war permitted or compelled, before the completion of its labors.

With this brief relation, I conclude this slight sketch of the affairs of Rensselaerwyck. It is not a little gratifying to find, that even here, where provision had been originally made, and which had been carefully continued and preserved, to plant a strong Baronial and Aristocratical interest in the virgin soil of the New World, in imitation of the established

* This extraordinary Paper, making sixteen closely printed folio pages, in double columns, may be found in Lot's "Journal of the Colonial Assembly of New York," vol. ii., p. 206.

Historical Sketch.

institutions of Europe—to bear sway by combining to form a reigning oligarchy, or else to stand as supporters and buttresses around a superior regal power—even here, not only was nothing ever found on which the enemies of freedom could rely for support ; but, during all the preparatory period, and when the occasion came at last to call out the brave and patriotic—those who would be free and make their country so—in defence of human rights and popular liberty, a spirit was manifested in full accordance with the popular movement and temper of the times. The Manor at Rensselaerwyck—with whatever influence belonged to it—by no means inconsiderable—was found invariably on the side of freedom and the people.

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